THE AMATEUR VAGABOND

"AP"

Mrs E. Walton

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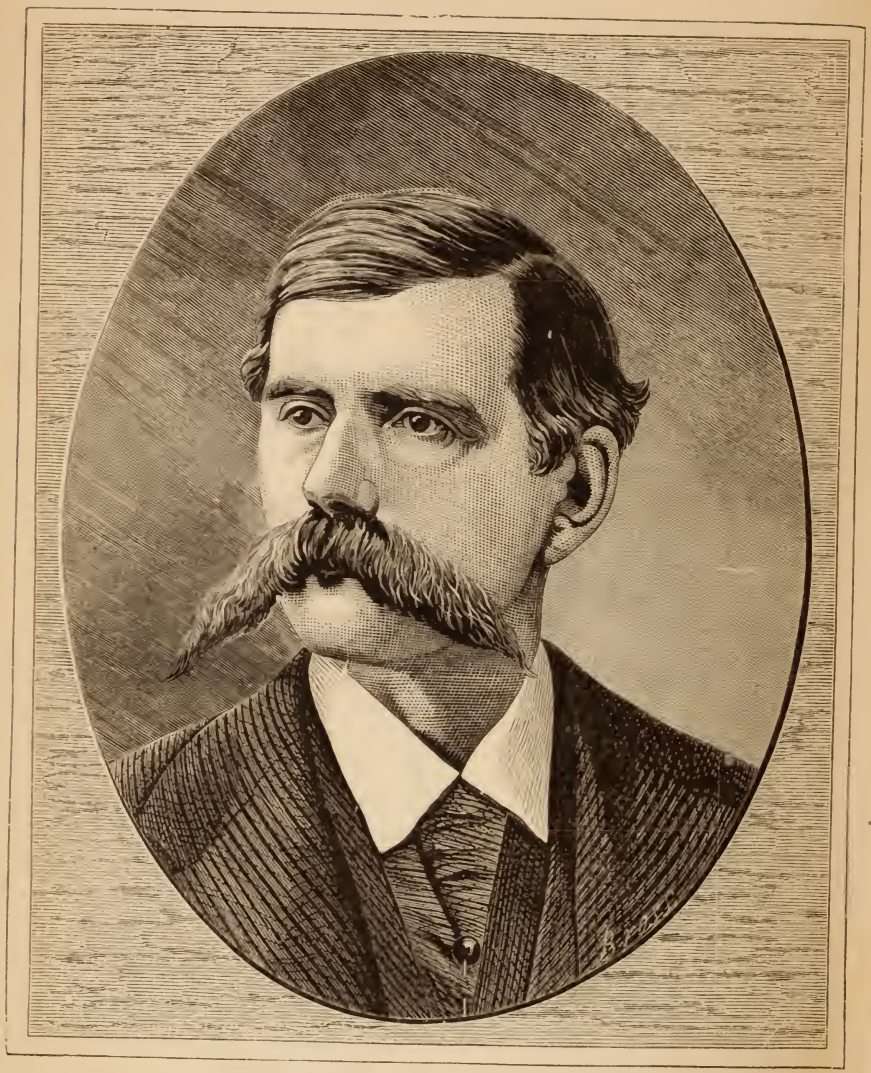

Yours faithfully
"AP"

THE MYSTERIES AND MISERIES

OF THE

GREAT METROPOLIS,

WITH

SOME ADVENTURES IN THE COUNTRY:

BEING THE

DISGUISES AND SURPRISES OF A NEW-YORK JOURNALIST.

By "A. P.,"

THE AMATEUR VAGABOND.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GURNEY.

NEW YORK:
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PREFACE.

More than one class of persons, I am inclined to think, will be apt to consider that an ordinary sense of propriety should lead me to apologize for publishing, for the benefit of one half the world, some of my varied experiences while investigating how the other half lives.

There are the gamblers, prison-jailers, and keepers of disreputable houses, for instance, who will strongly object to having the light of day shed o'er *their* peculiar and very elastic mode of *earning a living.* Thieves, tramps, beggars, and curb-stone singers, too, are not likely to rub their hands gleefully at the *exposé* of their little devices for subsisting on the charity or at the expense of others.

Again, there is that multitudinous class who love to isolate themselves in their own individuality and its immediate aristocratic surroundings. No, indeed! Their luxurious firesides are not to be contrasted

with the so-called accommodations of the cold, damp, cellar lodging-house. They do not know and they do not care to know any thing about the thousand repulsive or soul-saddening scenes which are daily, hourly, momentarily, being enacted almost within a stone's-throw of their studiously built-up throne of selfish ease and content!

And, then, there are those of the *dolce far niente* disposition, who will quickly exclaim, "Write him down an ass for undergoing such very unpleasant experiences;" much in the same spirit which influenced a deaf old lady who sat in the front row of seats in the Peabody Institute at Salem, Massachusetts, one evening, when I was relating my adventures "Up and Down Mont Blanc," and who exclaimed aloud to her daughter at the conclusion of the first part—that is, when we had reached the summit of the mountain: "Well, now, he don't look such a fool!"

But to none such as these, should they happen to be remembered among my readers, do I propose to offer any thing in the way of the *amende honorable.* How could they possibly expect an apology from so hybrid an individual as an Amateur Vagabond? No! These sketches were not written for them. I respectfully dedicate them to those who, with broader views, are willing and desirous to know something of those

various phases of existence, of which their occupations, their associations, or the even tenor of their far-off lives, inevitably or naturally, keep them in ignorance.

That I have submitted to many inconveniences—nay, that I have undergone privations and faced dangers, while pursuing my adventures as an Amateur Vagabond, I have only a too lively remembrance. But, how could I possibly pen sketches from real life, had I not been ready to do so? My sole aim has been to describe scenes of grave or gay interest which I have actually witnessed, odd situations in which I have found myself placed, and *petites comédies* or dramas in which I have positively taken a part. I have carefully avoided putting on finishing touches of imaginative coloring or even the very thinnest coat of varnish; being convinced that a plain, unvarnished tale is, after all, the most interesting. Such as my sketches are, I commend them to the reader in his or her spells of good-nature, simply pleading for faith in their honesty and truth.

"A. P."

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ADVENTURES OF

AN AMATEUR VAGABOND.

THE PURLIEUS OF WATER STREET AFTER DARK.

When is a man not a man? When is a woman not a woman?

When they dwell in Water Street, New York.

This is a novel answer to a very old conundrum; but, unlike its predecessors, it is intended by no means to be a facetious one; on the contrary, it is intended to convey a sad truth in plain, sober language. To those of my readers who may be inclined to dispute this proposition, I say: Go and see these places, study the phases of human, or rather inhuman, life to be witnessed any and every day in the purlieus of Water Street, and then conscientiously say whether you think it possible for a man to remain a man, or for a woman to remain a woman, when subjected to the evil influences of that infamous locality.

The neighborhood of Water Street is about the most notorious in the metropolis for deeds of violence, flagrant vice, and scenes of debauchery. It abounds in lodging-houses for sailors, liquor-stores of the lowest class without number, dance-houses and concert-saloons (at the very thought of which poor Decency hides her eyes in agony), and various other low places of amusement. Brothels of the worst description swarm in all directions; the wretched, half-drunken, shameless inmates being permitted by the police to flaunt their sin and finery and ply their hateful trade openly by day or night, without let or hinderance. The mixture and recklessness of vice, the unblushing effrontery with which it is carried on, the barefaced employment of loose women to entrap sailors, and the apparent carelessness or interestedness of the authorities in not suppressing these resorts, is a standing disgrace to the city of New York. The infamous proprietors of these dance and sailors' lodging-houses seem to consider that a staff of prostitutes is a necessary part of their stock in trade; a stock, if any thing, more remunerative than the sale of their villainous whisky.

At night the quarrels, fights, and noisy disturbances, make the darkness hideous, and are of such frequency that none can hope for a night's rest until they have been inured by habit to the ways and doings of this terrestrial pandemonium. Fights and desperate encounters among intoxicated men and women occur night after night and are looked upon as a regular part

of the twenty-four hours' programme. Sailors, canalmen, dockmen, and landsmen, are continually fighting about the women who are *attachées* to these establishments, and it is only too common to see the most desperate encounters between the women themselves, who become perfect demons under such circumstances, and to see the lookers-on encourage the combatants instead of separating them. These wretched creatures have arrived at such a pass that they are actually compelled to madden themselves with drink in order to become sufficiently immoral and disgusting. The use of deadly weapons, too, is so common that murder provokes no sentiment of horror among the denizens of Water Street, but only excites in them a morbid curiosity to see the murderer as he is hurried off to jail by the police—if they know him, to shake him by the hand, and, if possible, to catch a glimpse of the murdered man.

And, if they have homes, what are they? The men, too often confirmed drunkards, and consequently continually out of work and unable to support their families honestly; the women—oh, horrible thought! earning the wages of sin with the consent of their husbands; the children literally brought up in the gutter; clothes, furniture, bedding, all gone to the pawnshop; the whole family huddled together at night on a dirty husk or straw mattress, or on the bare boards in one ill-built, badly-ventilated, and filthy room, where any pretense at decency is impossible. What is the inevitable result? The men and women only care for their

daily allowance of rum, no matter how obtained; the boys are all thieves at ten years of age; at fourteen, the girls are all prostitutes.

In such a neighborhood it is not to be expected that any person of respectability will reside; so, with the exception of a few professional men, such as doctors and others, whose ties confine them to the spot, these disciples of vice and immorality have it all to themselves. How many men have been fortunately kept from the commission of sin and crime by the want of opportunity! But, in this spot, that devil, opportunity, is ready made to hand!

One night, I walked into the Oak-Street Station-house, and asked the captain of the Fourth Precinct to allow one of his detectives to escort me through these terrible slums. The captain received me most courteously, and immediately told off an experienced man to accompany and protect me; "a man," he said, "whose especial duty it is to look after these dens of vice and immorality, and who will show you some sights that will make your hair stand on end. Though," he added, "things have improved a little of late, in consequence of the business" (what a business!) "being so blown upon."

I was treated to a spice of Water-Street life while awaiting in the station-house the few preparations the detective thought it necessary to make. The inspector on duty was hearing a charge brought by a fine-looking young sailor of the United States Navy against a

boarding-house crimp for assault. It appeared that the crimp had been endeavoring to fleece the sailor, and, finding that his rapacious demands were not likely to be complied with, had coolly knocked him down and then brutally stamped his left eye out with the heel of his boot. At this moment a poorly-clad, wretched-looking woman entered the station-house, and, in nervous, agitated tones, charged her husband, who she asserted had a considerable sum of money about him, with refusing to give her the means of obtaining the necessaries of life. After much mutual recrimination, the inspector ordered the man to be searched. This was done most rigidly, but nothing was found in his many mysteriously-placed pockets. On unlacing his boots, however, one hundred dollars in bills was unearthed from one and one hundred and ten dollars in gold from the other.

But the detective was now ready, and, wishing the captain "Good-evening," I started to do the slums of Water Street after dark, and study that abyss of degradation into which it is possible for poor humanity to fall. As we left the station-house, I inquired of the detective whether this neighborhood was more densely populated than other parts of the city. I soon received an affirmative answer of the most practical kind; for we were close to the entrances of two perfect hives of humanity in Cherry Street, known as Single and Double Alleys. Each of these alleys is a single tenement-house. Single Alley, so called because it has only one

face, is capable of holding (not accommodating) about seventy families; Double Alley, which has two faces and two entrances, will hold almost one hundred and forty families. Many of these families, which average five in number, take in lodgers and boarders. On this occasion a tolerable degree of peace and quietness reigned throughout these dark and dingy buildings, but they are often the theatre of most fearful scenes. These two enormous tenement-houses are only about seven or eight feet apart; consequently, when a drunken fight takes place between its inhabitants and the police, it is a very serious affair. Even in the winter, the odors from its gutters are any thing but pleasant; what must they then be in the summer-time![1]

At the corner of Cherry and Water Streets, we met a veteran female candidate for admission into the Inebriate Asylum. She was at least fifty-five years of age, and bore on her face all the marks of forty years' war with whisky. Her face was bespattered with mud, her hair streamed in all directions, her tattered bonnet hung down on her back—only prevented from falling by the twisted knot in which the strings had become entangled; shoeless, stockingless, she hung with one arm lovingly entwined round the lamp-post, the other was solemnly beating time to her maudlin music. She was evidently the imaginary victim of misplaced attach-

[1] Two years ago the authorities compelled the owners of these tenement-houses to shut them up for a while and render them more fit for human habitation.

ment to some gay Lothario. Sublimely innocent of the original tune, she chanted to a sort of low dirge the well-known old French ballad, "They Marched through the Town with their Banners so gay." As we passed her, she had just reached the chorus, and was declaiming with drunken emphasis, "An' she capshn wish she whishkers cor a shly glanshe o' me." Poor captain! He little knew of the devoted love so ardently burning for him in that rum-sodden bosom. As she stood there, the gas-light throwing a ghastly glare on her face, she looked for all the world like one of the witches in "Macbeth." Leaving this poor victim of whisky, we passed along Water Street, and, opening the door of one of the more quiet-looking houses, we found ourselves in the presence of Tommy Hadden—a little, sharp-faced man, with a restless, wandering eye. He was seated at his business-desk, absorbed, as he told us, in calculating how much he could afford to give for a house of a similar character to his own, which is now for sale a little higher up the street. Tommy is a decided money-maker, and prides himself considerably on his financial abilities. Unless his looks very much belie him, he is certainly one of the hardest and worst of the Water-Street notorieties. His occupation consists in boarding sailors, which implies fleecing them; and in providing captains of ships with a man or two, when they are unable to make up their full complement of sailors, which means shanghaieing them. His plan of operations is this: One of the numerous runners he

employs contrives to fasten himself on some unsuspecting fellow, of course a stranger, who is the worse for liquor, and, good-naturedly proposing to stand him a drink, lands him "with a gentle air of accident" at Tommy Hadden's. The poor fellow's drink is drugged, he soon becomes insensible, and is quietly put away upstairs till a convenient opportunity arises for smuggling him on board ship. The victim on coming to his senses finds to his horror and amazement that he is at sea, out of sight of land, and that he has no alternative but to work before the mast on a voyage to China or Australia. By the time the return-voyage is ended, it often happens that men have become reconciled to, or have even learned to like, their new mode of life, and, after a run ashore and spending all their money in Water Street, they will ship themselves of their own accord for another voyage.[1] While talking to Hadden at his door, we suddenly heard piercing screams coming from a neighboring alley. Our detective, placing his hand to his ear, listened for one moment to catch the exact direction from which the screams came. "This way, sir, this way," he exclaimed; and we started at a run. A minute afterward we were quietly watching a regular, good street-fight. Four or five sailors, half a dozen Irish laborers, and five or six women, were having a lively time of it—men and women indiscriminately fighting, kicking, biting, tearing out one another's hair

[1] Tommy Hadden is now serving out a sentence of ten years in the State-prison, for shanghaieing a sailor.

by handsful, shouting, yelling, cursing, and using the most filthy imprecations. Odd bits of garbage, stones, and brickbats were flying in all directions, and in the thick of the fight were two unfortunate officers, who were using their clubs pretty freely, though not unnecessarily so. A powerfully-built, muscular she-devil (she would have done for one of Bulwer's female gladiators in "The Last Days of Pompeii") had got an unhappy man's head in chancery, and was administering some fearful blows with a large iron cooking-ladle; the man's wife had the fingers of both hands wound in his assailant's hair, and clung to her with the tenacity of a bull-dog. One of the Irishmen had a sailor on the ground. With one hand he clutched the poor fellow's hair, and repeatedly dashed his head on the pavement, his other hand was firmly gripped in the sailor's teeth. This scene went on for a minute or two, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, all simultaneously commenced a furious onslaught on the policemen, to whose assistance, at the risk of broken heads, we were on the point of going, when, fortunately for us, a posse of police arrived, and at once "the fight was o'er, the battle done." The combatants were all marched off to the station-house, a long file of bleeding heads and disfigured faces, all indignantly remonstrating against being taken into custody for so innocent an amusement as the breaking of one another's heads.

Returning into Water Street, we entered one of the notorious sailors' dance-houses; a dirty, dingy, miserable-

looking place, though brilliantly lighted. At the inevitable bar stood eight or ten men, whose physiognomy at once told us they were thieves. The air of suspicion with which they viewed us and their evident discomfort, as long as I and the detective remained in the place, confirmed this impression. Passing into the dancing-room, which is separated from the bar by a partition, we found ourselves in a motley assemblage, composed of two or three sailors, a few canal-men, eight or ten slangy-looking lads, from fourteen to twenty years of age, a select assortment of jail-birds, a candy-and-apple seller, and about a dozen of the fattest, coarsest, most brutal-looking women, with one solitary scraggy one, dressed as ballet-girls. These women, who were of all ages, from five-and-twenty to forty, the greater part of them old, were grandly parading about, or fondling their unlucky admirers on the benches which ran round the walls. Their costume was of the slightest description possible. A dress which, taking the waist-band as a starting-point, reached about half way to the knees and half-way to the shoulders, made of cotton or some similar material and of a brilliant color, a few tawdry glass beads strung round the neck, a gaudily-embroidered Scotch bonnet, ornamented with feathers, tinseled flowers, and other gewgaws, a pair of dirty white or tartan stockings, and Broadway boots with very high heels, comprised all the toilet of which they boasted. I ventured to remark to the proprietor of the place that their dresses were rather scant, adding as a

scape-goat, for such a cold night. "Oh, they've got enough for the purposes of decency," he replied. Poor Decency! how she would blush to hear her name mentioned in such a den! Of course, smoking, chewing, and bad whisky, were in full force. The proprietor, who was also band-master, then took his seat in the little orchestra, which comprised a violin, a banjo, and a tambourine, and calling out, "Now, young ladies, a quadrille, if you please," led off a few bars of prelude. The quadrille was gone through, with a good many airs and graces on the part of the ladies and a good deal of ludicrous buffoonery on the part of the men. The quadrille was followed by a series of Irish jigs, and then by the polka. However amusing it may be personally, it is certainly an ungraceful exhibition to see two drunken sailors pirouetting together or two men waltzing with one woman. Sailors, however, do not much affect round dances; they prefer the "shuffles." Their awkward sea-legged strides are scarcely suitable to the polka or the valse, though happily the ladies' dresses are not long enough to run the risk of being trodden on. One sailor, who stood up near us, facetiously asked his partner "why she didn't wear straps," and then slapping on the shoulder the solitary scraggy-looking one, who had very long thin legs, in a way that aroused her modest indignation, addressed her as "old number eleven." Our detective here called up one of the girls, whose manner and language perfectly astonished me. She said she had been there seven years, that she was a girl

of good family, and very well educated; that her mother was a widow lady of independent means, and resided in Scotland. She told us that she got into trouble when young, and was obliged to run away from home to hide her disgrace. She added: "Thank God, my poor mother knows nothing about me; it would kill her if she did; she believes me to be dead. Ah, sir, you do not know what a number of girls in this neighborhood are well educated and of good family. There are many that can speak two or three languages, who could at one time play beautifully upon the harp and piano and sing operatic music, but, having once got into this mode of life, they cannot shake it off. There's many and many a girl in these houses whose parents live in style up-town."

The next place we entered was a boarding as well as a dance-house. The bar and dancing arrangements are pretty much alike in all of them. In this house the landlord came forward and expressed the great pleasure it would give him to show us the sleeping-rooms, the internal arrangements of which, he assured us, were elegant in the extreme. They were ranged round the sides of a square room, into which all the doors opened, and gave us the idea of a good-sized prison-cell. Though necessarily very badly ventilated, they were well whitewashed and the bedding and linen really looked clean and nice. For the use of one of these "charming little apartments," as the landlord termed them, the charge is three dollars, but this sum includes breakfast in the morning and *sundry other*

privileges. In the next house we visited, the proprietor came up to us and with a jaunty air asked us if we would like to see Punch and Judy. The drama of Punch and Judy, as now exhibited in the streets, is a sad enough degeneration from its original—the sacred play of *Pontius cum Judæis* of the dark ages—but this particular form of it was unusually vulgar and degraded, and I should hope peculiar to this place. The faithless Mr. Punch was supposed to have been dragged into the divorce courts by the exasperated Judy, and a mock trial took place. The whole exhibition was of the most disgusting and filthy description.

We entered house after house of this character in Cherry, James, and Water Streets, but there is very little difference in them—they are all equally low and brutal. We counted no fewer than twenty-seven "Sailors' Retreats," as they are called, in Water Street alone. We also visited some of the bucket-shops which are everywhere to be found in the Fourth Ward. At the bucket-shop a man gets a tumbler or bucket of stuff containing every fiery stimulant but whisky, though whisky it is professed to be, for five cents. Its inflammatory influences soon produce the most intense thirst, and the poor fellows drink till they get into a state of beastly intoxication, when they are remorselessly turned out into the gutter.

John Allen, once the most notorious sailors' dance-house keeper in the ward, is now out of the business, and the lower part of his old house is used as a mis-

sion-house. He has become very dogged, sullen, and silent. He is disappointed with the turn affairs have taken, and is angry with himself and with all his neighbors. His old business has been entirely ruined, partly by exposure and partly by his attempt to play off the missionary by his pretended conversion. Between these two stools John Allen's dance-house has fallen to the ground. He is said, however, to have saved a great deal of money out of his infamous business; quite enough to keep him very comfortably for the remainder of his days. He is a tall, powerfully-built man, about thirty-five years of age, but with a hang-dog, brutal cast of countenance. He was unable to ask us into his house, as his wife was drunk, and when in that condition she is always very quarrelsome. Every one in the street abuses John Allen, and expresses a pious wish that he may go to the devil as soon as possible, or anywhere else, so long as he takes himself off; so said Mr. Tommy Hadden. They seem to think that as long as The Wickedest Man in New York remains among them, so long will the agitation against their infamous mode of earning a living continue; but that, if Allen could be got out of the way, the outcry against them would soon cease. Allen, without intending to do so, has certainly done more to injure the business of these "Sailors' Retreats" than all the missionaries put together. He has, fortunately for the poor sailors, opened their eyes to the frauds practiced upon them, taught them to be more careful of their own interests, and

made them more shy than formerly of going to these places. His neighbors feel this, and they bless him accordingly.[1]

But, in spite of the indirect aid thus rendered them by Allen, I do not gather that the missionaries have met with that bountiful harvest which so heavy a crop of sinners warranted them in anticipating. I think their imperfect success is simply due to one great and all-important oversight. They try to Christianize before they have humanized those whom they desire to draw under their influence. This results in two ways! They either repel, or they manufacture hypocrites. Their *real* penitents are few and far between. They go too much on the sudden-call system—the trumpet-call to repentance, and seem to think that it is perfectly natural that men and women can, under an impulse of suddenly-awakened conscience, kneel down and pray to God—a Being of whom they absolutely know nothing as to His powers, attributes, mercy, and justice. I went one day to one of these missionary prayer-meetings, not in any carping spirit; and what I saw and heard there confirmed me in my previously conceived impressions of their futility as at present carried on. The meeting was composed of some fifteen or twenty gray-haired and bald-headed gentlemen, a few young women, of the stereotyped Water-Street class, with a mass of chignon or plaited hair, outrageously greased for the occasion (these were said to be peni-

[1] John Allen is since dead.

tents), some few very ragged-looking of the older victims of whisky, with heavy shawls over their heads, about an equal number of men of the same stamp, and some dozen nondescript victims of curiosity, who sat in the back rows of seats or stood near the entrance-door. Those notorieties of Water Street, John Allen, Tommy Hadden, and jovial old Kit Burn, were conspicuous by their absence. When I entered, the meeting was specially engaged in considering the case of a sailor, who had put in an appearance, under the idea that the mission-house was a place where he could sign the temperance pledge before starting on his voyage. But prayers, not pledges, were the order of the day. One of the speakers informed the unlucky sailor of this fact, called him a wicked sinner (probably only too true), and many other unpleasant names, and concluded by inviting the meeting to pray for this would-be penitent marine limb of Satan. This, however, was more than the sailor was prepared to stand. He soon showed signs of hauling in his cable, and, making full sail for the door, he endeavored to cut and run. But these missionary gentlemen were not inclined to be balked of such an opportunity, and the sailor was compelled to remain while a holy-minded brother offered up on his behalf what a subsequent speaker characterized as "his de-ear bre-other's most be-eautiful pre-ayer." The groans of saintly agony which the "de-ear bre-other" interpolated between every few words, chorused as they were by the meeting, prevent-

ed my catching much of his supplication, but I was considerably struck on hearing him address the Saviour as "Sweet Sir." The effect of his fervid eloquence, too, was greatly marred by the frequent "O Lors" and "Amens" which came from all parts of the room, I presume by way of applause, without any apparent concert. The sailor was at last allowed to depart, when the chief prayer-master arose and requested "any fellow-sinners who may specially desire to be prayed for" to stand up; "but," he added, "before this exhibition (!) takes place, I would like to say a few words." The pious gentleman said his "few words," the "fellow-sinners" were duly prayed for, amid many groanings and much general agitation and palpitation of smitten bosoms, the doxology was most inharmoniously dirged, and the meeting was over. Now, it is asserted in Water Street that every penitent who attends these prayer-meetings receives so much for so doing, and that they invariably spend the money in rum. I certainly saw some of them go straight from the mission-house to the liquor-saloons. Would it not be better, then, to spend the same amount of money in erecting sailors' homes, working-men's clubs, and Magdalen institutions? These missionaries are actuated by the best of intentions; but they make the fatal mistake of supposing that poor humanity can be as easily transplanted as a pear-tree, or quietly repotted like a scarlet geranium.

But to return to my explorations of the Purlieus of Water Street After Dark.

Wandering along Water Street, the detective turned the handle of the door of a small liquor-store, saying, "We'll just look in here a moment, sir." We accordingly walked in. Its only occupants were, the proprietor, who was sitting fast asleep by the stove, and a small boy. By dint of much shaking, the small boy managed to awaken his master, saying, "Gentlemen, sir, gentlemen." The master quickly roused himself, and I was somewhat formally introduced to Mr. Christopher Burn of the Sportsman's Hall. "And so this portly, jovial, pock-marked, sodden-faced looking man is Kit Burn, of whom we have lately heard so much," I muttered to myself. Mr. Burn honored me with a shake of his hand, and, in answer to inquiries after his health, replied that he was "Nicely, thank you, sir," and immediately added, "What will you take, gentlemen?" The detective suggested a glass of ale, and a glass of ale was drawn. Mr. Burn was politeness itself, but very severe on "them parsons." "Going the round, eh, sir? Well, I'm very glad you ain't got no parsons with you. I'm full agin them parsons, sir. Somehow I don't find parson-sauce a good relish to a rare beefsteak. Slippery, sir, very," and Mr. Burn emphatically shrugged his shoulders. "Downy lot, sir, very," and Mr. Burn winked his eye. "Lord love yer, sir! they like a glass with a stick in it, every bit as much as you or I do," and Mr. Burn looked contemptuous. "But I never throws a chance away, sir; so I says to the parsons, says I: 'Gentlemen, where's the rhino? Let's finger the

bills. No money, no prayers, gentlemen;' that's what I says. Well, sir, they paid me a whole month's rent in advance, but they only used the pit a fortnight. But then, you see, sir, that's their business, not mine." Here Mr. Burn could scarcely control his merriment; but it gradually subsided in a series of chuckles.

Mr. Burn does not like John Allen and Tommy Hadden. He declared his opinion that they were both "reg'lar bad 'uns." "You see, sir," said he, "they thoroughly sweat a poor man, and make believe they don't. Well, now, sir, maybe I sell a man a drink of bad whisky, but, then, he knows that when he buys it; so that's fair and straight bisness—ain't it, gentlemen?" Mr. Burn then politely offered to escort us to "The Pit," where there was "a leetle purp of five months," as Mr. Burn termed a rough, sandy-haired terrier, playing with a rat. "He's only a larner, gentlemen," he remarked, in an apologetic tone; "but he'll kill in a week—I do believe he will." How fondly Mr. Burn gazed on that "leetle purp"! How he eyed him with the air of a connoisseur! He then called our attention to the tiers of seats for the spectators of rat and canine contests, which he informed us would accommodate five hundred persons, though we were at a loss to conceive how the unlucky occupants of the top row could possibly sit there, the seat being only about thirty inches from the roof. He knew, he said, that "four hundred and seventy-five gents were present when the black-

and-tan" (now stuffed and ornamenting the window) "killed three hundred under the hour, sir." And, with a look of pride, Mr. Burn added, "And he did it easy, sir!"

But the thought of past scenes, and days gone by, never to return, rendered the portly Mr. Burn pathetic. "Ah! sir," he sighed, "them days is gone. My kind friend Mr. Bergh has ruined my buisness. But they *are* warmint, and nobody can't persuade me they're not." At the bare idea of rats not being vermin, Mr. Burn became greatly excited. "But they *are* warmint," he repeated, "and Mr. Bergh knows it, too; and what's more, he won't try the law. Why? Because he knows he'd be beat, sir; that's why. But it ain't no use me a talkin', sir. I only lose my temper. But I can't abear to see people a-meddlin' with what they don't understand." Mr. Burn very kindly offered to "turn off a dozen or two" for our amusement, at "ten cents apiece, gentlemen;" but this we politely declined. He insisted, however, on our taking another glass of ale, for which having paid, I wished Mr. Burn good-evening, again had the honor of shaking hands with him, and took my leave, he giving me a most pressing invitation to "step in and see me again."

Kit Burn is certainly an original character. That his business is a disreputable one no one will attempt to deny, and that his views of Christianity may not be all that the missionaries could wish, may be an equally self-evident proposition; still, Burn is a good

neighbor and a kind friend, and he will not allow thieves and cracksmen a chance in his house, but turns them out at once. He ought not, then, to be placed in the same category as such men as John Allen and Tommy Hadden; for, as he himself expressed it to me, "cruelty to warmint, if it is cruelty, sir, surely ain't the same as the cruelty to humans carried on up the street, sir. But because I think rats is warmint, sir, and the parsons don't, they pray for me every day at the meetin'-house at twelve o'clock. But not by name, sir! No, poor Kit Burn comes in in the gineral ketalogue of wicked, unrepentin' sinners." Mr. Burn's face, as he gave vent to this piece of irony, was a study for a painter, and his little round eyes fairly danced with delight as he recounted to us how near he "come to gett'n one on 'em tight once."

To describe with truth and sufficient force those dens in cellars which are termed underground lodging-houses, requires the artist's brush rather than the pen. No words can convey an adequate impression of their utter wretchedness; for it is the accumulation of little details of misery which renders these sleeping-places so horribly repulsive to any one accustomed to a civilized mode of life.

Imagine yourself descending through a sort of trap-door entrance into an underground cellar, only seven or eight feet high and often less. Its dingy walls and blackened ceiling dimly lit up by the filthy kerosene night-lamp which the old hag, who is proprietress, holds

over her head to enable you to look around. At first you can see but little, but becoming accustomed to the gloom, you find that you are standing in a perfect maze of beds. Go with me through one of these cellar lodging-houses which particularly struck me. Ranged round the room, as closely packed as possible, with a narrow open space down the middle, are thirteen filthily-dirty beds, all full. Look at the one nearest you. It contains an elderly man and a woman of at least five-and-twenty years of age. The old hag, who is inclined to be communicative, tells you that they are father and daughter. You shudder and pass on. In the next bed lies a fine, handsome looking laboring-man of forty, his brawny arms stretched out at right angles on the dirty bundle which does duty for a pillow, the head of a sleeping boy resting on each arm. Neither the father nor his boys have any other covering on them than the bedclothes. He is awake, and, in a tone of voice which implies a certain feeling of shame at being seen in such a den, he informs you that he once had a comfortable home of his own. "But my wife, sir, took to drinking; she sold my little bits of furniture one after another; then all my clothes, with the exception of what I had on; and, finally, she stole my tools—and here I am. But, fortunately for me! she died, the 30th of last month." And, with a sigh, he added—"Ah! sir, she was a bad woman!" Beyond this poor fellow are three strapping young men, all sleeping heavily. And then there is another

shocking sight—a man, his wife, and their grown-up son, fast asleep in the same bed. But why continue this dreadful tale of misery and unnatural degradation? It is the same sad story all around the room, and all around the neighborhood—men, women, and children, many of them in a state of nudity, sleeping indiscriminately together.

We visited place after place, cellar after cellar, with infatuated persistence, hoping that we might at least find some few rather better than the rest. But it was not so, and in one of these dens human misery seemed to have reached its climax. As we entered the door of this particular cellar, a low, thin wail struck my ear. I turned quickly to the detective, saying, "Surely that is the cry of a new-born baby. "Yes, sir," said the woman who lighted us in, an unusually well-spoken Irishwoman, at the same time pointing to a figure on a bed in the farther corner of the room, "that poor woman has just been confined, not ten minutes ago." "Good God!" I exclaimed, "in such a scene as this?" "Well, sir," she replied, "poor folks can't afford to be as pertickler as Fifth Avenue." "And that's true, sir," quietly observed the poor creature of whom we were speaking. We hurried away.

In one of these wretched dens, a young Irishwoman, who was sleeping near the entrance, suddenly sprang out of bed, and, planting herself in the door-way, made a grab at me with tiger-like ferocity, at the same time pouring out a torrent of abuse against us for coming in.

Her whole demeanor showed that she was quite capable of mischief. Without taking the slightest notice of the infuriated Irishwoman, my detective turned to the proprietress and quietly remarked, "If there is the slightest disturbance, I shall report this house to the sergeant." In an instant the landlady and her husband were busy pacifying the angry woman, imploring her not to get them into trouble. She soon retired sullenly to bed, scowling fearfully at us during the few moments we remained. The detective's professional instinct told him that, had he attempted to pacify this fierce woman, she would in all probability have become still more violent; he knew that these lodging-house keepers are in the habit of exercising considerable influence over their lodgers.

As we emerged from one of these places, our attention was arrested by the sound of many footsteps, rapidly approaching. As we stepped off the pavement to allow the crowd to pass, we were shocked to see that they were carrying the apparently lifeless body of a woman. We stopped one of the crowd to ask what was the matter. "Oh, only a woman poisoned herself; they're taking her to the hospital." And away our informant hurried, vexed to think that, by stopping to answer our inquiry, his fascinated gaze upon this poor creature of misery had been for a moment interrupted. "Only a woman poisoned herself." Only a poor human being, who, tired of battling with a life of sorrow, unable any longer to make head against her sea of troubles, had thought by self-destruction to put an end to them.

While thinking over this scene, a perfect mass of mud and tatters, with a baby in her arms, came up and told a piteous tale of starvation and distress; how she had once had a home of her own; how her husband had been ill for some months; how this one misfortune had been the sole cause of their present condition. The woman's eye and chattering jaw told their own sad tale; she showed no apparent signs of being a drunkard, in fact her whole demeanor seemed to substantiate her statement. I asked her where she lodged. She replied that she lived in one of the underground cellars. "Let me see your husband," I said. We followed her into a hovel in every way similar to those we had already visited, and a pitiable sight met our eyes. On one of those filthy beds lay a poor, emaciated fellow, who looked as though death would claim him in a few hours. "My friend," said I to the woman, "if I give you some money, will you promise me not to spend a cent of it in drink?" She simply replied, "I will." I took a dollar-bill from my pocket and placed it in her hand. She looked at it, she stared at it, she clutched it, and ejaculating "My God!" with fearful emphasis, rushed up the steps into the street without offering any thanks. Her poor husband, in weak tones, apologized for her strange behavior, saying, "We haven't seen the sight of so much money for weeks." This was certainly the most touching and heart-rending scene we witnessed in our wanderings that night. That dollar was, I feel sure, well spent.

"I think, sir," said the officer, "you ought to see

one of the swell-thieves' cribs, if we can manage it." I particularly wished to do so, and we started to visit the monarch, the go-between and patron of the light-fingered ones of the neighborhood. My guide told me that we must exercise great caution, as we should be viewed with the utmost suspicion, and might find ourselves in hot water without a moment's warning. We descended a staircase into what was apparently a better-class oyster saloon, when a smart, well-dressed, intelligent-looking man came hurriedly forward to meet us. I was introduced to him with all the customary formalities of society. He received me with studied politeness, inquired particularly after the state of my health, and, asking us what we would take, produced a bottle, and a box of the most magnificent cigars. As we were not allowed to pay for these little luxuries, I presume they cost him nothing. Seated at a round table were fourteen really well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking men; they would have passed anywhere in society, so far as regards their personal appearance. These men are among the most expert thieves in the whole country—so clever, so careful in all their little arrangements that the police, though morally certain of their character, have never yet been able to bring any thing home to them. Their purloining transactions are carried on entirely through the agency of their tools. They were all talking, and talking loudly; but so peculiar was their idiom that they were quite unintelligible to me, though it occurred to me afterward that a good deal of this might have

been assumed, by way of blinding me as to what they were really talking about. We remained for about ten minutes, conversing with the host on various topics, and smoking his imported Havanas, when a sign from the officer, who had held a moment's whispered conversation with our entertainer, warned us that our presence was no longer desirable. We, therefore, politely wished the King of the Cracksmen "Good-evening," and had the satisfaction of hearing the click of the lock and the grating of the bolts of the door the instant we were outside.

On gaining the pavement at the top of the staircase, the detective said to me: "I guess you made him feel a kinder sick by going down there; he knows you well." I was immensely astounded and somewhat chagrined to find that this gentleman claimed a *quasi* acquaintance with me. "How on earth can he know me?" I inquired. "Oh, he's seen you coming out of one of the newspaper offices, and he makes it his business never to forget a face he has once seen. That's what he was quietly asking me about; he thinks you have visited his house for the purpose of showing him up in the papers, and he says, if you do, you are a marked man." So much for Mr. "Reddy the Blacksmith."

Three minutes' walk down a by-street brought us to another oyster and supper saloon, though this one was reputed to be of a respectable character. This is the favorite resort of those maimed soldiers who gain a subsistence, and apparently a pretty good one, by

grinding organs at the corners of the streets. There were about a dozen of them present on this occasion, most of them fine, smart-looking young fellows, though I do not think there was a perfect set of limbs among the whole lot. Many were enjoying an excellent supper of beefsteak and fried potatoes. Those who had only one arm being able, by a sort of juggler's action, to eat just as fast and as easily as those who had two. I am told that these men sometimes earn as much as two and a half or three dollars a day and that they would be much disconcerted if the government should suddenly determine to take proper care of them. Some of them are said to employ an assistant to attract the contributions of charitable passers-by. The assistant receives every morning three five-cent pieces from each man. He goes round once in the morning, and once in the afternoon, dropping one of the five-cent pieces at each visit into the little wooden box on the top of the organ as ostentatiously as he can. The third piece he keeps for himself. The force of example generally leads several others to do the same, and the decoy walks unconcernedly on. This outlay of two and a half cents often brings in a quarter of a dollar, and sometimes more.

Leaving the soldiers to finish their supper in peace, we entered a fighting-crib. We arrived at an unfortunate moment. It was rather late in the evening even for the pugilistic gentry, and the discussion of the arrest of Edward O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, some-

how or other was a very heated one. Why or wherefore I cannot divine, for all were agreed that it was a monstrous invasion of the rights of the private citizen. Unaware of the arrest, and knowing nothing about the giant and his prize-fight, I nevertheless soon found myself drinking the giant's health and inveighing in unmeasured terms, against the law, the judges, and Judge Dowling in particular. Suddenly, every man let drive from the shoulder at his nearest neighbor. I have never before or since witnessed any thing like it. They seemed to go off like a pyrotechnical set piece. A couple of bounds over the prostrate forms of those gladiators, who found that it was easy enough to go down but not so easy to get up again, brought me to the door and to the side of the detective. "Unless you want to see any more free fighting, we'd better get out of this," he said; "once them fellows begin, they'll be at it time and again, till the police comes and locks some of 'em up." I told him that I had had quite enough of it and that I was only too anxious to get out, glad that I had fared no worse than to have my hat smashed.

As it was now long after midnight, I determined to bring my excursion to a close. I thought that I had seen enough of the Purlieus of Water Street After Dark for one night; certainly enough to convince me that it is morally impossible for men to be men, or women to be women, that is, in the proper sense of the word, when they dwell in Water Street. "A. P."

THE AMATEUR BEGGAR.

"Lost any thing, boss?"

I started as though a dozen of Professor Tyndall's electric batteries had been discharged through me simultaneously and confronted a specimen, of the purest water, of the Celtic race. He was gracefully indulging in the undeniable luxury of a short clay pipe, as he leaned his elbow on the gate-way of the family pig-stye, and was regarding my movements with an excess of curiosity which might possibly, I thought, change by a self-converting process into hostility.

No, I had lost nothing; and yet I felt very much like a detected sneak-thief as I nervously replied in the negative to the inquiry of the squatter lord of the rocky domain on whose premises I was trespassing.

"I thought you was a-lookin' for sutthin," rejoined the Irish—self-appointed lord of the manor.

Looking for something! I had been prowling in search of something for nearly two hours among the shanties, the children, the goats, the cows, and the dirty ducks and geese, which seem to love to congregate around the boundaries of the Central Park. I fully believe that I had explored Rag-Town from end to end, I

THE AMATEUR BEGGAR.

(Portrait of character. from a photograph by Gurney.)

had been stared at by idle men (for it was Sunday, and clean shirt-sleeves were the order of the day); I had been thoroughly appraised by slatternly women; I had been followed by goats and unwashed, unkempt, stockingless children, and growled at by curs; but this *tout-à-fait* naturalized citizen was the only being who had so far verbally expressed any curiosity to learn what brought me there. He certainly, at first, mistook me for a poultry-stealer or a detective police-officer, for, in the words of the old rhyme:

> "He eyed me up, he eyed me down,
> As though I owned one-half the town."

Endeavoring to assume an air of supreme indifference, I pursued my search, and, shortly afterward, much to my joy, lighted on the very thing I was seeking for —an old worn-out and discarded boot. I clutched it with all the eagerness of a diamond-digger; and, stuffing it into the pocket of my overcoat, I retraced my steps, muttering to myself, "It don't match very well; but, perhaps, so much the better." My Irish friend had evidently been all along watching my every movement, either from a feeling of suspicion or of insatiable curiosity. For, as I again passed his tumble-down wooden castle, he turned his head slowly, and, after a lavish expectoration, remarked to his next-door neighbor, "Bedad, that man's as mad as the divil." Had he really been aware of my intentions, it is probable that he would have rendered his adjectives in the superlative degree, and much more forcibly.

The fact is, like Don Quixote, the spirit of adventure was strong upon me. But, unlike Don Quixote, I had no faithful Sancho Panza to perform my bidding in the way of making preparations. Nor have I any Cervantes to chronicle my deeds. Unlike Philip Slingsby—"Slingsby of the manly chest"—I had not invoked any one:

> "Come be the Homer of the battle which I go to wage to-day."

For the simple reason that I had determined to sing of my adventures myself, at my leisure. But they were far from heroic. I was only going begging, and I wanted another worn-out boot to complete my outfit in true professional style. I had one that I had purloined from an ash-barrel on Third Avenue. I had also a hat that I had picked up from a gutter in my neighborhood; and I had purchased an old pair of pantaloons and a frock-coat, which had once been black, but had faded into a green-brown shade of color, from having swung for many months in the eddying gusts which played round an old-clothes store in Avenue B, after they had been discarded by their original owner.

In this regal apparel I proposed to enter into competition with the aristocracy of beggardom for the charitable sympathies of the well-dressed and gold-scattering promenaders on Broadway. Belisarius, with his "*da obolum*," was to be a fool to me! Louis Philippe, begging for centimes at the corner of the Rue de la Paix, as his enemies were so fond of picturing him—

faites l'aumones au dernier des nois rois—should be an innocent compared with the imposture on the purse-strings of the public which I proposed to perpetrate. Dim visions of founding an asylum for aged beggars out of the profits of my day's work floated airily through my brain; and, lost in the pleasurable contemplation of my adventure, regarding with the eye of an artist my worn-out boots and tattered apparel as they lay, ready to be donned, upon a chair before me, I believe that, for the moment, begging, as a means of gaining a livelihood, almost rose to the dignity of a profession in my eyes.

Putting my begging-costume into a satchel, on the following day I sought the rooms of a theatrical friend who had promised to aid me as a *valet de chambre* for the occasion, and, judging from my awkwardness when I began to array myself, I don't know what I should have done without him. He was also to use his green-room knowledge in toning down my rather exuberant appearance of health. This he did to perfection. My eyes soon looked as though they were going on an exploring expedition into the interior of my head, and, generally, I looked wofully haggard, especially as I had not shaved for five days. Altogether, I presented an appearance that would have caused the heart of an undertaker to bound with joy at the prospect of coming business.

But here came our first dilemma. How reconcile those haggard features with a figure somewhat inclined

to portliness? "There is no help for it but to strap you in, old fellow," observed my friend of the footlights; "you would never do without." So I was strapped in; and for seven long mortal hours I endured all the agonies of tight lacing. Yes! I can truthfully vouch for the discomforts and evils of this feminine foible. It took my ribs several hours to expand back again into their normal curves.

Then came another trouble. We arrived at the conclusion that my coat looked too neat and tidy, although old, for a beggar. We proceeded at once to remedy this fault. We slit one sleeve for about eight inches over the elbow and sewed a piece of old blue cloth, as a patch, over the shoulder. We then spread the coat out on the floor and sprinkled it all over with water, previous to beating the street door-mat over it. We rubbed the dust well into the web of the cloth, dried the coat before the fire, and, after beating off the worst of the dust, we had as shabby a coat as any professional beggar need desire. What a thing it is to know the tricks of your trade! The pantaloons were also improved by being put through pretty much the same process, and then we cut a piece about two inches square from the toe of one of the boots, putting a piece of dirty rag in the opening. I quickly arrayed myself, stuck some diachylon plaster on my forehead, wound some bandages of rags around my head and left hand, put on my hat, and, taking an old stick on which to lean tremblingly when opportunity offered, I stepped into the

street from the kitchen entrance. I believe that I was as well-got-up a beggar as ever imposed on the charity of a generous public.

My first impression on gaining the street was that every one was staring at me; whereas, in all probability, I was totally unnoticed. At one moment I was half inclined to turn back and give up the adventure, when, fortunately, I caught sight of an acquaintance coming down the street. "Here," thought I, "is an opportunity to test my disguise without any chance of annoyance should the fraud be discovered." As he passed me I begged of him in a feigned voice. He looked me full in the face, muttered something about being sorry that he had no pennies in his pocket, and went on in blissful ignorance as to my identity. This rencontre at once inspired me with confidence, and I started up University Place, on my way to Union Square.

Business soon came to me, as it does to all others who seek it with a will. At the corner of Union Square and Fourteenth Street, a nice, kind-hearted-looking old lady, in deep mourning, gave me two cents. This was my first haul. My prospects were decidedly brightening, and the dread of going through the tight-lacing business and facing the fresh, nipping air to no purpose, passed away. For, let me tell you, my scanty clothing any thing but tended to keep up a desirable circulation of the blood! Moreover, my throat was all bare in front. My costume, too, was generally very uncomfortable. It any thing but fitted me; and I felt as

awkward as Sam Weller felt, or ought to have felt, when he first donned Mr. Pickwick's livery.

I turned down Fourteenth Street, and wended my painful way to Fifth Avenue with trembling steps. Near Eighteenth Street two young ladies caught me up. I turned, and at once saw that I had an opportunity. The one nearest to me had an earnest, Madonna-looking face of considerable beauty. Her eye was tender and sympathetic, and I begged her to listen to me a moment. I told her a long story of how I had been crippled by an accident, and how I had just been discharged from Bellevue Hospital, after a sojourn of six weeks in that house of woe and suffering; that I was still very weak and unable to work, and that I had no money to buy any thing to eat. She eyed me with a kindly gaze for a moment, took her purse out of her pocket, and handed me ten cents. She did more. She gave me a very useful warning. For, as they passed on, she remarked to her companion, in sufficiently loud tones for me to hear: "I think that must be a deserving case: didn't you notice how well the poor man talked?" "Ah! too well," thought I to myself. "That may pass muster with unsophisticated young ladies of sympathetic tendencies, but it won't do for the world in general. I must correct that."

A gentleman standing under the portico of the Fifth-Avenue Hotel gave me a five-cent piece, much to the disgust of a middle-aged gentleman who was talking to him and who declared his conviction that all

beggars are frauds. I gave him a look of pained, indignant remonstrance and resumed my mendicant journeyings. Between Twenty-third Street and Thirty-fourth Street, I met with very little success and fancied that I was eyed with particular suspicion by the officer on the beat. But, at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street, I begged of two elderly ladies, who were apparently waiting for a car. One of them gave me three and the other two cents. I then passed down Thirty-fourth Street to Broadway and turned once more in the direction of the Fifth-Avenue Hotel, but I only picked up two or three single cents on the way. But I was approaching a better cruising-ground for beggars! Between Twenty-third Street and Seventeenth Street, only six blocks, I got nineteen cents; a very elegantly-dressed young lady contributing five, and a sporting-looking gentleman, who was lounging in the door-way of Jerry Thomas's saloon, three of them. I crossed over to Union Square and sat down on the edge of the basin of the fountain. From my pocket I drew a very stale crust of bread and commenced to nibble it, at the same time taking off my ragged hat and placing it on my knee. I tried my utmost to look the hungry beggar who said: "Kind sir, I've had nothing to eat since yesterday, and to-morrow'll be the third day." This was a great card! A lady, who was accompanied by two little girls, quietly and unostentatiously dropped a ten-cent stamp into my hat, without saying a word. However, I saw a park-officer approaching me, and, fearing that

he might have seen the lady's action and might, in consequence, be hard-hearted enough to interfere with me, I determined to take time by the forelock and not stand upon the order of my going. So I pocketed my crust, put on my hat, and struck for the Bowery.

I did the Bowery thoroughly, from Cooper Institute to Canal Street, shivering all the while with cold—not artificially but naturally. I spent about an hour there, realizing altogether about twenty-three cents. I then took Canal Street, but all my efforts were unrewarded. In despair I went into the reading-room of the Brandreth House, at the corner of Canal Street and Broadway, and begged successfully of the only two gentlemen who occupied it. One of them at first refused to give me any thing. He was a hard, starch-visaged man; but, when he saw his neighbor hand me a five-cent piece, either his heart relented or he became ashamed of himself, for he followed the example as I passed him to leave the room. From the Brandreth House I worked down Canal Street, and along Carmine Street to Sixth Avenue. Sixth Avenue is not by any means a to-be-despised begging-walk. I passed up the west side as far as Thirty-fourth Street, and back again on the east side. At the corner of Thirteenth Street, an old lady seemed wonderfully touched by my piteous tale and raised the thermometer of my expectations up to fever-heat; but she only gave me one cent.

I retraced my steps once more through Carmine and Canal Streets to Broadway. My little store of pennies

having received a very satisfactory increase, I was congratulating myself on the success of my enterprise, when I experienced a scare which nearly brought my heart into my mouth. It almost made me long for a Californian earthquake—that the pavement would open and swallow me up. I had been standing at the corner of Canal Street for two or three minutes, when I was almost startled out of my propriety on hearing a gruff voice say behind me, "Come, get along." There was no need to tell me that it was a gentleman in blue. I knew that instinctively. But the officer walked for a few paces by my side as I hobbled away; and he told a lie almost every step he took. He said he knew me well—lie number one; that I was an old hand at the business—lie number two: that I'd been at it ever since I last came from the Island—lie number three; and that I was a first-class fraud. This last charge was about true. He parted with me after threatening to "take me in" and "have me sent up" if he caught me begging again. Some of the passers-by eyed me indignantly, others sneered and jeered, but one old lady expressed her opinion that the police are very hard on beggars. She, however, did not offer me any thing to assuage my wounded sensibility.

Near the St. Nicholas Hotel I saw a lady vainly endeavoring to close the door of her carriage. I stepped forward and closed it for her; for which act of politeness she condescendingly handed me a penny. At the corner of Prince Street I encountered the editor of one

of the oldest newspapers in New York; a gentleman with whom I am well acquainted. I begged of him, gave two or three very sepulchral coughs, and implored him to listen for a moment to my story. He stepped aside with me, and I poured into his sympathetic ear my Bellevue Hospital tale. He listened very gravely and expressed his surprise that Mr. Brennan, the Warden, who, he very properly said, bore a high reputation for kindness toward all the inmates of the hospital, should allow one of them to be discharged in the condition in which I then was. It was "far too cold a day," he said, "for a sick man to be wandering about the streets." He put a twenty-five cent stamp into my hand, gave me his office address, and said that, if I would call there at eleven o'clock the next morning, he would give me a letter to Mr. Brennan, asking him to take me in again for a while. I called at the editorial sanctum of my friend at the appointed hour next day, when the following conversation ensued, after an exchange of the customary salutations:

"I have called to pay you the twenty-five cents I borrowed of you yesterday."

"Of me! Why, I did not see you yesterday."

"Oh, yes, you did. I met you on Broadway."

"No, sir; I say you did not. Why, your wits must have been wool-gathering."

"Why, this is the identical twenty-five-cent stamp which you handed to me."

"Well; where does the joke come in?"

"No joke at all. There is your money, with thanks."

"Wait a minute. Will!" (calling out to his son in the next room).

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever see me under the influence of liquor?"

"No, father; never."

"Then, 'A. P.'" said my friend, again turning to me, "you must have been drunk yourself. There, take back your money."

"At least," I put in, "you'll give me the letter to Warden Brennan which you promised me?"

I never saw a man's face assume so thoroughly perplexed a look in my life. He stared at me in blank astonishment for several seconds, till at last the thing began to dawn upon him, and he burst out into a hearty laugh. He tried hard to bribe me to say nothing about it, by offering to stand a bottle of champagne on those conditions. But St. Anthony came to my assistance, and I was proof against his alluring temptations.

But I must return to my begging-walk on Broadway, where the cold was rapidly becoming something more than I could stand. As I saw my face reflected in a shop-window, I saw, also, that my nose was as red as a piece of raw beef and that my cheeks had assumed a sort of washed-out plum-color. I felt that it was absolutely necessary to do something toward restoring my circulation, and I determined that, at the first opportuni-

ty I could get, I would have a good strong hot whisky-punch. Of course, this was not to be thought of on Broadway, but I thought I might venture it in the Bowery. I therefore crossed Broadway, and went down Houston Street to carry out my intention. But, no sooner had I reached the Bowery than I caught sight of a very charitable-looking gentleman, who had all the air of being a minister. I at once tackled him, and succeeded so well in working on his feelings as to draw from him five cents. I thanked him and passed on. A few doors down I reached a liquor-saloon. But here I encountered an unforeseen difficulty. No sooner had I stepped inside the door, than the bar-tender, waving his hand at me, called out: "Come, get out of this. There's nothing here."

"But I want a drink," I remonstrated.

"Yes, so does a good many others; come, get out," retorted the bar-tender.

I saw at once the difficulty with him. He thought I was a "dead beat," and wanted a drink for nothing. So I stepped up to the bar and told him that I was willing to pay for a drink.

"Let's see yer stamps, then," he rejoined, evidently still suspicious.

I immediately produced ten cents, and he proceeded to compound for me a glassful of the most villainous stuff that ever passed down my throat. However, it had the effect of making the blood tingle in my half-frozen toes and fingers.

But, oh, horror of horrors! As I closed the door of the saloon behind me on returning to the street, there, evidently waiting for me, stood my ministerial friend, who had just before given me five cents. All kindly expression had left his face, and he was most indignant. He called me a cheat and an impostor, declared that I ought to be punished, that he had half suspected me at the time he gave me the money (I had told him that I wanted it to buy bread with), and that he had turned and followed me, with the view of watching my further proceedings. In my confusion I stammered out something about the coldness of the weather. But he was too angry and indignant to listen to any such arguments—especially such patent excuses—and I began to feel no little alarm at my situation when he announced his intention of having me arrested by the first officer who came along. I had no idea, however, of patiently waiting till an officer did come along, and I started off up Houston Street at a pace that was totally inconsistent with my apparently shattered condition. To my annoyance, on looking back, I discovered that the gentleman was following me. I hurried on all the faster. But, luckily for me, he gave up the chase at the end of the first block, for when I again looked round he was retracing his steps to the Bowery. I breathed more freely; and, gradually reassuming my slow and limping gait, I emerged once more on Broadway, and crossed over to the other side.

The sidewalk was thronged, and I began steadily

but cautiously to ply my fraudulent vocation once more. I walked slowly up, confining my attentions principally to those ladies who were looking into shop-windows. This was the most successful hour of the day. Before I reached Union Square I had increased my stock of funds by thirty-two cents. Along the Broadway side of Union Square I took nothing. But from the northwest corner of the square up to Twenty-third Street I again reaped a bountiful harvest, and a little more between the Hoffman House and Thirty-fourth Street. From that point I struck across to Fourth Avenue, but Fourth Avenue is far from being a good begging-district. I did not take a single cent all the way down to Tenth Street. There were no loungers about. Every one I passed seemed to be in a desperate hurry, either to get home or to reach the Harlem Depot.

But by this time it was seven o'clock, and a few spits of snow were beginning to fall, so I determined to seek the lodgings of my theatrical friend. I had had, too, quite enough of amateur begging. As soon as I had had a good wash, and had assumed my ordinary clothing, I lit a cigar and sat down to talk over the events of the day with my friend. He was astonished at my success. For, when we came to turn out the pockets of my begging pantaloons, we found no less than $2.33 as the result of my day's labors, and to this sum must he added the ten cents which I had expended in the Bowery liquor-saloon for that hot whisky-punch which

came so near to getting me into trouble. This was not bad business for less than seven hours' work!

Certainly the most successful begging-walks, as far as my experience goes, are between Bleecker and Fourteenth Streets, and Seventeenth and Twenty-third Streets. In some cases a party of three ladies will each give a trifle. The porticoes of the principal hotels, too, are generally good for five or ten cents. Elderly, respectable ladies and young girls from eighteen to five-and-twenty years of age seem to be much more willing to give away small sums in the streets than gentlemen or fashionably-dressed middle-aged ladies. I can only say that I found it so in my one solitary experience of begging. Begging in bar-rooms up-town appears to be useless (the begging fraternity have long given it up), though in the business quarters of the city it is considered to be a very profitable branch of the profession.

I must confess that my personal experiences in begging have vastly increased my sympathy for beggars. The hardships of such a life must be fearful, especially in the depth of winter. And I do not hesitate to say that, though professional begging is a most unmanly if not dishonest means of making a living, the professional beggar earns every cent he gets. It would require a large sum to tempt me again to tramp the streets as an Amateur Beggar. "A. P."

AFTER THE GAMBLING AND PANEL HOUSES.

No street of this great metropolis, however fashionable, not one of the avenues where the *élite* of New-York society loves to congregate, can boast that it is free from gambling-houses and houses of prostitution. How many gambling-houses there are and what is the amount of money annually lost and won in them, it is impossible to say; but certain statistics, carefully collected by trustworthy men from trustworthy sources, disclose the startling fact that there are nearly 9,000 prostitutes in New-York City; that over $10,000,000 is invested in houses of assignation and prostitution, and that the annual income of the keepers of them is over $8,000,000 a year. There is every grade of both of these classes of houses, and their business is carried on with an openness and a freedom from interference on the part of the police which is perfectly astounding. Among the worst and the most dangerous of bad resorts are, undoubtedly, the common gambling-houses where they play keno, and the houses of prostitution known as panel-houses; for it is in these places that young men,

in committing one sin, are led into the commission of another. In them they are ruthlessly robbed, and only too frequently are tempted to rob others to make good their loss. There are the most stringent laws against these establishments, but they are seldom carried out. In fact, it is openly asserted by numbers, who profess to know, that the police regularly receive sums of money not to report these houses to the authorities.

Such was the state of the case constantly being dinned into my ear, till I had heard so much of the rascalities committed by the proprietors of these places that I determined to see for myself and to make some personal investigations about them and the way in which they carry on their infamous business. Securing the coöperation of an able short-hand reporter, I set to work and spent night after night in making as careful and strict an investigation as circumstances would permit. At all events, when I retired from the field, we had in our possession a collection of notes which embody some startling information on the subject and which, excluding some matters which it is impossible to present in any shape fit for publication, but which are at the service of the police authorities—that is, if they be really unaware of what is going on under their noses—I give to the world as a warning to young men, of the great risks they run in being persuaded to enter such places, either by artful strangers or dissolute acquaintances. The reader will please note that all the gambling and panel houses of which I write, are in the

immediate vicinity of police headquarters, and should, therefore, be far easier for the police, than for me to discover. But I beg, also, to assure the reader that there is no magic circle drawn round that particular quarter of the city—a circle, inside which it is dangerous to tread and outside which vicious appetites may be indulged with impunity. No such thing! These infamous dens of robbery are to be met with in every ward of the city; the only difference being that, whereas in some precincts they seem to be allowed every license, in others they are sharply looked after as soon as they are discovered.

I determined to strike at once into Mercer Street, the heart of the panel-house district of the Eighth Ward, and where a man, known as the King of the Badger-Pullers, holds his regal sway in more than one house of this class. This man has followed this infamous mode of making money since the bounty business came to an end in 1865. He then opened a panel-house in the eighth precinct, but was driven out of it by Captain Mills. Migrating to the Fourteenth Ward, he was, for a time, very successful in his robberies. But Captain Walsh at last arrested him, his pimps, and his girls, and they were all shipped off to Blackwell's Island for change of air. On gaining his release, this scoundrel betook himself to his old business and has now no less than five houses in full blast, and has acquired his very unenviable title in consequence. He is reported to be worth at least $150,000. Two years ago he was

a candidate for the office of assistant alderman on the Democratic ticket; an office for which he had a very good show of election, as he is captain of a very strong political organization, to which all the leading Tammany Hall politicians belong, including the present police-captain of the precinct in which he runs his panel-houses.

Having received information as to the number of one of this man's houses in Mercer Street,[1] I determined, one evening, to watch it, and to take particular note of all persons entering or leaving; "a little private detective business," as my short-hand reporter put it. We were of necessity very cautious in our movements, walking about like other passers-by, whenever the policeman hove in sight. The officer on duty wore the number 477 on his cap. Apparently his beat lay between No. 130 Mercer Street, and the corner of Houston Street, a distance of about three hundred feet, though it is possible that he neglected the other part of his beat. Certain it is that he passed the greater part of the evening on that part of the sidewalk immediately opposite the house No. —, and on one occasion he left his post and entered the house, remaining there for nearly ten minutes. On leaving the house he remained standing

[1] The numbers of houses have been left blank, as the character of their inmates may have changed, as may also the ownership of the houses, since this article was written three years ago. The names of the proprietors have also been suppressed, as some are supposed to be dead, and some have left the city.

at the corner of Houston Street nearly all the time till he was relieved at midnight.

Soon after the officer had taken up his corner position, a stout, plainly-dressed man approached him, and entered into conversation. My reporter immediately went after them, leaving me to watch the house, and, unknown to them, overheard their conversation. The man was explaining to the officer that he had been robbed at the house No. — the night before, and was asking what he could do to recover his money or bring the thieves to justice. The officer recommended him to stand on Broadway in the daytime, and when he saw the girl who had inveigled him into the house, to point her out to the nearest policeman, who would be bound to arrest her; then to go with the policeman to the station-house to prefer a complaint, and afterward to the Police Court to testify against her. This course the man seemed unwilling to pursue, and he went away without announcing what his intention might be. Now, this officer knew two facts: first, that these panel-house girls never walk Broadway in the daytime; and, secondly, that when a good haul has been made, the girl is sent away for two or three days. He might be said to know with equal certainty that the man would not be willing to appear in a Police Court as the prosecutor in such a case.

On the man taking his departure, the reporter quietly entered into conversation with the officer, as though he had only just sauntered up; but, after they

had been talking together for two or three minutes, a runner from the panel-house went up to the policeman and told him he wanted to speak to him a moment. The two, who were evidently well acquainted, crossed together to the upper corner of the street, the officer telling the reporter he would be back in a minute. Not caring to remain, the reporter rejoined me. I had been quietly watching the house from behind a pile of bricks, like a cat after a mouse, for two very respectable-looking men had entered it, about ten minutes before, in company with women. The men shortly after came out and proceeded up the street. We followed them at a convenient distance. Once out of sight of the officer, we hurried up to them, and, addressing them, I inquired if they knew the character of the house they had just left and if they had lost any thing. One seemed ready and willing to tell their experience; the other, the younger of the two (both had passed middle age) tried to get his companion away and to prevent his saying any thing. He was very much excited, apparently not knowing what to do, and, from the few remarks which escaped him, it was evident that he had been robbed. He said in an agitated voice: "They will hear from me in less than ten minutes." The two gentlemen then passed up Houston Street to Broadway, we again following them. At the corner of Prince Street they met an officer, to whom they detailed their grievances, and from whom, by a *ruse*, we afterward learned all about the affair.

They had been robbed of a considerable sum of money. Returning to Mercer Street, we overheard a man in angry altercation with a woman who had just left the panel-house. "G—d d—n you," exclaimed the man; "you've got every d—d dollar I had in the world, and you may go to h—l now!"

These scenes were not confined to Mercer Street alone, but were witnessed in other parts of the purlieus of that same Eighth Ward; and all night long there was constant communication between the officers on duty and the "lovers," so called, of the women, and the "runners" of these infamous dens.

With a view of testing the audacity of these "runners," or "ropers-in," I took the bull by the horns and accosted one of them; and, assuming a drunken gait and a country dialect, I innocently inquired the way to the Bowery. I received the politest of answers, and, hiccoughing out "thank 'ee," staggered away in the direction pointed out. After having gone a few yards I deliberately ran against a lamp-post, which gave me the opportunity of turning my head for a moment, to see if my unsuspecting friend was taking any steps with a view to roping me in. One glance was sufficient. There was the runner, standing by the house and directing the attention of two of his women toward me. Two minutes afterward they were on either side of me, endeavoring to beguile me into entering the house. I, however, renewed my inquiries for the Bowery, and was told to go to h—l.

But by this time the officer No. 477, whom we had been compelled to pass many times (for, during the evening, we had investigated several such scenes as I have described), had evidently become more than suspicious. It was necessary, therefore, to beat a retreat for a short time, till the relief should come on at twelve o'clock. Back again in Mercer Street once more, we found officer No. 474 on the beat. On passing him he viewed us with considerable suspicion. He had evidently been warned of our proceedings by the retiring patrolman. Encountering us a little later—we were standing under a lamp for the purpose of catching his number—the officer approached us, and, addressing himself to me, said in a surly tone:

"Young man, I want to know your business."

"Surely you have no right to ask that question," I remonstrated.

"I want to know your business, and if you're gentlemen you'll tell me. If not, I shall take you in," rejoined this energetic guardian of the peace.

The inquiries were put by the officer in the most offensive and rough manner. We civilly but firmly refused to answer them, and were immediately arrested on the suspicion of being in Mercer Street *with intent to commit a burglary.* We at once prepared to accompany the officer, who, on our way to the station-house, several times insulted us by repeatedly saying that we were no gentlemen, and remarking that many burglaries were committed in New York. On one of his

prisoners (!), my reporter, who had some legal knowledge, remarking that an officer had no right to insult any one he might arrest, the officer replied, surlily: "Why shouldn't you be insulted as well as anybody else? It would be d—d difficult to insult the likes of you."

On arriving at the station-house, the officer made his charge, we gave our names, addresses, ages, and occupations, and had not the reporter fortunately had his credentials from his office in his pocket (the sergeant refused to credit our verbal statements), we certainly would have passed the night in the station-house, as we persistently refused to mention the business we had in hand. The consternation and confusion of the officer, on finding the identity of at least one of us vouched for, were amusing to a degree. He was at once summarily dismissed to his post by the sergeant, much in the way that Mayor Nupkins dismissed the chopfallen Grummer after Mr. Pickwick had explained the situation. The sergeant then courteously bowed us out, giving us lights for our cigars from a corner of his newspaper, and politely holding the door open as we passed into the street.

Now, the charge upon which this officer arrested us was his suspicion that we were in Mercer Street with intent to commit a burglary. When at the station-house the only evidence that he could bring forward to substantiate that charge was, that he had passed us two or three times on his beat and that, on the last oc-

casion of his passing us, "they stood under the gas-lamp to try and see my number as I passed." Will any intelligent police-officer for one moment suppose that two would-be burglars would deliberately place themselves under a gas-lamp to catch the number of the passing officer on the beat? Will any intelligent reader not more than suspect that officer of having a special and personal reason for arresting us? Will he not feel convinced that he had such a reason?

With regard to the insolence of the officer while making and after having made the arrest, it is only necessary to quote two of the rules from the Manual of the Metropolitan Police force:

Rule 447 says: "Members of the Department must be civil and respectful to their officers, to each other, and to all other persons, on all occasions." The last clause of Rule 517, relative to arrests, is still more emphatic on this point. It says: "It is the duty of a policeman to keep his prisoner safely, but he has no right to use unnecessary violence, and he must not even use such language as would be calculated to provoke or exasperate them, for such conduct tends to create resistance in the prisoners and a hostile feeling among the by-standers toward the policeman."

These two rules the officer manifestly broke while indulging in the, to men of his class, great luxury of, as he thought, putting two gentlemen to annoyance and inconvenience. But he was doomed to disappointment. I was far from being inconvenienced or annoyed. On

the contrary, I was much obliged to him for "taking us in." Our arrest was a decided incident in our adventure; and, as for our names and addresses being printed in the official calendar of arrests next day, we cared nothing in the first place, and no one ever reads that highly-interesting public document, in the second.

But I was not content with the results of my investigations thus far. It did not appear to me that I had got at the pith and marrow of the thing; nor did it appear to me that I could do so unless I could contrive to get behind the scenes, for the pith and marrow of the thing is the ease with which the robbing in a panel-house must be accomplished in order to be accomplished at all. To get behind the scenes, then, was a consummation of the matter which I determined should be compassed at all reasonable risk, and we at once set to work to that end.

After the exercise for many days of the most delicate and, I flatter myself, skillful diplomacy, we succeeded in worming ourselves into the confidence of the keepers of one of these houses. Through the assistance of a private detective, we discovered a panel-house, the proprietor of which was anxious to retire from the neighborhood. He had taken a house in Twenty-seventh Street, and did not think he could run two. We soon secured an interview with him, with the ostensible purpose of taking the house off his hands, and on two occasions we passed some time in his private apartments and actually succeeded in witnessing the whole operation of

panel-thieving. We carefully inspected all the arrangements and contrivances of the house, with which we expressed our entire satisfaction, and we were as much behind the scenes as the conjurer's assistant or a theatrical machinist at Niblo's Garden. We soon came to the conclusion that no possible precaution on the part of men entering such houses can prevent their being robbed. At each visit we passed an hour in the private room from which the keeper of the house operates, through the panel-door, on the pockets of his victims. On our first gaining admission to the house, the proprietor proceeded to show us over it, criticising, with professional pride, its various arrangements as he went along. "Perfect! They haven't a chance, sir!" he would constantly remark, and then he would chuckle and rub his hands together with delight at the thought of the ease with which he robbed his victims. This man was apparently about thirty years of age, strongly built, good looking, and well dressed. He certainly did not look like a panel-thief. His assistant was a thin, spare man, some five years older. He moved about with the soft tread and ever-watchful glance of a cat, and with a nervous quickness which at once proclaimed him a skillful operator. He also seemed to enjoy showing the house. The description of the ground-floor will suffice.

The back-room, in which the panel-worker waits his opportunity, is almost unfurnished, containing only a lounge, two or three common chairs, and a small

stove. The door of this room opens on to a private staircase, which leads down to the back basement and into an underground passage, which communicates with the street by a cellar-door. The front-room is a very comfortably-furnished apartment, about 18x20, with a large fire burning in an open grate, and separated from the back-room by folding-doors. The room-door leading into the entrance-passage is close to these doors, and can *apparently* be fastened by a large sliding bolt. This bolt is a false one. The head of the bed, unusually high, is placed edgewise against the wall, to face the windows, with a couch behind it, just clear of the entrance-door. Thus, the victim, when in bed, can neither see the door by which he entered nor the folding-doors. Against the folding-doors, covering the ordinary opening, stands a heavy, marble-topped wash-stand. A large, ponderous looking-glass hangs immediately over it, and two chairs are placed on either side. Between the windows there is a dressing-table, also with a chair on either side. The folding-doors apparently cannot be opened because of the wash-stand and looking-glass and two big bolts. But this is not so. The left-hand door, instead of being hung on hinges from the ordinary casing, has its hinges on the other door, in the centre of the room, and is kept closed by a large, common wooden button-bolt on the other side, in the room in which the panel-thief is concealed.

Having thoroughly inspected the house, we re-

turned to the back-room, and, with well-assumed ease, and having been posted by the detective in panel-house slang, we threw ourselves on the lounge, lit cigars, and opened a desultory conversation with our host.

"Staked the captain?"

"No. We're on the break-up."

"Staked the beat?"

"Yes."

"Heavy?"

"Five dollars a night."

For the information of the uninitiated, I will explain the meaning of this conversation: the thieves had not bribed the captain of the precinct, preferring to run the risk of being broken up, but they paid the patrolmen five dollars a night.

At this moment steps were heard in the passage; the gas was hastily turned down, and all kept breathless silence. An elderly man entered the front-room with a woman, and immediately all eyes were eagerly watching through the little peep-holes bored through the wall and doors, and into which pegs are inserted the moment the eye is withdrawn, to prevent the light showing through. The "sucker," however, as the victim is termed, became alarmed at something, and began to parley with his companion. "I have been into two houses already, this evening, and have been 'rapped out' of each," he said, "for what reason I don't know. But, if I'm to be rapped out again, I won't stay."

"That sucker," whispered the proprietor to his assistant, "has been beat out of his money, and hasn't found it out yet. Don't let him squeal here. Rap him out at once."

The elderly gentleman was accordingly rapped out, and all again assumed their seats and cigars. At this moment the assistant discovered that the panel creaked a little, and suggested more grease on the hinges.

"Oh," replied the head, "that won't be noticed by the sucker if the girl does her part well."

The assistant was about to say something more, when he was seized with a fit of coughing. When it had subsided he laughingly remarked: "It's very strange, but when there's a sucker in that front-room I couldn't cough to save my life." The conversation then turned on the number of girls and their lovers who are connected with the house. The rent and other matters were then discussed, and we were beginning to wonder what we could say or do next, when the negro servant, who had been out on an errand, came back in a hurry, and whispered that one of the girls had just passed the house with a sucker.

"She's that new girl who only came to-night," said the proprietor to his assistant. "You had better hop out and work them in. She probably don't know the house in the dark."

The assistant kicked off his list slippers, drew on his boots, and was in the act of putting on his coat, when the noise of the opening of the street-door ar-

rested his preparations, the gas was again hurriedly turned down, smoking was forbidden, and the peep-holes again resorted to. A German, about thirty years of age, entered the room with a dark-haired, flashily-dressed woman, who immediately requested him to bolt the door. This he did, but he might have saved himself the trouble, for the door was no more closed then than it was before. These bolts are very ingenious. The catch on the jamb of the door, into which the bolt slides, has three false screw-heads in it. In reality, it is not attached to the door-casing at all, but is fastened to the body of the bolt by an unseen plate. Consequently, when the door is opened, the catch goes forward with the remainder of the bolt. This, of course, was not noticed by the man, as the gas was not turned up by the woman till after the door was closed. While the man was bolting the door, the woman hurried to the dressing-table, and hastily laid her hat on one chair and her cloak on the other. This action compelled the man to place his clothes on the couch or on one of the chairs by the folding-doors. Unless this arrangement is carried out, no robbery can be consummated. When all was ready, one of the operators scratched lightly on the door with his finger-nail, to warn the woman he was about to enter the room. The next moment the button was slipped, the man boldly opened the door wide, removed the chair out of his way, and glided rapidly to the other chair, on which the man's clothes lay. At this moment the

woman redoubled her fascinations, for the purpose of distracting the attention of her victim, in which purpose she was eminently successful. The work of going through the man's pockets and what is technically known as "weeding" his pocket-book, was quickly over, the chair was quietly replaced, the panel-door closed, and the thief appeared with a roll of bills in his hand. The whole thing was done in from twenty to twenty-five seconds. Immediately after the closing of the door, the second man went outside, and, knocking on the passage-door of the bedroom, said, in a loud whisper:

"Jenny, here's Joe; hurry up."

"My God!" exclaimed the girl, jumping up, "you must get away as fast as you can. That's my lover. He's dreadful jealous, and would shoot you as soon as look at you!"

It is needless to say that the victim required no pressing to do as required. He jumped into his clothes as fast as possible, only too glad to get out of the way before the appearance of the imaginary terrible lover, and apparently without the slightest notion that he had been robbed. The panel-men had a good laugh, in which, as a matter of course, we joined; and then, thinking we had seen all we wanted to see, we soon after took our leave, promising to return the following evening to talk business. We were to pay them nine hundred dollars for the balance of their lease.'

[1] The reader may judge of the risk we ran while in this den from a re-

In the panel-houses, where the victims are comparatively few, the robberies are on a great scale; in the low gambling-houses, where the victims flock in hundreds of a night, the robberies are not individually so large. Still they are just as disastrous in their consequences, perhaps more so, for the gamblers belong to a much poorer class, and only too many of them are mere lads. Here, in New York, keno is the low-class gambler's great passion; and there is no lack of place and opportunity for his indulging it. In the busiest part of Broadway, in the neighborhood of several theatres and other prominent places of amusement, this game of keno is carried on with unblushing effrontery, a pair of swing folding-doors being generally the only means of shutting them out from the public gaze. On entering, which can be done without questions of any sort, the visitor finds himself in a long, brilliantly-lighted hall, through which innumerable small round tables, on which lie keno-cards and piles of common tailor's buttons, are distributed. Five or six chairs are placed around each table, and, by seven or eight o'clock in the evening, they are nearly all occupied, and the game is in full operation. Frequently from two to three hundred men and lads are assembled in the largest of

mark made by the keeper of it when he read this article: "If I'd known who that —— —— —— was when he was in my place, he'd have gone out of it in a deal packing-case with two or three hundred weight of coal around him and been dumped into the East River!" Our private detective was present in the bar-room which this thief patronizes when he thus unbosomed himself.

these saloons. On a raised and inclosed platform stand the managers of the concern. One of them sells "tickets" (ivory checks as large as a silver dollar, with black half-moons on their centres). The other attends to the "urn" and the "tally." The urn is an elaborately-carved affair, with a top that unscrews to let in the "keno-balls" (ivory balls inscribed with numbers) "in bulk," and a bottom that contains a spring slide to let them out singly. Behind the man who swings the urn is a tally-board hanging against the wall. It is pierced with holes, and under each hole is a number.

The first step toward a game consists in the selection by the players of one or more cards from those lying on the several tables. As the game is apparently one of chance, there is no opportunity for the exercise of ingenuity in this selection, yet some very curious scenes occur at this stage of the proceeding. Each card contains one large red number in the centre and fifteen small black numbers on straight horizontal lines. These numbers do not "line" perpendicularly. During this selection, the visitor hears various exclamations from the motley crowd at the adjacent tables. "I will try my same old cards. I won fifty dollars on them last week." "D—n that card! there's no luck in it at all." "Say, stranger, there's no luck at this table." "Well, perhaps I'll bring luck." "Well, here goes for old 129! If I don't hit this time, I'm dead beat." "I believe the only way to make a strike nowadays is to take a club and knock some —— on the

head with it." A principal theme of conversation is the "big strikes" that "lucky men" have made during previous nights. An enthusiastic stutterer approaches the table: "D–d–did you hear about Bill S–s–Simpkins's hit last night?" Then in the case of each newcomer those present go over all the particulars of recent delightful and encouraging incidents. "Yes," says one, "he got a five-ball keno—second premium—two hundred and fifty dollars—near broke the —— shop; stopped the game for twenty minutes. He didn't get his money till this morning."

Each of the gamblers has to pay twenty-five cents for every card he selects from those lying about before the play begins; so the cash-boys go from table to table, and as each one pays for a card in money or with one of the ivory checks already purchased, the cash boy or man shouts out the red number of the card, and the urn-swinger puts in a peg under that number on a tally-board. There is no time lost. As fast as one collector of cash and checks has shouted the number of the cards taken at one table, a voice from another part of the room begins a similar song. The urn-swinger repeats each number as he puts in the peg. Meanwhile an alert negro has deposited in the urn a quantity of "keno-balls," that are numbered to correspond with some of the little black numbers on the cards. The tally-pegs are then counted, and, as each represents twenty-five cents, their sum shows the value of the "pool" that is in the urn.

Presently the urn-swinger cries out, "Fourteen dollars in the urn!" or "Forty dollars in the urn! Whoever gets keno, takes the pool." At once, all bend studiously over their cards. Round swings the urn, with a great clatter of the balls, and round again. Then the click of the spring is heard at the bottom, as the operator pushes in the slide and lets out a ball. All listen eagerly, for some one may fail to obtain five hundred dollars—the highest premium—by failing to hear the announcement of some number. As the figures on each ball are called from the platform, each player eagerly scans his cards, to see if that number is to be found on them. If it is, he places a black button over it. Sometimes twenty players in the room will thus cover a single number.

The most absorbing interest in the game occurs when the operator of the urn is calling his first ten figures: for any one who can cover five figures, in one line, on one of his cards, before ten balls are called, gets, not only the pool, but the highest premium—five hundred dollars. Therefore, players, who find themselves getting three or four buttons on a line within the first half-dozen calls, are in a fever of excitement. There are other premiums ranging from twenty-five to two hundred and fifty dollars; but the game is so adjusted that they are seldom won. Yet there appear to be but few muttered complaints of cheating on the part of the gamesters. As some one of them gets the pool every game, or they think they do, they feel that

it's "a pretty square thing." So they plod along with their buttons, after the stage of premium excitement is passed, and, as one and another gets three and four on a line, he and his near neighbors begin to take a new interest in the affair, for no matter how many numbers are called, he who first gets "five on a line" takes the pool, and "that is some comfort," especially if many are playing, for, in that case, the pool is sometimes fifty or sixty dollars, *minus* the ten per cent. commission which goes to the keeper of the game. So, at last, while they are all solemnly poring over their cards, some one who has, at the calling of the last figure, got his complement of five, shouts "Keno!" and he is the winner. "What number?" says the earnest urn-worker. The number of the card being found to correspond with one of the pegged tally-numbers, an attendant reads out the five covered numbers of this winning card, and, if they are found to correspond to five of the balls just taken from the urn, its operator shouts: "Keno is correct; No. — takes the pool."

Such is the game which appears to exercise so great a fascination alike over the politician, the banker's clerk, the burglar, the pickpocket, gray-haired men and youths, those having plenty of money and those who go to stake the dollar they have borrowed for the purpose — though, perhaps, ostensibly to pay their week's washing-bill, and so get their clean shirts out of pawn—all crowd in expectant and eager for the fray. Some few leave with triumph in their eye; the bulk

of them with a sorry, downcast look. These last simply think that they have lost their money. They have been robbed, and don't know it. That the proprietors of these keno-hells would never be content with the profit arising to them out of what is left from the ten per cent. off the pools, after paying expenses, I felt morally certain. Moreover, I don't believe in the honest gambler being a very widely-propagated animal. After going the round of the principal keno-houses, I was convinced that I was right, and I determined, if possible, to discover how the cheating is done in a game apparently so fairly carried out.

I, therefore, very carefully watched the play, while, to avoid suspicion, I from time to time took a hand in the game. A few nights of watchfulness brought me the key to the system, and I was astonished at the impudent simplicity of the robbery. I presume its simplicity is the source of its success. Gamblers look out for something more elaborate. On the third evening, at a table near me, there sat a man with fair hair and mustache, no beard or side-whiskers, dressed in pea-jacket, fur cap, and light-colored pantaloons. A large Masonic ring, with solitaires to match, also attracted my attention. I had particularly noticed him, as he had called "Keno," and had received his winnings from the clerk or waiter. Soon after, two other men sat down at the same table, and, after the termination of the next round, the fair-haired winner sought a table which was unoccupied on the other side of the room.

All, with the one exception of myself, were too intent on their cards and buttons to notice him; but, to my infinite surprise, he soon called "Keno" again. Again the clerk called his numbers and paid him the money. On receiving his winnings, he quietly sauntered out of the room. Determined to see the thing out, I changed my position, but was still puzzled.

Half an hour later, a gentleman with long, black hair and mustache, high silk-hat, light overcoat, and black pantaloons, dropped into a chair in front of the only vacant table, which was close to the one at which I sat. My attention was soon after naturally concentrated on him by his calling "Keno." The usual forms having been complied with and the money paid to him, the man in question coolly stroked his mustache, and, in so doing, displayed a peculiar masonic ring and solitaires to match. In an instant I recognized him in spite of his changed dress, his wig, and dyed mustache, as the man who had, half an hour before, twice called "Keno." I was so startled that I almost lost my presence of mind. I was on the point of springing to my feet and denouncing the cheat, when I recollected the danger of doing so. Controlling my excitement, I bought cards, and, though appearing absorbed in the game, cautiously watched my man in disguise. As the numbers drawn from the urn were called in the game, I concealed my hands under the table, and wrote the numbers down with a pencil on my shirt-cuff. Nothing occurred till the third game, when the disguised

gentleman again cried "Keno!" A waiter called the numbers of his card, to which the clerk at the desk quickly replied, "Correct." *Not one of the numbers on the card corresponded with the numbers on my shirt-cuff.* The following is the fac-simile of the card which purported to win. I have it in my possession now; for, after the cheat had left the table, I quietly put it in the pocket of my overcoat. The number 92 is printed in large red figures in the centre, over the other figures:

		12	26	30			51				79			
8						36	44			62			83	
		18	22				58	68	76					

Here, then, was the reading of the mystery. The proprietors allow the players to win a few pools during the evening, and occasionally, *pour encourager les autres*, a premium; but the majority of the pools are won by their own paid agents. I am very glad that I was enabled to detect the fraud. The great popularity of this game is founded on the belief that it is fairly and squarely played. Some advantage will at least be gained if the votaries of keno are undeceived on this point. Such knowledge will, I trust, lead many to eschew it in future. If, too, the details which I have given about the panel-house system should imbue even only a few young men with a wholesome dread of entering houses of prostitution, I shall be amply repaid for my labors. Self-protection is not a very high motive for avoiding vicious places of resort; but it is better that than none at all.

"A. P."

THE AMATEUR DIVER.

(Portrait of character, from a photograph by Gurney.)

A VISIT TO DAVY JONES'S LOCKER.

Should any reader of these sketches have a lingering fondness for the traditions of his childhood that there are mermaids in New-York Bay, truth compels me to dispel it, inconoclast as he may deem me. The other day I invaded the supposed realms of the mermaids, at the risk of furnishing a whole household of them with a week's provisions, or being forever detained a prisoner at the bottom of the briny deep by some young lady of the sea, who wears oyster-shells and mussels by way of ornament and combs her hair with a piece of reef-coral, because she happened to fall in love with me. And I can quote Hans Christian Andersen as an authority that sea-maids have been known to become enamoured of the inhabitants of *terra firma*. One of the most charming of his "Stories for the Household" is that of the little sea-princess, who saved the life of a prince from the dry land and then fell in love with him, to her own ultimate destruction, for she was converted into sea-foam. But the danger I ran did not amount to much—to be exact, it amounted to nothing. I can vouch for the fact that there are no

mermaids in New-York Bay, at least not in that part of it which I explored. If any one will take the trouble to follow my example, and go see for himself, I think he will agree with me that the bottom of New-York Bay is about the last place in the oceanic world which the mermaids would be likely to select for their marine residence; that is, if they were proper-minded mermaids.

The part of the bay in which I took my under-water stroll, was that off the Battery, where the mighty currents of the Hudson and East Rivers expand into the open bay, bringing with them a rare and unique collection, consisting of dead cats and dogs, the sewage of the east and west sides of New York, the refuse of the Fulton, Washington, and other markets, and a variety of other interesting materials and ingredients, too unsavory to dwell upon and too numerous to recapitulate. And yet the fish seem to disport themselves in that neighborhood with more or less satisfaction to themselves, and the youthful aristocracy of the tenement-houses in the adjacent wards appear to enjoy their summer evening tumble into the water as much as though it were as pure as Croton itself. I confess that the opportunity I had of making an ocular analysis of the water would debar me from taking a plunge in it, unless I was very hard up for a wash.

It was a balmy, summery-spring morning in the month of April, when the writer might have been seen lying at full length, his head resting on a coil of rope

for a pillow, on the deck of a sloop which lay securely anchored fore and aft at the spot I have indicated. The world was hardly yet astir, for it was but seven o'clock in the morning. But, with all his apparent laziness, he watched with an eager intentness all the movements of the divers as they prepared themselves for their day's work beneath the slowly-heaving waters, increasing, as they did, in volume every moment, as the ocean hurled back its Atlantic forces against the river's stream—for he was for the nonce their visitor and their pupil. He was himself ambitious of treading the unbeaten, though not altogether unexplored, paths of the sea-king's home, and of gaining some insight into the life and experiences of a professional transactor of "business in great waters."

I had so far ingratiated myself with the divers as to gain their consent to my putting on their diving-dress, and going down for a few minutes to the bottom of the bay, in order to gratify my curiosity as to the sensations of artificial existence and the appearance of things in general down in the hidden depths. I was burning with an insatiable desire to investigate the contents of Mr. Davy Jones's Locker, and my desire was about to be gratified.

I had been studying the men and thinking of their strange occupation till I had fallen into an abstracted reverie, and I was almost startled when—"Now, sir, if you really mean to go down, we're ready for you," roused me in a moment, and, springing up, I said: "Of

course I do; I'm ready, too." I was ready with a vengeance.

Never did human ingenuity invent any thing which renders one so thoroughly ludicrous to behold as a diver's dress. No, not ludicrous, but horrible; for there is, in the appearance of a dressed diver, a good deal that is very suggestive of a wretched criminal standing under the gallows, and about to be launched into eternity. The association of ideas is considerably strengthened by the air-tube which enters the helmet, looking, for all the world, like the rope dangling from the beam.

One of the divers kindly lent me his paraphernalia and also aided me in putting it on. After removing my own clothing, I put on an immensely thick and heavy knitted woolen shirt, drawers, and stockings. Over these I had to put on a garment which was by no means easy to struggle into. It was a water-proof dress of one thickness of India-rubber between two thicknesses of canvas, and comprising jacket, pantaloons, and stockings, all in one. My boots were a stout, rough pair, with sixteen pounds of lead attached to the soles. At the wrists the sleeves had a brass band inserted, and the tops of the water-proof gloves had a similar band, which just fitted outside the one on the sleeves. By means of screws these two bands were jammed so tightly together that it was impossible for any water to force its way in. Similar bands, held together by twelve bolts and nuts, attached the brass

collar to the top of the water-proof dress. Into this collar the head-piece or helmet is inserted, and is fixed in its place by a quarter-turn screw. The helmet is made of brass and looks like an inverted round pitcher, without a handle. It has a small window on either side, between the eye and ear, and a round glass in front of the face, which screws in and out like the lenses of a telescope. The air is forced into the helmet by a common suction air-pump, from which it escapes through a small valve governed by a spiral spring. Thus, fresh streams of compressed air are constantly passing in through the tube and out through the valve. The helmet and collar weigh twenty-five pounds. The best part of one hundred pounds of lead, fastened round the chest, completed my outfit, and I was ready to make my call on any one I might find at the bottom of the bay.

"What an indigestible morsel I should make for a shark, with all this lead about me!" was my reflection as I stepped over the side of the vessel and slowly descended the short ladder hanging from the gunwale. Gradually I slid into the water and was soon immersed. "My God! what is that?" I thought, as I disappeared below the surface. It felt as though some one had run an iron rod clean through my head from one ear to the other. The next moment the same sensation passed through both eyes to the back of the head. The pain increased as I went down, till at last I felt as though I had a red-hot gridiron in my brain. As I went down

and down, it seemed as though my cranium must explode, like an engine-boiler, and that the drums of my ears would certainly burst. I was on the point of pulling the signal-rope to be hauled up, when my feet touched the bottom. I stood perfectly still for a while, and the pressure on the brain from the compressed air soon began to decrease. In a minute it had so far gone off that I gave up any idea of signaling to the divers above that I wanted to come up. But faint sounds of music seemed to strike my ear, as of some one humming in an undertone. It was no "mermaid on a dolphin's back, uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath that the rude sea grew civil at her song." It was simply a rather severe attack of that detestable and very commonplace annoyance—singing in the ear.

I was, however, much surprised at the enormous pressure of the water on my body and limbs; something far beyond any thing that one experiences in swimming. The apparent difficulty of keeping my feet on the ground, too, struck me as being rather extraordinary, considering that I was so heavily weighted. I stooped down to touch the bottom with my hand, in order to feel what I was standing on, when up went my feet. I had the greatest difficulty in regaining them. This was afterward explained to me by the divers. It arose from a very simple cause. The air introduced into the helmet forces its way down into the clothing, and inflates it to some extent. This inflation is, of course, greater about the legs, where the diving-

dress does not fit so closely as it does about the body. The air-pressure is necessarily very great — fifteen pounds to the square inch for every foot descended below the surface—and it seems to carry on a continual warfare with the outside pressure of the water. About a month ago, a diver who was working in the North River, off Sixty-first Street, was forced off his feet by the ballooning of the legs of his dress, and his legs went up in the water above his head. He appears to have lost his presence of mind, for, when his comrades hauled him up, they found that he had cut the air-tube with his knife. Poor fellow, he paid for this foolish action with his life.

But the thing of all others which astonished me most was the total inability to see any thing at the bottom. I could not even see my hand when I put it before the glass window in the helmet. I was grievously disappointed; for I had fully anticipated being able to give a pen-picture of the bottom of the sea, to describe the astonishment of the fishes on seeing me, and interview any dead bodies or skeletons I might come across. And my friends the mermaids, too! Had they been around, they might have played all sorts of tricks with me without my being able to discover their whereabouts. I should have been like the luckless one who is blindfolded, turned round three times in the middle of the room, and then told to catch who he may, in a game of blind-man's-buff.

Two or three times I fancied that a small fish

touched me; but I am inclined to think that this was only imaginary; probably some eddy in the water, or a bit of floating sea-weed, or something else. The only thing I really encountered was the rough angle of a stone. I started as though a shark were after me, and any thing but blessed the spring-freshets which had rendered the water so thick and muddy as to envelop the bottom in all the darkness of the land of Egypt. But there was no help for it. I could no more pierce the darkness of the dense water than Mr. Weller could "see through a flight of stairs and a deal-door." I was at first inclined to think that the inability to see was the result of disorganization of the optic nerve, caused by the great pressure on the brain. But I could not see better when the pressure began to decrease, nor could I when I had become tolerably comfortable.

I found the temperature no colder than it was when I left the deck of the sloop; but this may be accounted for by the thickness of the clothing I wore, and by the fact that the water did not come in contact with the pores of the skin. After I had been down some minutes, "groping blindly in the darkness," I became aware of a pain in the lower part of the abdomen, caused by the great pressure of the water. In two or three minutes this pain became so intense that, having assured myself that there was nothing to be seen, and nothing to do but to walk blindly about, I tugged at the signal-rope, and telegraphed to the divers that I wished to be drawn up. I shot up through the water

much faster than I had gone down, and, as I clambered up the ladder, the tender immediately unscrewed the glass mouth-piece and admitted the natural air. What a long breath I drew! It seemed to me that I had never before properly appreciated the luxuries of pure oxygen. And what a relief, too, it was to get out of that heavy brass helmet! Let any one imagine himself wearing a hat weighing twenty-five pounds while enduring the agonies of a splitting headache, and he may gain some slight conception of the discomforts of a diver's helmet. However, I was soon once more arrayed in the costume of the nineteenth century, and detailing to my curious listeners my experience as an amateur diver.

One of them, who has been engaged in the business over twenty years, told me that he had expected me to signal to come up before I reached the bottom. "Why, sir," he said, "we have many a strong young chap come to us, meaning to earn his living at diving. They go down, and directly they get below the surface the blood gushes out from their nose and mouth. They don't take long in signalling to come up, you may bet your life on that."

I asked him the cause of the pressure on the brain.

He replied that it was in consequence of the extreme density of the compressed air. "The deeper you go the worse it is," he said. "I've been down as low as a hundred and twenty-five feet. But you can't work much at that depth; they can't force air enough

down to you. It's just as difficult to force air down to a great depth as it is to force water up to a great height."

"What is the greatest depth that a diver has been known to go down?" I asked.

"Well, in the lakes you can't go lower than a hundred and fifty feet. But I have heard of a man in England who went down a hundred and fifty-six feet. You see, at that depth, you can breathe out much more easily than you can breathe in. This makes it very difficult to keep the lungs full of air, and produces a short, quick, almost gasping, for breath. Any work would exhaust a man in a minute or two down there. In twenty feet of water a man can go down and work four hours at a stretch. Four hours is a day's work for a diver. There is a great difference between summer and winter. In summer the air has to be pumped through ice-cylinders. Divers earn good wages—the best of them ten dollars a day; but it ain't much pay when you take into consideration the work they do. It tells on them in time; it affects their lungs and hearing. I am myself very deaf at times. And, if a man has got any thing wrong with his heart, he'll soon kill himself. One never seems to get accustomed to it. If I stay off for a month or so, I feel all the pressure in the head I felt the first time I went down. The only natural-born divers I ever met are the natives of Honolulu. They dive without a dress—just catch hold of a big stone, hold on tight to it, and let it carry them

down, head first. They think nothing of going down four or five fathoms. They will dive and steal the copper from piles or the bottoms of tenders. The water's very clear out there, you know. At Midway Island, half-way between China and San Francisco, I could see the diver at work at least twenty-four feet down. No, the natives of Honolulu beat all others at diving. I once saw one of their naked divers go down in thirty fathoms of water, and bend a line round the lost anchor of a man-of-war. But that was, of course, quite an exceptional case."

All the divers had stories to tell of hair-breadth escapes in searching wrecks, and from suffocation. They seem to have traveled in all parts of the world; the demand for their services being greater than the supply of good divers. I found them exceedingly intelligent men, but all looking forward to the time when they could take contracts for themselves, and employ other divers to do the work, instead of having to go down themselves. I think they are right. Diving is far from a pleasant occupation. Personally, I would rather sweep a crossing than go in for diving as a means of earning a living.

"A. P."

THE BOGUS DOCTOR.

The terrible tragedies lately enacted by certain so-called physicians in this city, or, at least, under their direction or with their connivance, have directed public attention to the very pertinent inquiry, "Who and what are these men, and whence do they get their diplomas and their licenses to practise?" One of these miserable wretches, Jacob Rosenzweig—the man who, for the sake of a few dollars, sent the unfortunate Alice Augusta Bowlsby to an untimely grave and thereby plunged two respectable families into the direst distress—has asserted, since he has been in prison, that he held a diploma from the Eclectic Medical College of Philadelphia. On the wall of one of the rooms of his house, on Second Avenue, there hung, framed and glazed, what certainly purported to be a diploma from that institution. Among his papers now in the hands of the police, is one, written in Latin, beginning, "*Universitatis Americanæ apud Philidelphiam*," and addressed to Jacob Rosenzweig. For a long time past this college has had an evil reputation for trafficking in diplomas with any unqualified persons

who are willing to pay an exorbitant fee if no questions are asked; and, at the time of the Bowlsby tragedy, the fact was generally commented on by the press, especially in Philadelphia. In reply to these comments the college authorities addressed the following letter to the *Philadelphia Morning Post.* It is copied *verbatim:*

Editor Morning Post

Having my attention called to an article in your Editorial Column of your Paper of the first inst in regard to Rozenberg the Abortionist being a graduate of the eclectic College 514 Pine this is a gross error and a stigma on the College as no man by that name was ever entered on the Books of this College as a matriculand and furthermore the Party has not a Diploma from this School Respectfully yours

Prof of Anatomy R W De Beust M D
514 Pine Street.

Certain points cannot escape the attention of the careful reader of this letter. 1. Professor De Beust denies that a man named Rozenberg either graduated or received a diploma from his college, but he says nothing of a man named Rosenzweig. 2. He acknowledges by implication that the granting of diplomas to unqualified persons would be "a stigma on the college." 3. His concluding sentence is a virtual admission that the college does grant diplomas to others than its own graduates. Moreover, the letter itself does not give the impression of having been written by a man as highly educated as a professor of anatomy in any medical college ought to be. The *Morning Post* replied, edi-

torially, to the first part of the professor's letter in an article which concluded as follows:

As we did not assert that Rozenberg had received a diploma from Buchanan's college, but that it is reported Rosenzweig had procured such a document from the Pine-Street "College," we are not yet inclined to withdraw the sentence so objectionable to Mr. De Beust. His communication is faithfully given, the original copy being as faithfully preserved. We will not say that Mr. De Beust, the "Professor of Anatomy" at the Eclectic College, has attempted to deceive the community through our columns, but we must insist on having proof that Rosenzweig did not receive his diploma from the same institution.

No reply has as yet been received from the college to the very proper and just demand of the *Philadelphia Post.* There is, therefore, presumptive evidence that no exonerative reply can be given. Nevertheless, the charge of granting medical diplomas to unworthy persons is not so conclusively brought home to the college by the default as might be deemed desirable, and I determined to sift the matter to the bottom, and, if possible, to produce direct and unimpeachable evidence. With this object in view, I addressed the following letter to the secretary of the college in question, writing under an assumed name, and making suitable arrangements for receiving a reply without awakening suspicion as to the source whence the letter proceeded:

—— Street, Williamsburgh, N. Y., *September* 13, 1871.

To the Secretary of the Eclectic Medical College, Philadelphia.

Dear Sir: For two years I studied medicine in England—not long enough to entitle me to a diploma. I have been professionally engaged here for the last year, and now feel worthy of a diploma. I am told that your college is willing to grant diplomas in

such cases, on payment of fees, to respectable applicants who cannot afford the time for a new course and examination. Will you kindly inform me if such is the case, and, if so, what steps I must take to obtain the diploma? Also be kind enough to inform me what the fees amount to. I trust they are not very high.

I am, yours respectfully, JAMES BROWN.

By return of post an answer was received, which at once, to a great extent, committed the college authorities. It was their obvious duty to have handed "James Brown's" letter to the police, but their reply, printed below, shows at a glance that they were willing to negotiate. It is written on the official paper of the college, and signed by Professor John Buchanan, one of the leading members of the faculty:

COLLEGE BUILDING, No. 514 PINE STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
September 14, 1871.

DEAR SIR: Please call at 263 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, on Dr. Bowlsby.

Your letter has been sent to him, and he will attend to it.

I am, respectfully yours,

JOHN BUCHANAN.

I allowed some days to elapse before I took any action on Professor Buchanan's communication. I then wrote, as directed, to Dr. Bowlsby (ominous name!), hoping to elicit something more directly compromising from that worthy.

The following is my letter to Dr. Bowlsby:

—— STREET, WILLIAMSBURGH, *September* 22, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR: In answer to my application for a diploma to the Eclectic Medical College of Philadelphia, Professor John Bu-

chanan has requested me to communicate with you. This I should have done some days ago had I not been unexpectedly called out of town. I assume from Dr. Buchanan's letter that, under the special circumstances detailed in my letter to the college authorities, the diploma will be granted. If you will kindly inform me of the amount of the fees, I will at once forward them to you or to the college, as you may direct. I must apologize for not calling upon you, but my absence for some days has thrown considerable extra work on my hands. I am, yours respectfully,

JAMES BROWN.

Dr. BOWLSBY, No. 263 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn.

At noon on the following Monday, Dr. Bowlsby called at the address I had given and inquired for "Dr." Brown. I had taken the precaution of giving instructions as to what should be done in such an eventuality. He was glibly told that Dr. Brown was at his office in New York, and would not return till evening. "Ah," exclaimed this trafficker in permits to commit murder, already sniffing at the scent of the crisp greenbacks I was to pay him for one of his devil's licenses; "I wrote this letter to him on Saturday night, but found that I was too late for the post. Will you be good enough to hand it to him when he comes home?"

He left the following communication for me:

BROOKLYN, *September* 23. 1871.

DEAR SIR: Yours received, and contents noted. If the college can be satisfied of your legal qualifications, the faculty will confer the degree upon you for one hundred dollars.

I will endeavor to call on you Monday, about twelve o'clock at noon, and talk the matter over with you. Yours, very sincerely,

W. H. BOWLSBY, M. D., No. 263 Myrtle Avenue.

To Dr. J. BROWN.

This letter of Dr. Bowlsby's was also written on the official paper of the college, precisely similar to that on which Professor Buchanan replied to my application for a diploma. It will be noted, too, that both of these men addressed their replies to "Dr." James Brown, though both of them had only too good reason to know that I had never passed my examination and was, consequently, not entitled to the title of doctor.

A few minutes after having left the above letter, Dr. Bowlsby again rang the bell and begged that I would "call upon him at my earliest convenience." He was evidently anxious to secure, as soon as possible, James Brown's one hundred dollars for his thirty-dollar diploma—thirty dollars being the regular fee, according to the college prospectus.

The sentence in Dr. Bowlsby's letter, "if the college can be satisfied of your legal qualifications," naturally rendered me a little cautious, though I did not anticipate much trouble on the score of qualifications. Nevertheless, in order to be on the safe side, I traveled around and at last secured the services of a young medical student, who had been through a part only of the necessary course of instruction in medicine and surgery, to represent me, *alias* James Brown, in the forthcoming examination before Dr. Bowlsby. This student, according to the sworn affidavits of himself and his instructors, which affidavits are in safe keeping, "cannot possibly be and is not competent to pass such an examination as would entitle him to a diploma."

On the following (Tuesday) evening I accompanied my friend, the medical student, to the door of Dr. Bowlsby's residence, No. 263 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, and took the opportunity of making a quiet survey of the premises, while the student passed through the inquisitorial fire, his whole interview with the doctor, however, lasting barely nine minutes by a neighboring baker's clock. I naturally expected to see a substantial and highly respectable-looking house, such as is ordinarily occupied by first-class physicians and college professors. To my profound astonishment, I found that William H. Bowlsby, M. D., Professor of Gynæcology in the Eclectic Medical College of Philadelphia, is the humble proprietor of a small, unpretending drug-store. In the window is a placard announcing that "Roots, Barks, and Herbs" may be purchased within. Outside a colored transparency informs the thirsty wayfarer that, in Bowlsby's store, he can refresh himself with "root-beer." I do not doubt that the thirsty wayfarer could refresh himself with something a little stronger than root-beer, if he only asked for it; and that without having to apply for it under the scientific name — *spiritum frumenti* — so handily covert for selling whisky in a drug-store without a license.

At the moment of my arrival, Dr. Bowlsby's children were rather boisterously amusing themselves on the pavement and in the gutter. This, on the whole, looked well for obtaining the diploma on easy terms;

and, for once, appearances were not deceitful. Long before I expected my companion's return, Dr. Bowlsby bowed out the young aspirant for bogus medical honors.

As soon as a convenient spot was reached, I proceeded to take notes of the conversation between Dr. Bowlsby and the student. The following is substantially what passed between them, the student vouching for its correctness:

STUDENT: Good-evening, Dr. Bowlsby. I have called upon you, as you requested, with reference to my application to the college in Philadelphia for a diploma.

DR. BOWLSBY: Oh, you are Dr. James Brown, with whom we have been in correspondence?

STUDENT: Yes.

Some desultory but unimportant remarks then passed in reference to this correspondence.

DR. BOWLSBY: I called at your house yesterday, but you were not at home.

STUDENT: I was at my office in New York. I only sleep at home.

DR. BOWLSBY: So your landlady told me. Where is your office in New York?

STUDENT: I would rather not say. The fact is, I have been working with another physician and taking some of his patients. He is under the impression that I already hold a diploma. Indeed, I have made representations to him to that effect. That is the reason why I wrote to you from my boarding-house and not

from my office. I did not want the college letters delivered at the office, for fear my friend's suspicions might be aroused.

DR. BOWLSBY: *Quite* right.

STUDENT: I suppose the college informed you of the circumstances under which I applied for a diploma?

DR. BOWLSBY: Yes.

STUDENT: Do you think the college will make any difficulty about granting me the diploma?

DR. BOWLSBY: Oh, no. I myself would not hesitate to give you one: and I do not think the college will hesitate about it if you are qualified to practise.

STUDENT: What are the conditions of my obtaining a diploma?

DR. BOWLSBY: The payment of one hundred dollars, as I said in my letter, and the writing of a thesis on the branch of medical science with which you deem yourself best acquainted. If the thesis is well written, it will be published in the next number of *The College Journal.*

STUDENT: If it is badly written, will that prevent my getting the diploma?

DR. BOWLSBY: *Oh, no.*

STUDENT: What are the qualifications?

DR. BOWLSBY: You have a fair knowledge of anatomy, I suppose?

STUDENT: Well, I have a basis. I have not studied lately, and am, perhaps, a little rusty; but, in a few weeks, I think I could work up a fair examination.

DR. BOWLSBY: *Ah! that will do. I shall make a favorable representation of your case to the college. Come here to-morrow night, about this time, and pay me the one hundred dollars, and I will have the diploma for you two or three days afterward.*

STUDENT: Good-evening, Dr. Bowlsby.

DR. BOWLSBY (bowing the student out): Good-night, *Doctor.*

How glibly that word "doctor" seems to flow from Dr. Bowlsby's pen and tongue! And that was all the examination which "Dr. James Brown" had to pass in order to graduate and receive a diploma from the Eclectic Medical College of Philadelphia.

The published prospectus of the college furnishes the following ordinance as to examination and graduation:

The requirements for graduation are: The candidate must be twenty-one years of age, and *pass a satisfactory examination before the several professors* on the following subjects: Chemistry and toxicology, anatomy and histology, materia medica and general therapeutics, physiology and hygiene, principles and practice of medicine, principles and practice of surgery, obstetrics and diseases of women and children. The application for the degree must be made four weeks before the close of the session, and must be accompanied with the graduation fee, and a thesis on some medical subject.

Dr. Bowlsby's requirements, from a perfect stranger, coming without a letter of introduction, are nothing more or less than the payment of one hundred dollars. The readiness with which he transacts business is charming and reminds one of the old Scotch song, "Only whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad." An un-

qualified person has only to whistle to Bowlsby to the tune of one hundred dollars, and out comes the diploma.

According to his arrangement with Dr. Bowlsby, the young student called the following evening (Wednesday), and proposed to Dr. Bowlsby that half the money should be paid on the following Sunday, and the diploma be forthcoming at the same time. Dr. Bowlsby quickly objected to the proposal.

"You see," he said, "*all we professors have a share in the one hundred dollars*, and it would not be well for me to write for the diploma without sending some money. They might not be inclined to sign the diploma without seeing their way to the money; *and, besides, questions might then be asked which it would, possibly, be disagreeable for you to answer.*"

The student replied that he could not raise all the money at once, as he had to depend on some collections from patients.

"Well," rejoined the doctor, "if you bring me fifty dollars, I will send on for the diploma. You can pay the rest when I receive it. That will save you some days' waiting, as you are so anxious to get the diploma at once."

To this arrangement the student acceded, and took his leave.

Being desirous of finding out to what extent Dr. Bowlsby and his college could be bargained with, I wrote the following letter and received, by return of post, the annexed reply:

——, —— Street, *October* 2, 1871.

My dear Sir: I am sorry I was unable to call upon you last night with the money for my diploma. Some patients, from whom I had bills to collect, disappointed me at the last moment. How soon I shall get their money I do not know. Would it not be possible to let me have the diploma for less than one hundred dollars? I see by the college prospectus, on which your letter is written, that thirty dollars is the ordinary fee. I can raise fifty dollars at once. Now, I am anxious to have the diploma. If you will get it for me for that amount I will bring it to your house any night you may name. I trust you will favorably consider this proposal.

I am, yours respectfully, James Brown.

To Dr. Bowlsby, 263 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn.

No. 263 Myrtle Avenue, *October* 2, 1871.

Dear Sir: You will see that the fees are, for one course, seventy-five dollars, and two courses are requisite for graduation. I have no authority to make any change. I will do all I can for you. If you are down to-morrow evening (Tuesday), I will be at home.

Yours truly, W. H. Bowlsby, M. D.

To Dr. James Brown.

P. S.—If I can get any thing off for you I will.

The following letters also passed between me and Dr. Bowlsby:

——, —— Street, *October* 5, 1871.

Dear Sir: I was much pleased on reading the postscript of your letter of Tuesday. The fact is, I am very poor just now, and I shall be only too glad to have a reduction made in the price of the diploma. If you will let me know definitely the very lowest sum for which I can obtain it, I will at once use every effort to get the money. I am most anxious to have the matter settled as quickly as possible. I am, yours respectfully,

James Brown.

To Professor Bowlsby.

No. 263 Myrtle Avenue, *October* 6, 1871.

Dear Sir: If you wish to see me, I am at home in the evening. Call, say, Saturday or Sunday. In haste, very truly, B.

This was about as near to the toe-line as I felt I could bring the learned professor. I had angled my fish as long as I cared to do so, and did not feel inclined to pay fifty, or even five dollars, for landing him on the bank. I preferred to let him run away with the hook in his mouth, hoping that it would rankle there for many a year to come.

Still, there are some facts in connection with Dr. Bowlsby which are worth recording, bearing, as they do, on his connection with the infamous Jacob Rosenzweig, with whom he had an arrangement for what doctors call—exchanging patients. Certainly, the identity of his name with that of Rosenzweig's last unfortunate patient is a singular, if not significant, coincidence.

There is, or was, in Brooklyn, according to an official advertisement in a back number, now before me, of the *Eclectic Medical Journal of Pennsylvania*—the journal of the college that was to have granted me my bogus diploma—an institution known as the Brooklyn Eclectic Dispensary. Of the eighteen professors whose talents redound to the honor of the Eclectic Medical College of Philadelphia—the college aforesaid—the names of five—Matthew Hale Smith, W. H. Bowlsby, I. Buchanan, J. Isaacs, and Joseph Sites (Dean of Faculty)—appear in connection with this Brooklyn Dispensary. Dr. Bowlsby is put down as "House Surgeon and Medical Superintendent," and, under the head of "General Practice," appears the name of I. Rosenzweig.

Truly, I think I did well in not purchasing a diploma from that Philadelphia college.

But, "Tell it not in Gath, whisper it not in the streets of Askelon!" but only read the following extracts from the "Transactions of the Eclectic Medical Society of the State of New York," at their annual convention of 1869. Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them:

A communication was then read from Dr. I. H. Fitch, in which certain charges of improper and unprofessional conduct were made against Dr. W. H. Bowlsby, of Brooklyn, in regard to his operations with the Eclectic Dispensary there.

. . . . . .

Professor A. F. Parsons, chairman of the committee appointed for this purpose, reported in case of charges against Dr. Wm. H. Bowlsby, that those charges had been fully sustained in each of the specifications. Signed by the members of the committee.

. . . . . .

Professor R. S. Newton moved his expulsion. The roll was called, and the motion carried by the required vote of four-fifths of the members present.

And this was the Professor W. H. Bowlsby who was going to stand godfather for me at my baptism into the medical profession! Well, I should have been a "Bogus Doctor" with a vengeance!

Again, at a meeting of the Eclectic Medical Society of the State of New York, held in Albany, the 26th January, 1871, the following resolution, concerning the college in Philadelphia, of which Dr. Bowlsby and Dr. Buchanan are such eminent professors and shining lights, was passed:

Whereas, Certain unfavorable reports have been brought

against the Faculty of the Eclectic Medical College of Pennsylvania, S. S.: that they have issued diplomas to persons who have not, in any sense, complied with the legitimate requirements necessary to graduate; therefore—

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to investigate these reports, and report on the same to the next annual meeting, to be held at Albany in January next.

As this was the college from the Faculty of which I had petitioned for a diploma, I determined to take a trip to Philadelphia, in order to learn all about it and see what manner of man my friend Professor Buchanan is. I gathered the following information while on this reconnoitring expedition:

The Eclectic Medical College of Philadelphia occupies the very moderate-sized house, of about thirty feet frontage, and consisting of three stories and a basement, No. 514 Pine Street. The first floor contains three or four offices, with a scanty supply of old furniture and an accumulation of dust that would give a fortnight's work to a New-England housewife, and entail serious wear and tear on her stock of patience and good-humor. In the rear of these offices is a small anatomical museum, comprising a marvelous collection of bottled babies (all of them wearing an agonized and savage expression of countenance), several life-like figures, including Eve, Venus, and Mars (in "goome elastic," as the curator, a young man of the Bob Sawyer type, explained), a few grim and ghastly skeletons in glass cases, and a considerable array of wax models of that nauseating description which certain Broadway mu-

seums find a profit in exhibiting for the entertainment of morbid minds. In one of the dingy, dirty rooms on this floor Dr. Buchanan has his office. He is a slipshod, greasy-faced man, short and broad-shouldered, with an uneasy, restless eye, and bears a close resemblance to an Avenue B butcher in his Sunday clothes. Professor Buchanan evidently thinks slovenliness an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. He apparently regards the wearing of a necktie as a piece of reckless extravagance, and scornfully disdains the use of a finger-brush as too commonplace an agent of cleanliness for a man of his high intellectual attainments. Professor Buchanan, however, gets through much work in the course of the four-and-twenty hours. He attends to the correspondence, negotiates the sale of diplomas to unqualified persons, gives away, when he cannot otherwise dispose of, the surplus copies of *The College Journal*, does some professional consultation in the basement, a little lecturing on "uroscopy," and transacts any general business that may turn up.

But such a luscious pie as this cannot be concocted from one blackbird; and, although its greasy crust does not cover the regulation "twenty-four," there are quite enough for ample flavor. The whole *labor* and *profits* of the college are not thrown on the shoulders and into the pockets of Professor Buchanan. The official prospectus of the college informs the would-be student of medicine that he is assisted by seven regular and eight auxiliary professors. Speaking of the college it says:

The following embrace its distinguished faculty:

Regular Faculty.	*Auxiliary Faculty.*
Prof. Joseph Sites, M. D.	Prof. J. Isaacs, M. D.
Prof. Hy. Hollembaek, M. D.	Prof. N. Bedortha, M. D.
Prof. John Buchanan, M. D.	Prof. Geo. H. Hutchins, M. D.
Prof. William Clark, M. D.	Prof. Mat. H. Smith, LL. D.
Prof. E. Down, M. D.	Prof. Wm. H. Bowlsby, M. D.
Prof. J. D. Hylton, M. D.	Prof. James Hill, M. D.
Prof. H. C. Stickney, M. D.	Prof. R. H. De Beust, M. D.
Prof. A. P. Bissell, M. D.	Prof. R. McLellan, M. D.

These gentlemen are, according to the prospectus, "men eminent in the profession, earnest, harmonious, energetic in imparting a course of medical instruction; unsurpassed in practical utility." One of them, Professor William H. Bowlsby, is so self-sacrificing in the interests of medical science as to keep a third-class drug-store on Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, and to exchange patients with the abortionist Rosenzweig.

On the upper floors there are two lecture-rooms, a workshop for students in dentistry (Professor Buchanan says, "Those country doctors always want to know how to make a set of teeth"), a small dissecting-room, and a few bedrooms. The same official prospectus announces that "the location of the college is unsurpassed; the building is commodious, capable of accommodating three hundred students;" and another clause gives the price of "board at four dollars and fifty cents per week." Professor Buchanan is more modest. He says they can accommodate thirty or forty students, but that, having found it disadvantageous to the students themselves to have them all

collected together, they have adopted the practice of boarding them in the neighborhood in parties of five or six. However, as the doctor admits that the number of students at present in the college is slightly under one hundred, the accommodation for the three hundred that the prospectus talks about is not a matter of immediate importance.

There are, doubtless, some students and professors attached to the college, though when I visited the place, at about 11½ o'clock in the morning, they were not to be seen. I saw Professor Buchanan, the curator of the museum, the wax models, the skeletons, the bottled babies, and the dust, but in no part of the building was my search for a student, or one of Dr. Buchanan's fellow-professors, rewarded. The place was as lifeless as Goldsmith's deserted village. Had I only previously advised Dr. Buchanan of my coming, that astute professor would, doubtless, have improvised a large class of students and a full staff of professors for the occasion. As it was, however, having paid my respects to the college with the avowed object of placing a young man there as a student, I left its sacred precincts with the strong conviction that the Eclectic Medical College of Philadelphia is not a desirable place for study or for graduation.[1] "A. P."

[1] Since the above was written, the Legislature of Pennsylvania has withdrawn the charter of the college.

THE AMATEUR CURB-STONE SINGER.

Creak crack, creak crack, went every stair I stepped on, as I stumbled up what did duty for a staircase, but would have made firewood at which a first-class washer-woman would have turned her nose up, in a splendid specimen of the Five-Points tenement-house of the period.

"Confound the rickety old place!" I muttered as I stopped for a moment at the top of the third flight; "if I don't mind, I shall take a trip to the ground-floor like Puck—'swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow'—and without requiring the assistance of a patent hydraulic elevator."

I peered through a dingy, dirty pane of glass by my side, almost the only one in the window which was not covered and pasted over with brown paper, and, through the cobwebs, had a fine though somewhat mixed-up view of tumble-down chimneys, gable-ends, and clothes, of all cuts and colors, flapping about with the eddying currents of air. This was consolatory, for I knew I must be near my destination—the "top-floor, back." I screwed up my courage, went at the staircase

THE CURBSTONE SINGERS.

(From photograph of group by Gurney.)

again, and rapped with my knuckles on Mrs. Jones's door.

A dirty, slovenly, unkempt woman, without shoes and stockings, and with her hair streaming about her, answered the summons.

"Are you Mrs. Jones?" I inquired.

"Yes, I be," replied the woman, so snappishly, that I shrank back. And then she added, still more snappishly, "what d'ye want?"

I mentioned the name of the person who had given me her address, by way of introduction, and she seemed greatly mollified.

"Oh! if it's him as yer come from, yer can come in," she said.

I entered, and she handed me an old wooden chair, which so far defied the laws of Nature that, though it had lost its back, it was tolerably firm on its legs. I took in the place, the condition of the family, and the situation, at a glance. If ever I was in the abode of degradation, wretchedness, and misery, I was then. But it was no worse than I had been led to expect. A rickety deal-table, two other chairs, a dilapidated chest of drawers, on which a few old rags were drying, a small cooking-stove, and a tumble-down bedstead, comprised the stock of Mrs. Jones's furniture. On the mantel-piece were ranged several dirty medicine-bottles, a wine-glass without a stem, and two broken china ornaments. Three or four cracked plates of different patterns, some cups and saucers, and two tin saucepans,

stood on a shelf. On the table was a sarsaparilla-bottle with a little gin in it. The odors which rushed from Mrs. Jones's lips told me that it was gin. In fact, I regret to say that that unworthy example of the American mother was in the primary stage of intoxication.

I was about to open the business I had in hand, when a rattling cough, coming from under the heap of filthy bed-coverings, startled me.

"Some one ill?" I remarked, interrogatively.

"My man," replied the woman, again taking a snappish turn; and, without lowering her voice and with the utmost indifference, she added, "he's drunk hisself to death. An' now he's got the lung-disease, an' the doctor says he won't live above a week or ten days."

I was horrified at the woman's coarse brutality, but what could I say or do? To remonstrate with her for her heartlessness, or to attempt to lead her to take warning from her husband's sad fate, I felt would be worse than useless. It is as idle to try to argue with a drunken as with an angry woman. You must wait until she is thoroughly sober and within reach, so to speak; so I rushed at once into the business which had led me to seek her out.

"Don't you sometimes go out singing in the streets?" I inquired.

"Well, if I do, that ain't no business o' yourn," replied the woman, insolently.

I assured her that I had not asked the question

from motives of impertinent curiosity, and hinted that I might be able to put a dollar or two in her pocket, if she would be civil and listen to what I had to say. The woman's eyes sparkled, as nearly as the liquor she had already taken would permit, at what, to her, was nothing more or less than a prospect of more gin, and she at once requested me to "speak up."

Thus encouraged, I said:

"You have two children, I hear?"

"Yes, gals," she replied.

I asked her if she took them with her when she went out singing.

"Why, what d'ye take me for? The gals is what does it. I couldn't do nothin' without the gals," she replied.

As she uttered this piece of worldly wisdom, Mrs. Jones favored me with a horrible leer, which was intended to be very knowing, but which utterly disgusted me. However, I rallied, and at once informed her that I desired the company of the girls that evening, and that, if she chose to look at the matter in the light of a bargain, I was perfectly willing to pay for the hire of them.

In an instant I saw that a fearful storm was brewing; though I was at a loss to imagine its cause.

"God damn yer! no!" cried the woman, scowling fearfully at me. "Yer want to get 'em away, do yer? Send 'em to some refuge or 'formatory! No, yer don't. Them beggarly misshernaries has tried that game afore yer."

I had some trouble in appeasing her, for, in her anger, her tongue rattled on at such a pace that I could not even get in a word edgeways. She was evidently as 'famous for a scolding tongue' as Baptista's daughter Katharina in the "Taming of the Shrew;" and I wisely held my tongue and let her have her say out, hoping to bring her to terms by far more gentle means than those adopted by Petruchio, and in far less time. I simply waited till her whisky-sodden throat gave out, and then I played her with her own great foible. I was right.

At last her breath was gone, and, seizing my opportunity, I said:

"Listen to me a minute; let me explain why, and for what purpose, I want them."

I then quietly unfolded to her my whole plan, and then, producing a dollar-bill for her to feed her greedy gaze upon, I said that I was willing to pay fifty cents apiece for the hire of the girls from eight o'clock till twelve o'clock the same night. The sight of the money acted like a charm; but she said it wasn't enough, and that I must deposit five dollars with her as security for the due return of the children. I increased my bid to a dollar and a half, but absolutely refused to make the deposit. I knew I should never see it again.

At that moment, "Take it Mag, take it—you can buy some tea for me," came in wheezy tones from under the bedclothes.

"Now, then, what are you a-cussin' an' swearin'

about?" exclaimed Mrs. Jones to her better half. "Mind yer own business!"

The poor wretch's only reply was a groan.

"Well, Mrs. Jones," I put in, "business or no business?"

"Oh, put up the money!" she replied, testily.

"Half down, and half when the children come home," I said, at the same time laying down seventy-five cents.

The woman clutched the money, and had just placed it on the mantel-piece, when the door opened and the "gals" came in. They had been out begging, and had come home to dinner. They looked half starved, and had even less clothing on than their mother. I asked them how old they were. The elder was thirteen years old, the younger one only eleven. They both looked three years younger at least, and had that precocious, unnaturally self-possessed, impudent look about them, so characteristic of the female street Arab. They had probably never known a real mother's care from the hour of their birth.

After arranging with the mother that they should meet me at the corner of Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue at eight o'clock, I gave one of them some money with which to go out and buy some tea and crackers for her father, saw her start, waited just long enough to prevent her mother going after her and capturing the money, and then took my leave of Mrs. Jones, in the earnest hope that I might never see that worthy's face again.

London play-goers of some ten or fifteen years ago were almost startled out of their propriety by the extraordinary hit which the late Mr. Robson made at the Olympic Theatre as Jem Bags, in the "Wandering Minstrel." Without aspiring to the high range of Mr. Robson's popularity and success, I had determined to do a little private business of somewhat the same character on my own account and for my own amusement, though solely in the vocal, instead of the combined vocal and instrumental line. The "Wandering Minstrel" also had a cracked clarionet, if I remember rightly. On reaching home, after my visit to Mrs. Jones, I set to work to study my part, recalled all the old and touching ballads I could think of, and made a list of them. It was, perhaps, the remembrance of Mr. Robson's custom of reading out the titles of all the ballads on his "'apenny" song-sheet when he shuffled on to the stage, which led me to do this. As nearly as I can recollect, his list was as follows:

"If I had a Donkey What Wouldn't Go"—
"Over the 'Ills an' Far Away"—
"I'm Off to Charlestown"—
"Good-By, Sweet'eart, Good-By"—
"Mary Blaine"—
"O, Tell Me that You're True to Me"—
"I'd be a Butterfly"—
"Red, White, and Blue"—
"The Fisherman's Chorus"—
"I'm Afloat, I'm Afloat"—

"The Flowers are Blooming"—

"Come into the Garden, Maud"—

"I Should Like to Marry"—

"The Girl I Left Behind Me"—

"When in Death I Shall Calm Recline"—

"Kiss Me Quick and Go"—

"Upon the Sands at Margate"—

"I Love to Roam by the Dark Sea Foam"—

"Love Not"—

"Drops o' Brandy"—

"O, Say not Woman's Love is Bought"—

Mr. Robson always gave these titles in couplets and, after the last one, without a moment's pause or change of voice, he added the usual song-vender's *finale* of

"All for the small charge of one 'apenny."

I, however, determined to go more into the touching business, and raked up

"She Wore a Wreath of Roses"—

"Maid of Athens, Ere We Part"—

"Kathleen Mavourneen"—

"Once I Loved a Maiden Fair"—

"Happy Land"—

"Isle of Beauty, Fare Thee Well"—

"I'll Hang my Harp on a Willow-Tree"—

"Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms"—

"My Heart, My Heart is Breaking"—

"The Dream is Past, and With It Fled"—

and other time-honored favorites of the professional curb-stone singer.

But I had reckoned without my host. When I came to inquire, I found that "my little fam'ly" knew nothing of these musical mines of wealth, and I was obliged to let them go through their own regular programme, taking the chance of joining in when I could.

I was at our trysting-place at the appointed hour, and there stood my temporary investment of rags and tatters shivering in the biting wind. They were barefooted, and had only an old and very thin shawl each to cover their heads and shoulders. They did not know me at first. And no wonder! I was elaborately got up for the occasion in true curb-stone singer costume, and had an old woolen comforter wound two or three times round my neck, covering the lower part of my face.

"Oh, that's you, is it?" said the elder girl, as I took hold of her arm; "ain't you late?"

I told her that it was just eight o'clock, and inquired their respective names.

"Me's Mag, an' she's Lottie," she replied. And then she added sharply, "Say, old 'un, ain't you going to stand us no supper afore we start? It's damned cold, an' we're hungry as the devil."

I stared in astonishment at this prematurely old child. That they would be hungry was a certainty. They had probably never eaten a hearty meal in their lives, and I had intended to give them one before parting with them. But the girl's assurance startled me, and her language,

though it did not surprise, distressed me. I was also a little taken aback at being so coolly addressed as "old 'un." However, telling them to wait where they were, I hurried down to Third Avenue, and bought some cold meat and bread for them at an eating-saloon. On my return, they seated themselves on a door-step, and the bread and meat disappeared with marvelous rapidity. When they had finished, Mag horrified me by demanding "a drop of something to warm us."

I sternly refused to do any thing of the sort.

"Mother allers gives us something on a night like this," rejoined the girl, "and I ain't a'goin' to sing without it—are you, Lot?"

Lot signified an indignant refusal.

O Odger, Bradlaugh, Beales, Mundella, and others of your kidney! why did you ever plant your hateful theory of strikes in the human brain? Here had I only been an employer of two young children for fifteen minutes, and they had the hardihood to strike for a glass of rum apiece! It is too horrible to think of. Still I I did not feel inclined to throw up my enterprise, and I made a disgraceful compromise with my conscience by insisting that they should only have one drink between them. I feel uneasy in my mind now as I recall the appalling gusto with which they smacked their lips on leaving the gin-mill. The vile stuff did not even bring the water into their eyes.

In order to drive the repulsive scene from my thoughts, I hurried them along Lexington Avenue, and

we were soon following our vocation in Thirty-ninth Street, my intention being to beat backward and forward in the streets lying between Third and Sixth Avenues, as sportsmen beat up and down the woods for game.

Mag opened with "Put Me in my Little Bed," in a not unmusical voice; Lottie and I joining in the chorus at the end of each verse. They both sang out to their full power and thoroughly roused the echoes in the quiet of the night.

After we had sung several verses, my ear caught the sound of a sniffling sob by my side. I looked down and found Lottie crying.

"Hulloah! what's the matter, little woman?" I exclaimed aloud, thoroughly thrown off my guard.

The only answer she vouchsafed to my sympathetic inquiry was a hasty *sotto-voce* intimation that I should "cheese it."

In an instant I saw my error. The practised eye of this accomplished little *artiste* had caught the sound of the latch of the basement-door, and she was indulging in a little by-play, in order to harrow up the feelings of any one who might come out to the regulation eleemosynary standard.

A colored woman was our first victim. Whether she were cook or chambermaid, of course I know not; but her sympathies led her to present us with the munificent contribution of two cents, for which I warmly thanked her. The cold air quickly drove her in-doors

again; and Mag, who was evidently of an economical disposition, ungratefully marched off without finishing her song.

As we marched along, Mag remarked, in the most business-like of tones:

"Say, old 'un, I guess I'd better boss the talkin'. I'm more used to it like."

I had no objection to offer to this arrangement; and, as we neared the other end of the block, Mag pulled up and again started "Put Me in my Little Bed." There were lights in the basement, lights in the parlor, and in the floor above; but, beyond some one turning the parlor-shutters for a moment and peering out at us, we sang and sang in vain. So we edged on across the avenue and crawled toward Madison Avenue at a snail's pace, singing as we went.

The appearance of some ladies and gentlemen from one of the houses at once gave the girls a violent attack of the shivers—Mag so badly, that her voice shook; and Lottie, that she sobbed again.

"What a shame to keep children out begging in the streets such a night as this!" said one of the ladies, from behind her seal-skin muff. "For Heaven's sake, give them something, Harry! The more they get, the sooner they'll go home."

Mr. "Harry" did as he was bid, and dropped a ten-cent stamp into Mag's trembling hand.

On reaching Broadway, we doubled back down Thirty-eighth Street, and, as soon as we had passed

three or four houses, led off with "Down in a Coal-Mine" with great spirit. But "Down in a Coal-Mine" didn't draw, and I suggested to Mag to try something of a more sentimental order. She then broke out with "Wearing of the Green," and with more success; for, before she had finished, a nice, kind-hearted-looking old lady emerged from the basement, with a light shawl thrown hastily over her head.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! why do you keep your children out on such a night?" she asked of me.

Mag dashed to the rescue.

"He can't help it, ma'am," she said. "He's got his arm broke" (my right arm was slung to my neck in an old red-silk pocket-handkerchief), "an' he can't work, ma'am."

The old lady retired and soon reappeared laden with cold beef and bread, which she distributed among us.

"Thank you, kind lady—shall we sing again?" inquired Mag.

"No, no, go home," replied the old lady.

"Ah, we've got nowheres to go to," rejoined Mag; and then she artfully added, with a deep sigh, "as soon as we've got the price of a night's lodging, we shall quit. It's so cold."

But the fish did not jump at the bait, and we passed on, the old lady bidding us good-night as we turned away.

"Damn the old woman an' her stale corned beef!"

ejaculated Mag, as soon as we were out of hearing. "Why couldn't she give us a nickel?"

Oh, the worldly-mindedness of that precocious little female!

The bread and meat were at once consigned to limbo in the capacious pockets of my old overcoat, borrowed for the occasion of a car-driver.

On we wandered, up one street and down another, varying our *répertoire* with "The Harp that Once through Tara's [the girls pronounced it *tearer's*] Halls," "Dermott Asthore," and other ballads; taking every now and then a cent or two from the passers-by, who, however, were "like angels' visits — few and far between," and an occasional five-cent piece from some charitable householder, all of whom seemed to feel great sympathy with the children and to be filled with feelings of unutterable scorn and indignation for me.

We, however, met with little in the shape of incident till we reached Thirty-fifth Street, where we had stationed ourselves in front of a brilliantly-lighted house. We had gone through two of our most stirring and touching songs, and had just begun "Tara's Halls" again, when an old gentleman, without a hat on, appeared at the top of the steps. The girls at once threw themselves into the situation and sang as loudly and plaintively as they could, I following suit. The old gentleman was a small terrier-like looking man, with scrubby, gray side-whiskers and grizzled hair,

brushed after the fashion which history ascribes to Brutus. His pockets were most capacious, therefore probably well lined; for, when he dived both hands into them, his arms disappeared as far as the elbow. There he stood, watching us without moving a muscle of his face, raising himself up and down on his toes, and, as I fondly thought, beating time with his heels on the stone steps to our music. The girls surpassed themselves and gave the last verse with an emphasis which should have "brought down the house." But, to our horror, he answered Mag's whining appeal for money in the style of the Friend of Humanity to the Needy Knife-Grinder in the *Anti-Jacobin:* "I give thee sixpence? I will see thee hanged first?"

"What do you mean by coming and kicking up such a row as this, and disturbing the whole neighborhood?" he angrily demanded to know, looking at me as though he would eat me alive, muffler and all. "You know it's against the law, and it's a great outrage to keep those children in the streets at night without any shoes and stockings on, in order that you may get money to buy rum and get drunk. If I could see an officer, I'd have you arrested."

Mag gave a tremendous tug at the skirt of my overcoat (both girls held a corner of the coat when we were singing or begging), and we hurried off in search of a more genial *venue* for our operations, leaving the irate old gentleman to continue his explosion by himself.

Once more on Broadway, and in the open space at its junction with Sixth Avenue, I suggested that we should try to collect a small crowd around us in that thronged locality.

"Yes, and get took in by the cops," said Mag, in a scornful tone. "You're a fine boss, you are," she added; "why can't yer leave it all to me?"

Once more recognizing the fact that I was in the company of a first-class *artiste*, I told Mag to do just what she thought best—that I left every thing to her superior judgment.

"That's right, old 'un," she rejoined, in a patronizing tone; "now we'll just work down to the Jaksin Club. That's allers worth somethin'. Give 'em Irish songs, an' they'll put up directly. They're all Irish there, an' there's allers some on 'em standin' on the steps."

So we made for the Andrew Jackson Club, the great resort of the members of the O'Brien party, and, as was to be expected, those election-times, four or five men stood talking on the steps.

We at once gave "Tara's Halls" and "Wearing of the Green," with what the musical critics call such "fire and precision" that two of the men gave Mag a ten-cent stamp each and a third gave her six penny-pieces—a perfect mine of wealth. We were just on the point of beginning a third song, when an officer, attracted by the singing, came round the corner of Thirtieth Street.

"Cheese it!" whispered Mag at once, and we slunk away, the officer following us and saying:

"You'd better quit that, or I'll lock you all up."

We did not reply, nor did we wait to be locked up; and, after following us for half a block, the officer turned on his heel and retraced his steps.

On reaching the Union League Club, several gentlemen were standing outside the door. Being a very quiet locality, Mag determined to go for them, and, after striking our very best mendicant attitude, Mag plaintively chanted "The Baby was Sleeping, the Mother was Weeping."

"Can't you sing any thing more lively than that?" asked a young scion of the aristocracy. "Sing 'Moet and Chandon,' or 'Down in a Coal-Mine.'"

But Mag's watchful eyes had caught sight of a venerable-looking individual in the background, whose kindly eyes were beaming charity and benevolence at her.

"We only knows religious songs, sir," said Mag, with well-assumed humility and innocence, replying ostensibly to the young man, but looking piteously and talking at the benevolent-looking old gentleman behind him.

"Why, you sang 'Down in a Coal-Mine' just now," I thoughtlessly said in an undertone.

"Cheese it, old 'un, or you'll spile all," she whispered.

What a judge of human nature was that child!

The old gentleman came forward with his right hand in his pocket and asked me why I kept the children out so late.

I was beginning to ask myself why I kept myself out so late.

Before I could reply to the old gentleman, Mag put in, "Because we ain't got money enough to pay for a night's lodgin';" at the same time timidly holding out her grimy little hand in a suggestive way.

The old gentleman was taken by storm. He drew his hand from his pocket and handed me a quarter of a dollar, on the promise, freely given in the huskiest of voices, that I would at once take the children to some lodging-house.

"Get them out of the streets, for God's sake, on such a night as this!" he added, speaking very earnestly.

The young man, for whom Mag would not sing "Down in a Coal-Mine," supplemented the quarter with a ten-cent stamp, and we went on our way rejoicing.

As it was then getting late and I was already in a half-frozen state, in spite of the extra warm clothing I had put on, and as I had had, too, as much experience in curb-stone singing as I wanted, I gave the children the seventy-five cents still owing to their mother and all the money—ninety-eight cents—we had collected during our wanderings, and bade them hurry home. They both said "Good-night, old 'un" with the supremest indifference, evidently treating the whole thing as a matter of business, and the next moment they were lost in the darkness.

As I sat warming myself over my fire and sipping some hot brandy-and-water on my return home, I could

not help laughing over Mag's injunction, "Cheese it, old 'un, or you'll spile all," when she was so diplomatically playing on the benevolence of the old gentleman at the Union League Club. It reminded me forcibly of the following lines from Cruikshank's "Omnibus," written on Charles Young as Rolla:

> "That child would Rolla bear to Cora's lap.
> Snatching the creature by her tiny gown,
> He plants her on his shoulder.—All, all clap!
> While all with praise the Infant Wonder crown,
> *She* lisps in his ear—'*Look out, old chap,*
> *Or else I'm blowed if you don't have me down!*'"

"A. P."

THE AMATEUR CANAL-BOATMAN.

(Portrait of character from a photograph by Gurney.)

LIFE ON THE ERIE CANAL.

I SHIPPED at Albany as an extra hand on the Canal-boat Admiral, Captain Lamoreaux, bound for Buffalo with a cargo of stoves, fire-bricks, etc., under the strict promise that I would make myself useful in an emergency, that I would rough it with the rest of the crew, and would "put on no city airs." Our skipper was a bright, cheery-faced, intelligent man, lissome and powerful as an athlete, the color of a mahogany sideboard, and rejoicing in an awful pair of boots. His partner, Captain Spoor, was equally active, though smaller and slighter, and, if possible, more bronzed; equally good-tempered, but very irascible, very dry in his remarks, and very caustic in his badinage with passing boatmen. The first question he asked me was:

"What are you made on?"

I did not at first perceive the drift of his question, and replied that I supposed I was like most other men.

"You ain't much like a boatman anyhow," he rejoined; "but that warn't what I meaned. Can you rough it?"

I told him that I could at a pinch sleep under a hay-

stack or on the deck of a vessel, and breakfast off hard-tack and coffee. He looked me up and down with a critical eye for a few seconds, and then remarked sententiously:

"Hands pretty white and soft-looking for boating; but I guess you won't spile nothin' aboard 'fore we git to Buffalo. Breakfast at six, dinner twelve, supper six. Where's your duds?"

I told him my valise was at the Delavan House.

"Delavan House!" he exclaimed in astonishment; "d—n me if I ever shipped a hand from the Delavan House afore!"

So I was accepted as a passenger-hand; and, having transported my "duds" to the boat, and stowed them away in my quarters—one of four bunks, just big enough to double up in, in the caboose or forward cabin, an apartment nine feet by five, and six feet high—I began life as a "canawller."

The remainder of our boat's company consisted of a fine young fellow, who acted as steersman every alternate six hours; a quiet, middle-aged woman (a widowed aunt of the captain), who officiated as cook, and two team-drivers, who were to join us in the weigh-lock basin. Captain Lamoreaux spoke in a sort of apologetic tone of the absence of his wife.

"Both our women's to home," he said (a boatman always speaks of his wife as "my woman"); "but the woman aboard'll look after you if you want looking after."

"Fust-rate nuss," sarcastically put in Captain Spoor.

I laughed, and told the captain that, beyond having a little laundry-work done for me, I did not think I should require any nursery looking after.

I found that the boat's company take their meals in two detachments, as they tow night and day, only stopping at the locks or to change horses. The steersman was consequently absent when we sat down to supper—my first meal on board. I inquired his name of Captain Spoor.

"Name's Sol," he replied, without looking at me, and stuffing a whole slice of cold pork into his mouth.

"What is his other name?" I asked.

"Don't know; never heard tell as he had one."

"But surely he must have another name," I rejoined.

"One name's a plenty, ain't it?"

"I am not certain of that. But, at all events, every one has two names," I argued.

"Now, what d'yer want a-botherin' about his other name for?" remonstrated the captain, with a slight tone of asperity. "Can't you call him Sol?" It's a easy word to pronounce—S-o-l, Sol."

Further discussion concerning the name of the steersman was precluded by our arrival at the lock which admitted us from the Hudson River into the weigh-lock basin, whither we had been towed by a steam-tug. Here Captain Spoor, whose duty it was to superintend the teams and teamsters, met with a terrible trial. His two drivers had not put in an appearance, and there was

nothing for it but to lay up for the night. To say that he was wrathful to a degree, would give no adequate impression of his state of mind. He literally boiled with rage; not like the paltry bubbling and spitting of a tea-kettle, but like the thudding boiling of the water in a locomotive.

"My God! sir, it won't bear talkin' on," was all the thanks I got for a sympathetic remark or two. "There'll be any number in the sixteens afore us by mornin'."

Between West Troy and the aqueduct at Cohoes, a distance of only four miles, there are no less than sixteen locks; to the canal-boating mind a very trying and vexatious beginning to a trip, especially in the spring, when there is generally a crowd of boats.

Thinking to console the much-vexed captain, I offered him a cigar. He informed me, curtly, that he didn't smoke, he only chewed; and he stared at me with blank astonishment when I told him that I did not chew. This also, apparently, did not "bear talkin' on;" for, when he had stared at me long enough to recover a little from his surprise, he turned on his heel with an air of disgust, and, walking to the other end of the deck, relieved his feelings by uncoiling and recoiling the bowline. Captain Lamoreaux, who seemed to take things much more easily, came and smoked his pipe by my side as I sat on the top of the cabin, and betrayed more interest in the weather probabilities for the morrow—for the moon was rising, after a lovely day, with a very ominous haze around her—than in the loss

of twelve hours. At half-past nine, just as I had begun to feel a little lonesome, he suggested that, as I had to get up at five o'clock the next morning, I should turn in. I took the captain's advice, more because it was getting rather chilly than for the reason suggested by him, and turned in.

I was perfectly ready to get up next morning, for the very good reason that I had been totally unable to go to sleep all night. The confinement of that little cabin with its four bunks was any thing but conducive to sleep in one unaccustomed to it. Boatmen always sleep in their clothes, as they have to get up at all hours of the night to help at the locks. This, of course, renders the keeping of the hatchway open an absolute necessity in order to prevent suffocation, while a very pretty draught eddies playfully down on the sleepers below as soon as the morning hours begin. I did not feel very lively as I turned out, and my canal-boating ardor was still further damped, when I went on deck, to find a drizzling rain falling.

Captain Spoor was on deck. He had already been out in search of his drivers, and had, as he said, "brought 'em back by the ear." He was, consequently, not as angry at the rain as might otherwise have been expected.

"Handle a bucket?" he remarked, interrogatively.

I replied that I thought I could, and at once seized one standing by on the deck. I dropped it into the canal and succeeded, more by good luck than by good

management, in drawing up a pail full of water with the air of a practised hand.

"Ever done that afore?" inquired the captain.

I replied in the negative, whereupon the captain seemed pleased and surprised.

"I want to know!" he said; "well, go ahead and wash yourself."

From that moment I felt that Captain Spoor and I were friends. No one else did any thing in the way of washing till the cook called out, "Breakfast ready." Then, for five or six minutes, that bucket was kept pretty busy; as also was one towel and a small piece of a comb, which both went the round.

Breakfast over, the teams were harnessed and brought out, so as to start at seven o'clock—the beginning of the boatman's day; and, as there is a tow-path on either side of the canal as far as Cohoes, it was resolved to hitch on both teams at once, in order to make up a little of the lost time.

There seemed, however, to be a fatality about our getting fairly under way, for, immediately after starting from the weigh-lock, an accident occurred, which was wellnigh attended with serious consequences. We had gone about a hundred yards, and Captain Spoor had just replied in the surliest tones, "Yes, if yer wants to grow," to the "Mornin', cap—fine growin' mornin' this," of a corpulent farmer passing over the canal-bridge above us in his wagon (a wet day in the sixteen locks is a public calamity among boatmen), when one

of the teams became uneasy at an engine standing on the Rensselaer & Saratoga Railroad. The engineer or fireman, noticing this, blew his whistle, for (as he appeared to think) a bit of fun. The next moment both horses were in the canal, kicking one another, and entangled in their own harness. When rescued, five minutes afterward, one horse was sinking, and the other nearly exhausted. Fortunately, they succeeded in getting a rope under the head of each of them, and towed them to a spot where they could be got out. What Captain Spoor said and did I only know on hearsay evidence from the drivers. They describe him as having been calmly terrific during the crisis, and *rather* (their idea of rather is very mild as a general thing) blasphemous after it was over. I confess myself that I felt very much like choking that engine-man, when I saw, as I thought, two valuable horses drowning in consequence of his folly. I did not, however, and I think it was just as well, see Captain Spoor to speak to till dinner-time, for he remained with his horses on the towpath after we had succeeded in starting, and when he did come aboard his face was wreathed in smiles. He had been trying a new span of horses that day for the first time. He had bought them "dirt cheap" in the country, and to his delight had found out that they were worth twice their cost. As a general thing it is surprising how careful an old canal horse or mule is. He never rushes at his work, and he picks his steps as carefully as Miss Fashion does when she is compelled

to cross Broadway on a muddy day. Occasionally an old horse will fall into the canal, but it rarely happens; and, when he does fall in, it is so near the bank that, preserving, as he generally does, his presence of mind, he quietly steps out again without any harm done, unless he has injured himself against the rough stones of the bank in falling.

The hours of canal-life are observed with all the strictness and regularity of the canonical hours in the most rigid monastic establishment. The day is divided into four parts of six hours each. Six hours is technically known as a "trick," and, with the exception of Captain Spoor, every man on board the Admiral had two tricks a day. The hours for meals are so arranged as to enable those coming off a trick to eat immediately after those going on. The steersman takes the tiller at seven in the morning. At twelve the captain is called out of bed, goes through his bucket of water, and has his dinner. The same with the second driver. At one o'clock exactly the steersman cries "Wo-oah!" and the team stops; the boat is made fast, the horse-bridge is put in position, the fresh team is taken out of, and the tired team put in, the stable, the bridge is drawn up, the boat is unmoored, another start is made, and the steersman and first driver are washing for dinner within five minutes of the stop, the captain and second driver having taken their places. The same order is observed in making the other changes at seven in the evening, and one in the morning. Captain Spoor does

all the mooring on going into locks, swashes the decks every morning, occasionally relieves a steerer or a driver, and keeps up a general superintendence of the stable. The captain's consumption of tobacco is large at all hours of the day, except when he is eating or sleeping. When he eats he always removes his quid from his mouth and puts it in a place of safety, to be resumed as soon as his meal is over; when he is asleep I presume his quid reposes peacefully in some hollow tooth. But when he is busy at work he takes as much tobacco as an elephant does of hay to make one mouthful, and perfect cascades of tobacco-juice mingle with the waters of the canal—to spit on the deck is an awful desecration, in the eyes of the captain. A miniature Niagara pours from his mouth when he is blowing up a driver for neglect of duty. This he never does without cause, but when there is cause he does his work pretty effectually. As he himself puts it, "What I begins I allers makes an end on." The driver certainly has a pretty hard row to hoe. The moment he has swallowed his dinner—for that is literally all he does with it—he feeds and grooms his horses; and, as soon as he has done all his "chores," as these duties are termed in canal parlance, he hurries off to his bunk to get about three hours' sleep before getting ready to go on his next trick. None too much for him, though he does get it twice a day. The average rate of towing is from one mile and a half to two miles an hour. Any thing over is very fast traveling, unless the boat is not load-

ed. This gives the driver from eighteen to twenty-four miles walking a day on a path that is unavoidably four or five inches deep in mud or dust. Verily, the way of the driver is hard, and he only gets twenty or twenty-five dollars a month and his board.

There is one thing: his wardrobe costs him little, his washing absolutely nothing. He buys a shirt and wears it until it is worn out; he wears no stockings, no boots; he sleeps in his clothes, so has no need of a night-shirt. Could personal expenses be conducted on a more economical scale in any other walk of life? Of course, there are his tobacco and gin; the one from morning till night, sometimes during sleep, the other on tolerably frequent occasions, to as great an extent as the captain will make an advance on his month's wages. He also sometimes affects fancy trappings for the harness of his horses or mules, all of which he has to pay for himself.

The driver has one characteristic not altogether peculiar to his class. From the time he starts on his trick to the time he comes off, he seldom or never ceases whistling. Of the thousands of drivers I have passed, going up and down the canal, I do not think I have met a dozen who were not whistling. They none of them whistle popular airs, and it is that that puzzles me. They seem to have a musical *répertoire* of their own. Most of their tunes have an Irish twang about them—a sort of long, low, weird melody, which goes on and on without coming to any definite ending, and yet very

few of them speak with an Irish brogue. However, be that as it may, they seem to whistle through existence much to their own satisfaction, for they don't appear to have a care or a thought for the morrow.

When we were off the great Harmony Cotton-mills, the clouds suddenly broke away, and the evening sun shone forth in all his glory. Soon after we were in full view of the Falls of the Mohawk. The valley of the Hudson and the picturesque hills beyond, looked as fresh and green after the rain as the eye could wish, and the rapids of the Mohawk above the falls scattered myriads of spray diamonds. Every one on board seemed at once to be reinvigorated; and as we swept round the Half-Moon, over the lower aqueduct, by means of which the canal crosses the Mohawk River, we all went down to supper as cheerful as we had before been miserable. The aqueduct was in itself a sight worth seeing from the canal-bank, after we had turned round and were following the course of the river. One side of it has no parapet, in order to allow the surplus water of the canal to fall into the river, which it does in a thin sheet extending from one bank to the other. Looking through the bridge in the sunlight, it seems as though a curtain of golden lace, profusely enriched with diamonds, was hung before the bridge, giving it a fantastic but very graceful effect. So captivated was I by this pretty play of the light on the water, that, anxious as I was to avoid unnecessary delay, I was not sorry when the captain told me that horses and men

were all a little knocked up (it was their first trip of the season), and that he proposed to stop at Crescent, just below the aqueduct, till after daybreak next morning. By nine o'clock we were all asleep in our bunks.

The following morning every one was out of bed by half-past four o'clock, and as I sat on the deck in the early morning sun, while one of the drivers dashed pail after pail of cold water over me, I came to the conclusion that a canal boatman has some privileges which other men have not. At half-past five we started, Captain Spoor jocular and in the best of humors, and skirted the line of the Mohawk River for twelve miles, till, in the afternoon, we reached the upper aqueduct. After again crossing the river, two hours' towing brought us into Schenectady, and, soon after, we were in that fine straight piece of canal which passes across the end of the beautiful valley of the Mohawk, into which we turned by a sharp elbow, and which we did not leave till we reached Oriskany, a few miles west of Utica.

Sunset is the hour of the day of all others to be on a canal, and sunset approached as we slowly made our way up the valley. At sunset the stillness of the atmosphere permits of the reflection of the trees in the canal as in a mirror; the dull, leaden-hued water is lit up with all the colors of the rainbow; the boats, with their red, blue, green, or pink stripes, and their few colored things hanging from a clothes-line, are reproduced in the water and seem to lose all their uncouth appearance; the captains sit on deck, smoking their pipes,

while their wives and children arrange themselves in natural but picturesque groups around them; and the thin blue smoke of the expiring supper-fires curls up from the little cabin chimneys to give the finishing touch to the picture. The sound of an accordion or a banjo on a distant boat seems quite in keeping with the scene. And thus the busy, laborious life of the canal sinks into rest; nothing heard save the whistle of the drivers, the occasional hum of the steersmen, the tread of the horses, and the plashing ripple of the water. But it is only to break forth again, vigorous and hearty as ever, so soon as the sun sheds his first morning ray. As the twilight deepens into darkness the bright bow-lights are displayed from the stem of every boat, lighting up the towpath and guiding the steersman. As the light flashes on the trees the shade beneath them becomes more intense and black, throwing into relief the evening mists as they curl and eddy up from the water in such fantastic shapes that, at times, they appear to assume form, and look like some spectre issuing from the dark recesses of pool and wood. And then, up rises the moon in all her splendor to dissipate any such fancies, and one feels something of the force of the lines—

"The day is gone! ah me! I love the day;
He cheers me with his warm and sunny light.
The day is gone! ah me! I cannot stay
To mourn him 'mid the beauties of the night."

During the second day of our trip things had

worked tolerably into ship-shape, and on the third day the business of the boat went on with clock-work regularity and precision. The time for changing was kept to the minute, Captain Lamoreaux setting a good example by always being the first to get to his post. In the night we had made fair progress, and at three in the morning were off Port Jackson, a village opposite Amsterdam, on the other side of the Mohawk. At the same time, by passing through a lock every five miles or so, we were continually attaining a higher level.

As we wound slowly along the valley of the Mohawk, following closely the course of the river, we passed many boats going east, which had been frozen in higher up the canal. Every time we passed one, the captains exchanged inquiries as to where they had been frozen in, what they had aboard, and what tonnage. As we got farther on and began to meet the first boats from Buffalo, the excitement was intense to know the rate of freights to New York. If quotations were bad, Captain Lamoreaux smoked his pipe in gloomy silence. If the report was that rates were firm and boats scarce, he would shout to the driver to "hurry up that team," and would be as jolly as a sand-boy all the afternoon. At Little Falls a captain told us that rates were up a cent a ton, and his joy knew no bounds.

At Little Falls they have a patent apparatus in the lock, which I did not see elsewhere. The waste water from the lock is used to turn a wheel, which works the lock-gates and draws the boat into the lock. This

saves a great deal of physical labor, and a very great deal of fuss and bad language. The gates fall and rise, instead of opening and shutting. This is the case at a few other locks, but it is done by manual labor.

The church-bells were ringing for morning service as we passed through Ilion; the people were coming out of church when we passed Frankfort. There is, so far as I could see, absolutely nothing to distinguish Sunday from any other day in canal-life. There are, doubtless, some who observe the day; in fact, there are a few boats—known as "Sunday-boats"—that lay up on that day. But they are very rare. In nearly every case the day's towing, driving, steering, marketing, cooking, washing, scolding, swearing, and quarreling, go on as usual. This is bad. The drivers, most of them boys, some of them mere children, receive no religious or secular instruction from their parents, while on the canal, and never learn a lesson likely to counteract the evil influences of the school in which they are brought up. Their education is entirely dependent on the few months' schooling they can get during the winter months when the canal is closed. But the respectable boatmen—and there are many such—leave their boys at home, in order that they may go to school and learn something worth learning, and not confine their education to acquiring an unusual amount of blackguardism and profanity before they are hardly old enough to leave their mothers' apron-strings.

Much damage is done to the moral systems of these

lads by loafing around the grocery-stores, to which low groggeries are generally attached, when the barges to which they belong get into a bad block at the locks—often the cause of several hours' detention. They of course mix with the elder drivers and give a helping hand, to the best of their ability, in any rum-drinking or fighting that may be going on. These groceries are perched along the banks about every quarter of a mile, and there is always a cluster of them round the lock-gates.

A canal grocery is a study. In no other class of stores can so heterogeneous a collection of commodities for sale be seen. You can buy any thing from a boat-hook to a tin whistle, from a leg of mutton to a box of pills. As for patent medicines, "good for man and beast" as the advertisements say, to judge from the quantity and variety of them to be found in these canal groceries, one would imagine that canallers and their families are the most unhealthy people on the face of the earth, and that their horses and mules are apt to be ailing beyond all other horses and mules. The stores are hung here, there, and everywhere, with the party-colored display cards of all the humbug nostrums under the sun; and they are kept in stock, too.

I was in one of these stores one day, in company with Captain Spoor, who was making some purchases on account of the Admiral's commissariat department. There was the usual gathering of half-witted-looking young fellows in high boots, who lolled against the

casing of the door or sat on flour and apple barrels; and in the half a dozen arm-chairs reserved for the local aristocracy, sat the usual collection of gossipers, discussing the coming presidential election, a sale of live-stock, the price of corn, last Sunday's sermon, and the addition to Smith's family. All these subjects were discussed in my hearing while I awaited the convenience of Captain Spoor, who had lighted on an old acquaintance, one of the very few whom he ever favors with much of his conversation. But a shout from Captain Lamoreaux at last informed us that it was the Admiral's turn to pass the lock, and, to my relief, Captain Spoor bade his friend good-day, picked up his purchases, and led the way to the boat.

When we got on board I said to him: "Captain, I should have thought you boatmen were a very healthy class of men, being out in the fresh air so much as you are!"

"Well, who said we wasn't?" retorted the captain, with an angry snort at the bare suspicion of his not being "as strong as a horse"—his favorite expression when dilating on the robustness of his constitution, of which he was very proud.

"No one," I replied meekly. "But it strikes me that the grocery-men would not keep such a large stock of pills on hand if they did not find a brisk sale for them."

Captain Spoor regarded me for a moment with a look of unutterable scorn, and then, without saying a word, sat down on the roof of the cabin and helped

himself to an enormous chew of tobacco. Pills were evidently another item in his category of things that "won't bear talkin' on."

But I was in a pertinacious mood that afternoon, and, after a minute or two pause, I asked him, "Do you ever take any of these pills, captain?"

"My God! what d'yer take me for?" he yelled as he sprang to his feet, and then a spasm, as of some painful recollection, seemed to come over him, and he quietly sat down again with an expression of deep dejection on his face. Presently, looking me straight in the face, he said in the most solemn manner: "Young man! them pills is the damnationest fraud as ever was. Yes, sir, by God! I say so; and it's a dreadful thing for Hat Spoor to be *able* to say. It come about this wise: I never was sick in my life but once since I had the measles, and that were about twelve years ago. I was a steersman then and had the night trick. Well, I ketched chills an' fever, and says I, 'Hat Spoor, get a box o' them pills;' and, would you believe, Hat Spoor was God-damned fool enough to go and do as I told him! I paid twenty-five cents for that box o' pills; and, though I swan I took the hull lot of 'em[1] that night, I was so bad next day that my woman was obliged to get a doctor to me. 'It's them damned pills as has done it,' says the doctor; 'what on earth persuaded yer to take sech rubbish?' 'Mad! doctor,' says I; 'mad, damned mad!' Well, he give me a bottle o' brandy and kinnine; and that's the fust and last physic as Hat Spoor ever willin'ly

[1] Every box contains twenty-five pills.

took, an' the last as he ever will take. No, sir, by God! Hat Spoor'll give the undertaker a job fust—he'll die!"

The captain hissed those words "he'll die" into my ear with such a horrible intensity that I was awed into silence. I was no little taken aback, too, at hearing him utter so many consecutive sentences. Six words were about the most I had as yet known to come from his lips at one time. He seemed overwhelmed with self-disgust. For some minutes we sat side by side on the cabin-roof in solemn silence, and, although I was by no means hungry, I blessed the cook when she put her head above deck and called out, "Supper." As I rose to obey the summons, Captain Spoor laid his hand sorrowfully on my arm and said:

"Young man! no one ever know'd about them pills but the chap as sold 'em to me, the doctor, an' my woman. The chap as sold 'em to me an' the doctor's both dead. Now you go to supper."

We were just entering Utica when I returned to the deck, where I found the captain still sitting where I had left him, evidently brooding over his imaginary self-degradation in the matter of that famous box of pills. As I appeared, he called to the steersman to "shove her in," and, jumping ashore, he beckoned to me to follow him. We walked hastily on, ahead of the boat, the captain's look of dejection gradually giving place to one of profound mystery. After we had walked some quarter of a mile or so, he stopped and looked back. On seeing that the boat was well behind, he said:

"Young man! I ain't drinked any thing in over a year. But there's a chap, just above, who sells very good brandy, and I'm goin' to have some."

It was evident that the captain's soul was deeply moved. Well, we had our drinks, the brandy was very good, and the captain soon appeared to regain his ordinarily cheerful spirits. But he chewed fearfully all that evening.

When we left Utica behind us, we parted with the locks for some time to come. There is no lock from Utica to Lodi, a village one mile east of Syracuse, a distance of fifty-six miles. We were in Rome when I turned out at five o'clock in the morning, and I found Captain Spoor on deck, in his best of moods, for it had rained heavily in the early part of the night, and the sun was now shining brilliantly. He had a basket on his arm and a milk-can in his hand, ready to stop at the first grocery to get some things for breakfast. The boat was swung over close to the grocery-dock and we descended the "bustles"—the heavy beams which brace the stern and stand out about two inches—and sprang ashore without stopping.

"Good-morning, captain. Fine weather for the country this, after the rain," said the grocery-keeper as we entered.

"Hem!" coughed the captain, looking up at the sky and all around; "spile all the little potatoes, I'm thinkin'."

"Why, how's that, cap?" asked the grocer.

"Make 'em all grow big," replied the captain, without moving a muscle of his face. And then he added quickly, "Two quarts milk, three pounds steak, quarter a pound tobacco, and we don't want nothin' else."

Having been furnished with these supplies we started after the boat.

"Why don't you hail her to stop?" I asked.

"What!" he exclaimed; "if you can't jump from a bridge, you'll have to walk to the next lock, an' that's nigh upon forty-one mile."

So we walked on to the nearest bridge, and, as the boat came up, we hung to the edge of the outside beam with our hands, and, as she passed under us, dropped on to the deck.

"Hold on there," cried the captain as soon as we were on our feet; and, drawing up a bucket of water, he dashed it over my boots and his own.

This is an invariable rule on canal-boats where the captain likes things clean and nice—no one is allowed to walk about on deck after having been ashore till he has washed his boots. I said nothing, though I did not at all relish the idea of sitting down to breakfast with my boots wet through.

"Ever done that afore?" inquired the captain, alluding to the drop from the bridge, as we descended the cabin-stairs.

"No," I replied.

"Well, I want to know!" rejoined the captain.

After breakfast I lit my pipe and went on deck.

To my surprise, I found Captain Spoor in charge of the boat. I seated myself on the top of the cabin, hoping to get him into a talking vein again while he handled the tiller. His eye was fixed on the stem, his fresh quarter of a pound of chewing-tobacco was thrust into his trousers-pocket, and he was rolling an enormous quid in his cheek. I tried hard to open the ball, but I could only get monosyllabic replies. I was about giving it up in despair, when he said:

"See there, now; there's a pretty sort o' steersman!" as a boat approached us in the opposite direction.

We passed within a few inches of one another, and the captain of the other boat, a little pock-marked, wall-eyed man, saluted us with a storm of canal blackguardism in a very squeaky voice for crowding him.

"Guess your mother raised you on suckin' pig, didn't she?" was the only reply he drew from Captain Spoor, and the captain again subsided into silence and chewed violently, though he was evidently pleased at the encounter.

I ventured to ask him if he would intrust me with the helm for a few minutes. He stared at me and said severely:

"Hellum! we calls 'em tillers. Yes."

I took hold of the tiller, while the captain regarded me with a half-critical, half-whimsical look. From my boyhood I had always been very fond of boating, and for two seasons I was stroke of an eight-oared boat; so I knew something about the principles of steering. I

was astonished, however, at the labor of bringing the tiller over, but, nevertheless, got along pretty well. The captain's face gradually assumed a serious aspect. I believe he thought at that moment that I had been hoaxing him all along, and that this was not my first trip on a canal.

"Ever do that afore?" he asked.

"No," I replied.

"Well, I want to know!" he exclaimed. "By God! there ain't one greenhorn in a thousand as could a-done it. You've kep' her as straight all roun' them bends as I could a done myself."

I explained to him that, in my younger days, I had boated on the river for years; but he would not allow that that had any thing to do with it.

At Lodi we made our first lock down, our second, half a mile farther on, and our third in Syracuse, where we arrived at one o'clock in the morning. We had some freight to deliver, and the boat's clearances had to be signed at the collector's office; but it was all over and we were towing past Geddes, where one section of the great salt-works is located, when I went on deck for my morning bath. Captain Spoor presented me with a cigar given to him by the collector; the first time, Captain Lamoreaux told me afterward, that he had ever known him to accept one from that official, and a sure sign that I was in the captain's good graces. It was my steering the day before that did it. Fourteen miles from Geddes, we passed Peru—the half-way point be-

tween Albany and Buffalo, and I jumped ashore for a walk along the towing-path. I was surprised at the number of skeletons of horses that I saw, dragged just inside the woods. I find that a vast number die on the towpath or in the stables every year. They are drawn out of sight and left unburied. Those that get drowned are stripped of their harness and left to float down with the current of the canal. Every other conceivable thing is to be seen in the canal—dead dogs and cats, dead chickens, rats, fish, bull-frogs, etc. In fact, till you get to Rochester, from which point the canal is much wider, and fed from Lake Erie, the water of the canal does not look very enticing. Beyond Rochester, all along the Long Level, sixty-three miles without a lock, to Lockport, the water is very clear and much fresher. About fifteen miles from Peru we traversed the great Montezuma Marsh, on an embankment about twenty feet high. It is about as desolate a looking spot as a man need wish to see. Mark Tapley might have pitched his tent there with the utmost advantage. He would have found a splendid opportunity for being jolly under adverse circumstances. The distance across the marsh is five miles, and the mixture of swamp-grass, water, and flags, extends for miles on either side of the canal.

One afternoon the Admiral got caught in a crowd of boats just below the locks at Newark. There was lit tle prospect of our getting through before midnight, so Captain Lamoreaux, who lives in Arcadia, which adjoins Newark, went ashore to see his family, and I be-

took myself to pens, ink, and paper, in order to wile away the time. I had been writing for about a couple of hours, when Captain Spoor slowly descended the hatchway of the little cabin. For a few seconds he stared at me with the half-perplexed, half-mysterious look which at times is peculiar to him. His hesitating manner and the fact that he was arrayed in a clean white shirt and his Sunday trousers and waistcoat—and on a week-day too—quickly aroused my curiosity, and I wondered what was coming.

The captain at last succeeded in working himself up to the scratch, and, having rolled his quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other, he jerked out "Do-me-a-favor," as one word, as though he were afraid to trust the words to come out one at a time, lest he should break down.

"Certainly, captain, if it be in my power," I replied. "What is the nature of it?"

The captain ascended two steps of the cabin staircase, shut the double doors, and closed the hatch with as little noise as possible and with an air of considerable mystery, and then, seating himself opposite to me on a wooden stool, stared at me with the utmost gravity without uttering a word.

"Well, captain," said I, wellnigh laughing, "you'll have to open the ball. I can't do that for you."

With an evident effort, and with the aid of a copious expectoration, the captain began. "Fact is, me and another man's got a little business on hand which we

can't quite fix to our likin's. 'S boat's three above; seen him 's afternoon."

And there the captain stopped with a sigh of relief, as though he had imparted to me all the information that was necessary.

"Do you want me to give you some advice, or to arbitrate some little matter of difficulty between you?" I inquired.

"'Tain't it," he replied; "'tain't nothin' o' the sort. We wants you to write a letter for us. It come about just this: I was a tellin' Cap'n Joe—that's him—as I had a greenhorn aboard. 'What the h—ll's he doin' of?' says he. 'Writin' newspapers,' says I. 'Writin' newspapers?' says he; 'why, d—m me if he ain't just the chap for us. He'll fix the letter if we pays him for't. He'd do't for fifty cents, may be a quarter.' 'Don't think as he would,' says I. "Shouldn't like to ask him. Fifty cents ain't nothin' to him.' 'Then ask him to do it as a favor,' says he. 'We sha'n't get through the locks afore midnight; s'pose you and him comes aboard to supper? And tell him I've got some tip-top old bourbon aboard.' 'I'll do it,' says I; 'by God I'll do't!'"

And then, as if astonished at the energy and diplomatic ability he had displayed in the matter, the captain exclaimed, as he brought his fist down on the table, "An' damn me, if I ain't done it, too!"

Of course I willingly consented to act as their amanuensis for the nonce; and so delighted was Cap-

tain Spoor at having shifted the burden of writing the important letter (he told me confidentially that the other captain could not sign his name) from his own shoulders to mine, that he skipped about the deck for the remander of the afternoon in a state of feverish anxiety for supper-time to arrive.

At six o'clock to the minute, we stood on the deck of Captain Joe's boat, and a fat, pursy little man, who was seated on the top of the cabin, slowly gathered himself up and waddled forward to receive us.

"Cap'n Joe," said Captain Spoor, in as dignified a tone as he could assume; "make you 'cquainted to Mr. ——. Man I told you on. Considerable edication. Readin' and writin' 's nothin' to him. Says he'll do't."

Captain Joe held my hand in a vise-like grasp while he gasped out, "Happy to meet you," went through a severe fit of coughing, and shed copious tears.

I was a little nonplussed at the weeping. But I had not been long in Captain Joe's company before I discovered that he suffered from the chronic stomach-cough peculiar to very fat men, and that an attack of it always brought the water into his eyes.

"What is his name?" I whispered to Captain Spoor.

"Joe: didn't you hear me say Joe?" responded the captain aloud.

Knowing the captain's singular and invincible dislike to the use of surnames, I thought it was useless to pursue the inquiry, and I let the matter drop.

Captain Joe had by this time recovered himself, and was wheezily gasping out his thanks to me for taking their business in hand, when a tawny-faced, slipshod woman, the very opposite of Captain Joe, for she was tall, lean, and scraggy, bobbed up the cabin-stairs, called out "Supper" in a harsh voice, and disappeared immediately, as though she disliked the light as much as an owl. Captain Joe echoed "Supper" to the steersman and driver, who were off duty, as loudly as his physical economy would permit. Captain Spoor hauled up a bucket of water, in which we all rinsed our already well-washed hands, and then we went down into the cabin.

All the culinary resources of Captain Joe's *ménage* had evidently been called into requisition for the occasion. The table literally groaned under its load of good things; more were on the little ledge which, standing out from the cupboard, did duty as a sideboard, and still more were being kept hot on the top of the cooking-stove. There was an immense supply of porter-house steak, and broiled ham and eggs floating in a sea of grease deep enough for ducklings to swim in. There were plates of raw onions, stewed apples, fried potatoes, cookies, and molasses-cake. There were huge piles of bread and hot biscuit, a lump of butter that must have made a good-sized hole in the firkin from which it was taken, and a tin pot which contained about a gallon of boiling-hot weak tea. The slip-shod woman, a merry-eyed young girl about sixteen years of

age, whose form and features proclaimed her the captain's daughter, the steersman, and the driver, were already seated in solemn silence at the table when we entered the cabin.

"My woman an' gal," said Captain Joe, by way of introduction, as he pointed with his thumb to the individuals in question.

The "gal" ducked her head, and grinned from ear to ear; "my woman" bowed stiffly, and immediately proceeded to say grace.

Captain Joe looked at me as much as to say, "I am sorry, but I can't help it," and whispered audibly, "member of a church," by way of apology for his wife's adherence to principle.

Mrs. Captain Joe, as Captain Spoor styled her, having brought back the whites of her eyes to their proper position, snappishly corrected the driver for eating a raw onion while she was "envokin' the Divine blessin'"—on the ham and eggs; for she bent her head so piously low over that particular dish as to preclude the idea that any thing else on the table was included in her fervent appeal.

Captain Joe at once proceeded to cut the steak up into portions, his wife did the same with the broiled ham, and every one helped himself to his liking, using the public carving-knife and his own fork in so doing. In canal-life the ordinary order of things is reversed. As the knife is the only implement which boatmen use for conveying their food to their mouths,

canal-boat etiquette demands that they shall not use their own knives in helping themselves. This restriction does not apply to the fork, which never finds its way to their mouths.

By the time every one had "assisted" himself to what he wanted, I perceived that something was causing Captain Joe the greatest uneasiness. He glanced nervously at his wife, beseechingly at Captain Spoor, and angrily at his daughter. They either did not perceive his vexation, or, not knowing its cause, thought it better to take no notice of it. His patience, however, was at last exhausted; and, almost thrusting his knife down the unsuspecting girl's throat, he gasped out:

"Why in hell—don't some of you—take the man's coat—from him?"

On recovering a little from the effects of this sudden and unlooked-for explosion, I became alive to the fact that I was the only member of the company who did not appear in shirt-sleeves. At first I hardly knew whether to apologize for wearing my coat or to insist on doing so. The "gal," however, gave me little time for deliberation. My coat was off my back long before her mother had finished a short sermon on the awful wickedness of cursing and swearing, "which, bad as I feels in sayin' so," said Mrs. Captain Joe, turning to me, "my man's too often led away to indulge in."

I am sorry to say that Captain Spoor winked most sympathetically at Captain Joe on hearing this stern rebuke of his evil habit, while, at the same time, he

coughed a fearfully hypocritical approval to that gentleman's better half. The driver hurriedly swallowed a whole raw onion, almost entirely without mastication, and the steersman fortified himself with a hot biscuit and a vigorous application of his dirty blue-striped shirt-sleeve to his perspiring forehead. As for me, I looked from one to another, and wondered what was coming next.

By way of a set-off to this little difficulty, I endeavored to draw the "gal" into conversation; but she replied to most of my remarks with a giggle, and to all my well-turned compliments with a "Pshaw," though she appeared to be highly gratified at my attentions to her. Not so, however, was the young steersman, who could scarcely conceal his vexation. He was a fine, good-looking young fellow, and had an eye to the "gal," as also to the boat, the house and lot in Germantown, and the few hundred dollars in the savings-bank, which, in the course of nature, will become her personal property, she being Captain Joe's sole heiress. The more I plied her with compliments, the more her merry eyes danced with delight, the more she laughed, and the more the steersman frowned. She was evidently an arrant little flirt. In any other case her sour-visaged mother would have sternly rebuked her for her levity; but she far from favored the steersman's suit, and seemed to find malignant satisfaction in his discomfiture. As it was, she contented herself with mildly requesting her daughter to moderate her "goin's on."

This brought out Captain Spoor, who most ungallantly addressed his hostess as "Old Upper-crust," and asked her why she couldn't "let the gal enjoy herself."

This sally threw Captain Joe into such effervescent glee that he had a terrible fit of coughing. He would no more so have dared to encounter his lady's virtuous indignation than to produce his hidden whisky-bottle in her presence. His gratitude to his friend, therefore, for his vicarious effort was unbounded, the more so as it succeeded in driving the outraged lady to the tropical privacy of the kitchen, muttering between her teeth, "Some men has no manners."

With diplomatic cunning, the captain shortly afterward sent the "gal" after her with a five-dollar bill, and the suggestion that the two ladies should go on to Newark and buy any stores they wanted. Five minutes later the table was cleared, the ladies had departed, and the two captains and I were sitting in solemn conclave round a bottle of whisky, a pitcher of ice-water, and three tumblers.

I awaited with some curiosity the opening of the business which had brought us there. To my astonishment, I found that all the mystery was about a very simple matter. It appeared that the two captains had had a little business transaction in Buffalo in conjunction with a third party, to whom had been intrusted the management of the affair, and who, from what they had lately heard, they feared was playing them false. I suggested to them to demand of him an immediate

and detailed statement of the condition of affairs. In case he neglected or refused to furnish it, I advised them at once to apply for legal advice.

"Cap' Joe!" said Captain Spoor, very solemnly, "see what 'tis to be a man of edication. He's hit it; by God! he's hit it. Didn't I tell you readin' and writin' warn't nothin' to him?"

The captain was far too absorbed in a severe fit of coughing to reply otherwise than by pouring himself out a tumbler of whisky, nodding at me half a dozen times between his coughs, and then tossing it down at a gulp. When he had recovered himself a little, he expressed his full and entire approval of my suggestions. He produced from his trousers-pocket a brown envelope and a sheet of note-paper, which were no little crumpled and soiled from having lain hidden there all the afternoon. His wife knew nothing of the little speculation, and of course must be kept in ignorance of the sending of the letter.

I quickly indited a communication to the fraudulent partner, which Captain Joe pronounced to be a "masterpiece" of writing. Captain Spoor was equally delighted.

"Ever do that afore?" he asked.

I told him that I did not remember having ever written a similar letter.

"Well, I want to know!" he exclaimed.

The business of the evening having been got through, Captain Joe lit a fresh pipe and declared his

intention of having a good time of it till his wife returned, and the young steersman was bribed with a drink to give due notice of her approach. By the time it was dark, Captain Joe had got outside of about three parts of the bottle of whisky, Captain Spoor and I being very moderate men; and, what with its fumes and many violent fits of coughing, he was fast approaching a disabled condition. He was fumbling in his pockets for some money in order to send out to buy another bottle, when the steersman called through the cabin window, "Woman's a-coming." Captain Spoor and I at once seized our host and shot him bodily into his bunk, with the strict admonition that he should pretend to be asleep. We rinsed the glasses and replaced them on the table, so as to give the impression that we had been drinking iced-water, dropped the empty bottle into the canal, and, covered by the increasing darkness, slipped over the stern of the boat just as Mrs. Captain Joe and the "gal" were clambering up the bow.

We passed through the last of the three locks at Newark about midnight and sped away for Rochester, a distance of thirty-five miles and including seven locks. From the division line of Wayne and Monroe Counties, at Bushnell's Basin, the canal runs to Cartersville, a distance of nearly a mile, on an embankment which I should judge to be a hundred feet high on either side. It has a very strange effect; one feels as though one were perched on the top of a very high fence, with no visible means of getting off it. The view of the rich

corn-growing valleys is very fine. We arrived at Rochester about midnight, but could not wake up the warehousemen to deliver our freight. We made such a noise in trying to arouse them that the police came down and ordered us to stop. The next morning the proprietor had the effrontery to abuse Captain Spoor for not having called his men up and delivered his freight so as to give other boats a chance. The captain told his story, when the foreman turned round and vowed to his employer that we "never made a sound," but had "moored the boat" and then "had all quietly turned in."

The captain literally foamed with rage and indignation. For some seconds he seemed unable to articulate, when suddenly he cooled down, and, turning contemptuously away, remarked in a withering tone of voice: "If I thought I was ever to be such a God-damned liar as you, I'd a-hung myself afore I was born!"

This very illogical denunciation appeared to relieve his mind, and he disappeared down the hatchway of the hold.

The same afternoon, as we were towing along the high embankment, about five miles west of Rochester, one of the drivers complained that his feet were "kind o' galled," and I offered to take his place for an hour or two behind his team. Nothing looks easier than to drive a span of horses on the towpath. For half an hour I got along without any egregious mishap. But, in passing through the first lock we reached, I made such a bungling business of it, that the lock-man swore

roundly at me, and insolently asked me why I didn't "go out as nuss-gal." I treated his rude criticisms on my driving with silent contempt, and, after repeated efforts, succeeded in starting my horses at a run and snapping the tow-line. Fortunately for me, Captain Spoor was in bed. I looked at Captain Lamoreaux in dismay. He was laughing heartily at my dilemma, and called out to me to "catch the broken end." It was long ago at the bottom of the canal, as he well knew. He good-naturedly came ashore and helped me to haul in the line. He spliced it, he started the horses, I resumed the reins, and he jumped on board again to resume his charge of the tiller.

For nearly an hour I trudged on bravely behind my team, through mud four or five inches deep, the bottoms of my trousers turned up half-way to the knee, and looking quite the "canawler." I fancied that I was improving, and, as I had only another half-hour's driving before me, I fondly hoped that all would go "merry as a marriage-bell."

Alas for the futility of all human calculations! A fearful pitfall was awaiting me. I was about to experience a disastrous humiliation and to become for the remainder of the day the laughing-stock of our crew. In my inexperience, I had, on leaving the lock, most unwisely placed myself on the canal side of the tow-line. If ever I go canalling again, that error, at least, will never be repeated. We came up to a low building on the edge of the towpath, the stone-wall of which was cov-

ered with one of those enormous, highly-colored posters, portraying roaring lions, crouching tigers, trampling elephants, famished hyenas, etc., with which proprietors of traveling menageries delight to ornament the blank walls in towns and villages in advance of their coming, in order to properly stimulate the circus-loving appetite. No sooner did my outside horse catch sight of it, than he swerved on to the other horse, nearly knocking him into the canal. He was more successful with me. The stiffly-tightened tow-line caught me "amidships" and sent me with a tremendous jerk bodily into the canal.

In my flurry, I struck out for the first bank I caught sight of on coming to the surface. Fortune never befriends one in such a predicament; and it was not till I was standing on *terra firma* and was looking down at my dripping clothes that I came to the conclusion that I was on the heel-path—the wrong bank of the canal. There was nothing for it, as there was no bridge in sight, but to take a header and swim to the right side. With any but pleasing anticipations of my bath, for a cold wind was blowing, I plunged in and managed to regain my straw hat as I swam across. I was a pitiable object as I clambered up the opposite bank; but our crew and two or three mule-drivers did not see me in that light. I was received with derisive cheers and laughter, and many a joke was passed at my expense, our captain, half convulsed with laughter, joining in the *badinage*, and saying:

"Well, you've had a good wash, even if you do catch a bad cold."

He, however, lent me a pair of dry trousers, which he fished out of the hold, the waist of which was under my arms, and the bottoms of the legs six inches above my ankles. There was also about eight inches to spare in the waistband. They had evidently been made for some skipper with very short legs, who, nevertheless, if all flesh is grass, would have cocked up into a considerable-sized hay-stack.

When Captain Spoor heard of the occurrence, he laughed sarcastically. He was on the point of saying something very satirical, I know, for he turned his quid about in his mouth two or three times. But I effectually stopped him by asking in the most innocent manner if he did not think I had better take some pills, to avoid the risk of catching cold. He gave me a suddenly-saddened look, and gulped back his rising satire.

At Holley, twenty-five miles from Rochester, we passed along an embankment even higher than that at Bushnell's Basin, but not nearly so long. The following evening we were at the foot of the celebrated five locks of Lockport. As we approached them, it was a question whether we could pass another boat, so as to get "locked up" first. Captain Spoor jumped ashore to take the reins from the driver, and I followed him. He coaxed the team along, and we soon began to gain, much to the vexation of the captain of the forward boat. He

did all he could to make us run into him; all the while calling out:

"Have a care, Cap; have a care! Bob Worsley wants gentle handling, or there'll be a muss on the towpath."

Captain Spoor looked disdainfully at him. "Have a care, handle him gently!" he repeated with scorn. "Everythin's 'this side up,' or 'handle with care,' nowadays. I do believe I've got some pig-iron down my middle hatch as is labeled 'handle with care.'"

The next moment we were within the regulation fifty feet of the forward boat, and it had to make way for us. Mr. Worsley wisely held his tongue as we passed him, though he looked ten thousand daggers at us. Captain Spoor, who has more than once thrashed his man on the towpath, also said nothing, but as we went on he said to me:

"That chap's the sassiest I ever comed across. He's so fond of sass, they tell me, that in winter-time, when he ain't got no boatmen to sass, he sits at home and sasses hisself."

Every thing at Lockport is splendidly managed. We were only twenty-eight minutes getting through the five locks, whereas at Newark and Brighton we spent five or six hours in getting through a less number. From Lockport to Pendleton, the canal passes through a deep cutting—the first part cut out of a solid bed of rock. At Pendleton we entered the Tonawanda Creek, an almost natural canal, which runs into the Niagara

River at Tonawanda. From Tonawanda to Buffalo, we ran parallel with the Niagara River, a distance of twelve miles, from seven o'clock in the morning till two o'clock in the afternoon. It was as magnificent a June morning as I remember; not a cloud in the sky, and a cool breeze coming from Lake Erie. And, when I bade adieu to my friends of the Admiral in the slip at Buffalo, the glorious weather, their rough and ready kindness, and Captain Spoor's humorous eccentricity, made me regret that my experiences of Life on the Erie Canal had come to an "end."

"A. P."

NIGHT AND MORNING IN THE TOMBS.

How distressing and yet how fascinating it is to take up the "Life of John Howard," or the "Life of Elizabeth Fry," that noble, self-appointed Quakeress missionary to the squalid, ignorant, and degraded female prisoners of Newgate! We recoil from the picture of the fearful scenes in which they mixed, which they encountered; but we follow them in their work of humanity with love and reverence, fascinated by an excellence to which we feel we cannot reach. Mentally we kiss the hem of their garments. It is a terrible thing to enter in imagination with them the poor criminal's home. I say poor, for I sympathize with, though I would sternly punish, for example's sake, all those who have fallen so low—who have found themselves face to face with a temptation which their better nature was not strong enough to resist. But there is something far more terrible, far more impressive, in the reality. It is a fearful thing to stand, surrounded by prison-walls, a free man among those sighing for freedom; not a criminal, simply because the tension of temptation has never yet reached the snapping-point.

As the strongly-barred entrance-door of the prison swings heavily back on its hinges and you step within the well-watched precincts, it is difficult to say whether the sensibilities expand or contract. The expansion and contraction is, perhaps, alternate, like the variations of pulsation when the circulation is fevered yet feeble. A pain-giving civil war is raging between brain and soul: the heart, rallying together all the forces of its sympathy; the brain, shrinking from the coming contemplation of that most terrible example of humanity—the man whose hand is indelibly stained with the blood of his fellow. The tread of the foot is unconsciously softened as you approach, for the first time, the cell of the murderer; the voice is involuntarily hushed and subdued, as though you were entering the house of death. Passing on along the tiers of cells and standing face to face, side by side, with the perpetrators of every form of crime, the feeling of oppression grows and deepens, and, though it is long before the influence can be altogether shaken off, the first gush of the pure, bright, free air is unspeakably welcome when you pass out of the prison's gloomy portals. It seems to sweep a load of care from the shoulders, while the prospect of returning once more to the busy hum of natural, unrestrained life adds greatly to the sensation of relief.

I have been in the *bagnes* at Brest, and have seen the muzzles of the cannon, loaded with grape-shot, let into the walls of the dormitories, so that any insurrec-

tion may be literally mowed down. I have seen the wretched *forçats* of the galleys of Toulon. I have read that devilish inscription, "Who enter here leave hope behind," which seems to be the religious creed of the French police system—and which, to the nation's disgrace, has been imported to this country. But, to stand in a convicted and sentenced murderer's cell, to touch his hand—the hand of a fellow-creature—to hear his voice, and to know that that voice will, in a few short hours, be hushed forever by the most awful of unnatural deaths, and to falter as to the necessity of the punishment—that form of punishment—sinks all else into insignificance and is overwhelming in its agonizing depression. Once I have passed through this ordeal. Once only has the duty of chronicling the so-called vindication of the majesty of the law been imposed upon me. I will beg my bread from day to day before I again witness such a scene. And yet they told me that this poor fellow had made his peace with God; that he was entirely fitted to enter the dread presence of his Maker; in fact, that he was about as perfect a human being as was then on earth. At the very moment they had wrought him, by prayer and fasting, into the invaluable, they proceeded ruthlessly to render him valueless. I can only echo Hamlet's exclamation: "Oh, horrible! most horrible!"

The elder Dumas, Edgar Poe, and all the writers of romance whose expression of thought bears on the terrible and awesome, have never, in any one of their

works, described the scene to be witnessed in the corridors of a prison on the eve of a great, non-political, public execution. Solomon, the great English painter, presented, perhaps, the most telling pictures of criminal life in his "Waiting for the Verdict" and "The Acquittal." But even his defty brush and facile imagination, much as they have gloried in the picturing of touching scenes, such as this "Waiting for the Verdict," and other marvelous conceptions, of a kindred character, have never yet dared to venture on the depiction of the Waiting After the Verdict. And yet, what a harrowing scene, how crowded with life and pathos it is, as the weeks shorten into days, and the days shorten into hours, and those hours rush away as though they would hasten to throw the veil of charity over the sad tragedy and its painful remembrances!

There in the corridor sit the weeping relatives, the loving wife whose heart is breaking, the nearly orphaned children of the man who is about to die—or, rather, to be legally killed; endeavoring all the while to bear up lest their weakness should disturb his last few hours, or interfere with his religious devotions. Today they lovingly clasp him in their arms and shower tears upon his cheek as they press their lips to his. On the morrow they will speak of his body as *it*.

Holy men, in the fullness of their sympathy for erring humanity and in their eagerness to obey their gospel mission, and give one word of religious counsel

which may add to his soul's welfare, wait silently, trustfully, patiently, for one half-hour's interview.

Holy women wedded to the Church, the brides of Christ, the sorrowers with those that mourn, the rejoicers with those that rejoice, creep silently through the prison-gates, which open at their bidding, and, amid every outward mark of respect, hurry to the cell of him whose peace with God is their only solicitude; trusting that their ministering, their kindly offices, the very aweing solemnity of their self-sought lives, may, at least, do some little good, may soothe one pang, may, under God's blessing, help him on the rough way which the law ordains shall be his only path to heaven.

The wardens give their orders in an undertone; the keepers shuffle silently about in the fufilllment of their duties, and when compelled to shut a door do so softly; and, when compelled to speak do so in whispers. Even the wretched occupants in the other cells of the corridor have little appetite for their prison-fare, and peer through their grated doors with an air half of subdued curiosity, half of pained sympathy, when their rowdy visitors inquire under their breath, "Which is poor ——'s cell?" and shudder as their eyes follow the direction which their imprisoned friend gives them with his finger.

Ah! it is, indeed, a sight to make women weep and strong men feel how weak they are. It is a sight against which Nature rebels, and which memory forever most unwillingly stores up.

All this I have seen, and more. I have stood by the fatal drop and shivered while I watched the one-time strong but now weak man, in his last agony, living his last moment, breathing his last breath, muttering his last prayer, and then—dying like a dog!

It so happened that I had a slight personal acquaintance with the reverend father who was the spiritual adviser and director of the condemned man in the case to which I have referred. On going to the prison late in the evening of the day previous to that appointed for the execution, to learn if any respite for delaying the carrying out of the sentence (application to the Governor of the State had been made to that effect) had been received, I learned from the clerk of the prison that the father was then with the condemned man. I sent my card to the cell, with an intimation that I would like to see the father and would wait for him in the prison reception-room. To my surprise, I received a message from the prisoner himself, requesting me to accompany the bearer of the message to his cell. I was a little disconcerted; for even my very name was previously unknown to him, and I only knew his from the fatal notoriety which his crime had given to it. It was by no means an introduction which I courted, as I knew it would make me a participator in a scene for which I had little liking. But how could I refuse to hold out the hand of human fellowship to a man who had professedly made his peace with God and who was so soon about to expiate his offense in so terrible a man-

ner? It was with a chilled sensation at my heart that I followed the jailer across the stone court-yard, in crossing which I shivered as I caught sight of the hideous gallows, all ready for its horrid work of the morrow and looking ghastly in the bright moonlight, and entered that part of the Tombs prison in which Murderers' Row is located.

On entering, I found myself before an iron railing, immediately inside of which was a keeper's desk. Standing at this desk I descried my friend the father, talking to a man in his shirt-sleeves, whom I presumed to be one of the keepers, and who was seated at the desk, in the act of writing a letter. The man turned to me with a sharp, searching glance as I wished the father "Good-evening." It was the condemned man himself.

He was a man of the average height, wiry and well built, with by no means an unprepossessing face, and an intelligent eye. Certainly, beyond an expression of determination around the mouth, there was nothing in his appearance to lead one to suppose him capable of the crime of murder.

And yet he had committed a most brutal murder—one long brooded over, thoroughly determined on, and done in cold blood when it was done. He lay in wait for his adversary and deliberately shot him to death, firing three additional shots into the prostrate and inanimate body of his victim, in order to make sure that the foul deed was fully done.

There was in his appearance and general demeanor ample evidence of a full appreciation of his awful position. As he extended his hand to me, I could not but notice the nervous twitch of his mouth. And the hand was cold and clammy, although it was the height of summer. It was bony, shrunken, and bloodless. His face, too, was hollow and wan; and his complexion had assumed that soft, refined, and waxen appearance which is an infallible sign of intense and prolonged mental sorrow and suffering. (He had been contemplating his end for nearly two years in his solitary prison-cell!) Before he spoke he passed his parched tongue over his fevered lips and rolled it round his gums and teeth. What a tell-tale action was that of the internal fever and agony which was consuming him!

At last the words came, as though his glued tongue had suddenly been released from a control which was not his.

"How do you do, sir?" he said, with a courteousness of manner which surprised me. "Father —— told me who you are, and I thought I would like to ask you to do me a favor."

"Certainly," I said, "if it lies in my power to do so. What is the nature of it?"

"Will you say to-morrow morning," rejoined the poor fellow, slowly, but firmly and deliberately, "that I regret that the Governor has refused my appeal for a few days' respite?"

A moment's pause.

"No man, young and strong, likes to die. No man in my position would be the worse for a few more days to get ready."

Another pause.

"Still, I shall ascend the scaffold to-morrow perfectly prepared to die; and I believe that I shall go to heaven."

He did not seem to see the direct contradiction in his own words: he asked for "a few more days to get ready," yet he avowed that he was "perfectly prepared to die." But a dying man's words are beyond the pale of criticism; so I took no further notice of what he had said than to promise that I would carry out his wishes.

He appeared to be suffering from an intolerable oppression. Every minute he would throw out his chest and expand his lungs as though he were in a heavy, asphyxiating atmosphere. At last he could stand it no longer. He dashed off his waistcoat and almost tore his shirt-collar and ribbon-tie from his throat, and, flinging them on the desk before him, said:

"Father, it's dreadful close here. Let's take a walk out in the yard."

Several keepers were around, they offered no objection, and we stepped out into the cool evening air and began to pace up and down the court-yard, only turning at the upper end when we reached the foot of the gallows itself. I shall never forget that, on my part,

silent walk. I listened with an intentness which was irrepressible, though painful to a degree, as that doomed man spoke of his father, his mother, and his sisters, in tones of the deepest affection; told how he loved them, how his great grief now was the sorrow and affliction they must ever know—the disgrace attaching to his death. His father and mother, he thanked God, were old, and would soon be taken where they would again be happy. But, and the man cried out at the anguished thought, he spoke of his sisters having children, of those children growing up to learn his ignominious doom, to tell it again to their children, and so to perpetuate his unhappy memory, and said that the bare thought of it was dreadful to him.

"As soon as my father and mother and sisters are dead," he said, "I want to be utterly forgotten. And I only want them to remember me in their hearts and prayers. I don't want them to talk of me."

Again we were at the foot of the hated gallows. He stopped and surveyed it from top to bottom, without any perceptible tremor passing through his frame. He raised his hand and, pointing to the pulley over which the fatal noose would run, explained its action. There was no bravado in his manner, no assumption of great nerve. He spoke quietly and simply, with a slightly absent air, as though he was explaining the mode of his coming death as much to himself as to me. Presently he turned away with a sigh, and said, as if in deepest pity for himself:

"This is an awful thing I've got to go through with to-morrow."

Awful! Good God! I was trembling like an aspen-leaf at the knowledge that I should be there to see. My limbs shook under me. And this man, though sad and sorrowful, so calm! I could not speak. I could only trust he would at once walk away. The father took his hand to lead him to resume his walk. Again he paused before the implement of death. Again he waved his hand toward the fatal beam.

"I have no fear of that," he exclaimed, with suddenly-aroused energy and with a slightly dramatic tone. "No, I have no fear of that," he repeated, almost fiercely. "It is the damnable disgrace that must attach to me forever." And then he added, more calmly and with considerable dignity: "I do not dread the pain of the thing; I do not dread death. Father —— and the Sisters have taken that all out of me. I shall walk to the scaffold with the firm conviction that God will pardon me, and that will help me to go there like a man. But it is horrible to know that the world will hereafter always speak of me as '—— ——, the man who was hung.' It's the thought of that that grinds me down."

The good father placed his arm around the poor fellow's neck and caressed and soothed him with kindly words. The unhappy man placed his arm around the waist of his faithful friend and thrust his other arm in mine, and we resumed our walk. His arm did not

tremble, but the weight of his body, as he leaned heavily upon me, told me how great was his weakness. His very action in seeking the support of my arm—the arm of a total stranger—showed how great was his craving for sympathy in his hour of need.

A few more turns up and down the yard, during which the father spoke touchingly, feelingly of the all-saving power of the Saviour and appealed to his faith, his manhood, to bear himself with firmness and to trust in God for strength at the last moment, and he was again placid. Having thus succeeded, the good priest said:

"Now, ——, I think you had better go in." And then he added, naïvely, in a moment of forgetfulness: "You'll catch cold if you stay out here any longer without any thing on. It's getting very damp."

The doomed man laid his hand affectionately on the priest's shoulder and smiled as he said:

"I don't think that'll matter much by this time to-morrow, father."

The father tenderly excused himself for his inadvertence, and, shaking me by the hand as they wished me good-night, they passed, arm-in-arm, into the prison.

I sped across the court-yard to the exit of the jail, a lump in my throat and big tears welling up in my eyes, and, as I slowly wandered home, I felt that that man's features were indelibly photographed upon my brain. I can see them now distinctly. It was a terrible scene to ponder over. I could not even make an effort to

shake off its remembrance. In my sleep, that night, I stood again under the gallows, and the scene was repeated. Again the words rung in my ear, "This is an awful thing I've got to go through with to-morrow." In the morning my first waking thought, as I looked out on the bright, sunny world, was, What did *he* think of when he awoke? Was it, "This is an awful thing I've got to go through with *to-day?*" I felt it to be so. It was an awful day for me.

Breakfastless, and in the most gloomy and sombre frame of mind, I wended my way down-town to the Tombs (O fitting name!) prison. As soon as I reached the neighborhood I fancied I could read on the face of every man, woman, and child that I saw—*going to the execution.* Yes, they were, many of them, going to be present in a certain measure. They were going to plant themselves on the curbstone, as near to the entrance to the Tombs as the police would allow them to station themselves, and then, in imagination, to feast their morbid love of the horrible. Have they not illustrated publications without number, which, from their infancy, have educated them in the mysteries of hanging? Can they not study these things in every low cigar-store window and from the covering of every corner newsstand? Of course they can, and they have done it. The word is passed out, "The procession has formed." They can see it by merely closing their eyes and taxing their ready and willing memories. Again comes the word, "He is under the drop, and the last prayer is being

recited." Yes, they know all about it. The whole scene is before them. They would like to know how the doomed man bears himself—if he says any thing—if he has made any confession. But they control their curiosity. They will know all about that in an hour or so, and they are content to wait. Again comes the word, "The rope has been cut." Ah! the body is now dangling from the fatal beam. The heart is pumping with mighty efforts to keep life in the lump of nearly lifeless clay. But all to no purpose; and those denizens of the kingdom of rum, young and old, the child of infancy and the child of old age, alike know it. They can count the minutes on their fingers and the seconds in their heads as the pulsations of the legally-murdered man grow feebler and feebler. They can tell almost to a minute when the doctors will begin to test the pulse at his wrist; they know how soon they will apply their ears to his chest to catch the still faint beating of the heart. Yes, they know, almost to a certainty, the very moment at which the body is being cut down—the work of the law done, the legalized avengement on the taker of human life completed. They know all this; they are not altogether satisfied, but they are measurably contented. Curses on the men who have taught such things to children, I say! And then—I had almost forgotten it, but trust them for not being so false to themselves—they can at least crowd around when the hearse draws up to the prison and gaze and gloat as one or two weeping relatives superintend the removal of the

body to its final resting-place. "Oh, horrible! most horrible!" It is all horrible together.

As I neared the Tombs, I had to force my way through the crowd, aided by a warrant to act as a deputy-sheriff at the execution. I was an official—I, who hated my office as I do the devil, and who only believe in capital punishment, because I believe in carrying out the law of the land, even if that law be wrong in theory and monstrous in practice, as I believe hanging to be. Thus does one's better nature fall a victim to the necessity of circumstances.

And inside the Tombs, in that reception-room which had been so still and quiet with its one turned-down gas-light the night before! It was only a better-painted picture of the scene outside. A motley gathering, indeed! And all carrying in their hands notes of invitation from the sheriff of the city and county of New York, which were edged with that most pharisaical of hypocrisies—a deep black border. A crowd of rum-smelling politicians, breathing vengeance against the very law whose vindication they had come to witness; *popular* lawyers, whose practice is entirely confined to the lower criminal class, in velvet jackets and vulgarly bedecked with diamonds; keepers of the prison, detailing the events of the night, the culprit's (ah! that is the word!) demeanor that morning, what he took for breakfast, his last words, etc.; newspaper reporters fidgeting here and there, jotting down notes and asking questions, and all fearful that some brother of their

order shall write a more sensational account, ransacking their memories for the horrors of previous executions which they had witnessed, recalling how Jack this and Tom that had died, and numbering up how many they had seen "turned off." There was much smoking, much chatter, some laughter, even some ribaldry: but there was little, if any, real decency. Some few behaved themselves like men, in a way befitting so solemn, so awful an occasion; but they were the exceptions.

Suddenly the iron gate-way was opened. Every one, anxious to obtain a good position from which to view the tragedy, made a rush. Left to the last, I quietly passed in, was recognized by a police-captain, and was, without desiring it, placed in a position for which many present would have emptied their pockets into mine—provided I would change places with them.

There was the gallows, as I had seen it the night before, save that the rope was now dangling from its beam. The sunlight, instead of the moonlight, was throwing shadows from it which would have been grotesque had it not, in itself, been so revolting. But *attachés* of illustrated papers seemed to find poetry in the gallows and its shadows, for they sketched away as though their lives depended upon their drawings. Ah! in a few minutes they had a scene more than difficult to depict before them! Reporters sharpened their pencils, jotted down hasty notes, and looked mysterious and important. And then, in the form of an L, there were double files of police, stolid and apparently in-

different. Why should they be otherwise? Was not this thing stale to them? Had they not seen it a dozen times before?

But who and what was that misshapen-looking wretch who kept prowling, owl-like, about, as though he hated the bright sunlight which streamed into the court-yard? He gave orders to the police; and yet he had all the appearance of being one of their most frequent and troublesome customers. He took the arm of the under-sheriff and whispered confidentially in his ear; and yet his dirty, skinny hand was no fit mate for the sheriff's glossy black broadcloth. He dashed off snatches of sentences to the reporters and went through a pantomime of signs to the artists. He stepped on to the scaffold, he carefully examined the iron catch of the rope, and, instinctively, I knew him. He was that most despicable of all God's creatures—the man who makes his living by killing others. Such a one is not, like the judge, the jury, or the sheriff, a man who has a public and imperative, however painful, duty to perform. With him this is not so. Hanging is his chosen walk in life—the profession he has, in the exercise of his discretion, adopted. See how he handles the rope! Listen to him as he explains the mysteries of nooses and "knots under the ear" to some inquisitive listener. He speaks of his success as a public hangman with pride. He is no unskillful surgeon, he says. He never hurts his patients. Bah! The man stinks in one's nostrils like a pestilence. As I watched him, I felt that I could myself almost com-

mit murder on him and give myself full absolution for the deed. I did bless the under-sheriff when he beckoned him inside the prison to fulfill his other horrid duties. I breathed more freely as he disappeared.

And then, suddenly, there was a cry of "Hats off!" Every man's head was instantly uncovered, and, before I had fully comprehended the meaning of the movement, the last act of the terrible drama had already begun. Pressing my hand against my side—for my heart was beating fearfully—unable to withdraw my fascinated gaze, I saw and witnessed the procession of death. First, a *posse* of deputy-sheriffs, then the jail officials, and then—my God!—supported on either side by a priest, the man with whom I had strolled, arm-in-arm, the night before, up and down that very court-yard. I knew that it must be so. But the reality was, nevertheless, startling. It was almost unbearable. I had not pictured to myself the horrible accessories of death at the hands of the law. Pinioned, bound, the fatal noose around his neck, the repulsive black cap, though not yet drawn over his face, on his head, clutching a crucifix in both hands, on he came, slowly but with comparative steadiness, his eyes fixed on the emblem of salvation and his lips moving in his last appeal for mercy in the world to come. My blood literally curdled at the sight. I would have sacrificed any thing to have been a thousand miles away at that moment or to be able to shut out from my vision the fearful spectacle.

"Heavens! can I not hide my eyes?" I mentally cried.

No! It was impossible. I was fascinated, as by some magician's influence. I must look. I must see the thing out. I must suffer.

On he came. Hours it seemed to be to me—perhaps, poor soul! only seconds to him—before he passed me. And then he sank on his knees on the platform of the gallows, immediately below the rope which was to launch him into eternity. On emerging from the prison into the yard, his face had been livid in color, while his hands had retained their natural hue. As he passed me he tried again to moisten his fever-cracked lips with his tongue. As he knelt under the gallows, and while the priest recited the prayers for the dying, his face became suffused with an unnatural color and his hands turned to a shade like unpolished slate; at the same time his lower jaw was constantly working, and there was an incessant though irregular, twitching of the eyelids. I saw it all. I could not help it. I could no more have taken my eyes from that dying man than I could have taken his place under the gallows.

And then there was a hush; no more prayers, no more Amens to be said; all rose hurriedly to their feet, and there stood that poor, trembling creature on the very brink of eternity!

Gently, aye! how gently, the good father withdrew the crucifix from his hands, placed it against the dying

man's lips, which fervently pressed it, and bade him his final God-speed on his great journey.

A pause—only a little pause, during which the stillness was oppressive, crushing. With an agonized effort I thrust my hands over my eyes; I heard a dull, heavy thud, which sent the blood coursing like lightning through my brain, a sound like a simmering of the atmosphere, as all gave vent to their bated breath—and I knew that the curtain had fallen, that the dire tragedy was ended.

After a while I ventured to look up. They were all—doctors, reporters, and politicians—crowding round the dangling body, speculating as to whether death had been caused by the breaking of the neck or by strangulation. They were tolerably quiet, and most of them tried to look solemn; but the scene really had as little effect on the majority of them as the sight of a funeral would have on an undertaker. Familiarity with such scenes had had its unerring effect. They had ceased to awe and horrify them; they only aroused a certain amount of morbid curiosity.

Ah, Voltaire! hated, maligned, and execrated as you are, there is no snare, no covert danger, nothing insinuated with art and subtlety, in this thy philosophy! It is the satire of truth, clothed in the garb of simplicity:

"*Le grave magistrat qui a acheté pour quelque argent le droit de faire ces expériences sur son prochain va conter à diner à sa femme ce qui s'est passé le matin.*

La première fois madame en à été révoltée, à la seconde elle y a pris goût, parce qu'après tout les femmes sont curieuses; et ensuite la première chose qu'elle lui dit lorsqu'il rentre en robe chez lui: Mon petit cœur, n'avez vous fait donner aujourd'hui la question à personne." [1]

"A. P."

STRING 'EM UP.

Or all the arts an' siences, an' many's mighty cur'us,
None beats me hafe so bad as that which all the parsons 'sure us
Was 'vented by th' Olmighty in a defty kin' o' way,
Fer gettin' rid o' them whose record's slightly orf O. K.

This cuttin' throtes an' pisinin' or blowin' folks's brains out,
Then sweepin' up an' puttin' straight an' washin' all the stains out,
'S a pecul'ar line o' bisness wot was opened up by Cain;
But, God didn't go a murd'rin' him to set things slick again!

With judge an' jury, prisin grub, an' peddlers o' religi'n,
The ninteenth cent'ry makes a chap as harmless as a pigi'n;
An' stuffs him fer the gallus in a pious sort o' way,
Jes' as a farmer stuffs his turkeys fer Thanksgivin's Day.

With preechin', prayin', talkin' to, airly an' late uprisin'
(A patint systim which them airthly sents calls Christenizin')
They fits him so fer, 'n parson slang, the soul's Bethesda Pool,
That, side o' him, winged Gabriel 'ud look a puffick fool.

Bethesda Pool! a kin' o' rinsin' ollers done without soap:
Hung out to dry fer hafe an hour a danglin' from a stout rope!
En Watts's Hymns there's one, I mind, about a dirty child—
Jemminy! wouldn't this gallus washin' jes' hev' med him riled?

[1] "*Torture*," from the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*.

See here now! Ef the streng-piece of a feller's soul's not level—
Why send him on a speshil train, without breaks, to the devil?
An' ef yer've med him spick-an'-span like—I don't see no show
In shippin' him to heav'nly ports; there's markets here below.

The punishment! Wheere's thet, tu, ef salvahsin's univarsal,
In 'xpressin' him straight orf to wheere he'll find it pack an' parcel?
An' ef there's no hereafter, nor no heav'nly courts and yards,
Yer'e like the child wot topples down the house it's built o' cards.

Now, what I wunts to know's jes' this: When chaps hev' git a thru' pass
To heav'n, wot's the hurry fer in putt'n' 'em under blue-grass?
The angils waitin' at the gate's got 'tarnity ahead,
An' a few yeeres more or less o' waitin' wouldn't kill 'em dead.

I s'pose the gran'-trunk line o' life's run on a lib'ral tariff,
An' the comp'ny's Pres'dent wouldn't hev' a very vi'lent scare if
A feller let his pass run out and used it all the same—
Them cussed souls' conductors 'd be the only folks to blame.

"A. P."

THE MODEL COSTERMONGER.

(Portrait of character, from a photograph by Gurney.)

THE MODEL COSTER-MONGER.

"My friend, can I say a word or two to you?" said I to an apple-vender, who was wheeling his truck in Chatham Square, one Saturday afternoon.

He was a short, stubby, pock-marked specimen of the Milesian race, after it has been acclimated in this country for one or two generations. His apples, too, had as many speckles on them as he had pits on his cheeks and nose, and his hand-truck was about as dilapidated as his pantaloons—pieced and patched in every part.

He stopped, looked me hard in the face, and replied: "Well, I guess you may."

I hesitated, hardly knowing how to propound to him my business. He picked up an apple and began rubbing it violently on his coat-sleeve; but that apple was never fitted by Nature to take a polish. It was only a penny apple, and apples never shine under two cents. He saw—he must have known beforehand—the willfulness of that apple, and, just as I was ready to begin, he again disconcerted me by viciously remarking:

"Come, git up."

Thinking I knew the weakness of the *genus* apple-vender, I suggested that we should retire to some quiet symposium where drinks are sold.

"The fact is," I said, "I have a little business to propose to you."

I was wrong. The apple-vender eyed me up and down, whistled an artistic whistle, drew a long breath, and then threw himself into an attitude.

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"The matter!" he exclaimed. "Well, if that ain't the thinnest job I hearn on for a long spell."

Having so far delivered himself, he seized the handles of his truck, and then, peering cautiously around, added: "Me just steps aroun' the corner along o' you, your pal's aroun' t'other corner with the barrow, and out o' sight when I comes back; and when I goes to look arter you—why, you've stepped out at the side-door. 'T won't do! What d'you take me for."

Without deigning to say another word or even to look at me again, he pushed straight across the square to the Bowery, leaving me feeling very small and chap-fallen on the Chatham-Street sidewalk. "Well," I soliloquized, "this is a bad beginning; but there are plenty of other coster-mongers in New-York City." Nevertheless, if they were all to be as suspicious as this fellow, I felt that I should not easily accomplish my object; I therefore determined to be more cautious, and, after hanging around Chatham Square for half an hour, I de-

scried an apple-vender coming along East Broadway who had a more confiding look about him. I approached him as though merely sauntering along, and then stopped suddenly, as though I had but that moment noticed him, and inquired the price of his apples. I bought one for two cents, and, pulling out my pocket-knife, leisurely proceeded to peel it. He seated himself on one of the handles of his truck and seemed rather tickled with the care with which I peeled the apple. He asked me if I was "afeared of the cholery-morbis," and almost went into a fit over his astonishment when I told him that I did not not know how many years had passed since I last ate an apple. He turned out to be a talkative Irishman. He came from the County Tyrone. Of course, I had friends there, and we were soon on confidential terms. I imparted to him my business and who I was. He laughed heartily, but promised to give me all the assistance in his power. That assistance partly consisted in robbing me of nearly one dollar; on which dollar, I have no doubt, he succeeded in getting gloriously drunk the next day (Sunday) on Sixth-Ward rum. Our conference ended by a mutual agreement to meet at the corner of Chambers and Pearl Streets, at half-past six o'clock that evening.

Punctually, at the hour agreed upon, I was at the appointed trysting-place, and there stood my apple-merchant. He did not know me at first, and no wonder. I was arrayed far more after the style of Lazarus

than in the traditional glory of Solomon. A coat and pantaloons which had seen much service, and which were patched till they looked like a cottage-quilt; a scarlet-flannel shirt, and a greasy old billy-cocked hat, had disguised me as thoroughly as I could wish. My "get-up" had that "devil-me-care" look about it expressed in the old lines:

> "I care for nobody, no, not I;
> And nobody cares for me."

My votary of St. Patrick declared that he could hardly believe his own eyes, and paid me the dubious compliment of assuring me that I made a splendid coster-monger. I was, however, little inclined to talk, for I wanted to get to business. I examined the stock in trade which he had provided for me (for I had hired the man's truck and was going "a-peddling" on my own account), and received instructions as to the prices at which I was to sell. I had apples, pears, and bananas, and the capital invested was four dollars and a half, in addition to the one dollar and a half I had agreed to pay for the hire of the barrow.

I asked particularly about the best cruising-grounds for apple-peddlers, and received instructions to make all headway for the Bowery Theatre first, it being Saturday night—a night on which all the *élite* of the boot-black and newsboy world make a point of going to the play, but not without having previously filled their pockets with apples in order to wile away the time intervening between the acts.

Having obtained all necessary information on this point, I seized the handles of my barrow with as much *sang froid* as I could assume, and started up Chambers Street at a pace which I soon found it desirable to slacken. On looking round, there stood my Hibernian with his hands on his hips, staring at me with his eyes and mouth, and, I have no doubt, thinking me a harmless lunatic. But there were breakers ahead, and my whole attention was soon concentrated on myself and the driving of my barrow.

Let any one study the topography of Chatham Street, between Chambers Street and the square, and, taking into consideration the number of cars passing either way in that narrow gorge, think of the difficulty of wheeling a heavily-laden fruit-truck through the tortuous maze for the first time. In turning the corner I took the curbstone sharply, and at least a dozen apples went rolling into the gutter. I picked them all up, and was just in time to see two boys stealing off with two or three apples apiece which they had purloined from the truck. I felt it was worse than useless to give chase and comforted myself with the hope that, as they were fearfully green apples, the boys would suffer accordingly. I started down the incline, and never did I curse any thing in my life as I did that apple-cart! It was as difficult to pilot along as a mud-scow in a strong current. The rough cobble-stones wouldn't let it go straight. It seemed as difficult to drive as a pig. It headed straight for cars coming in the opposite direction, and made

frantic efforts to get on to the sidewalk. The car-tracks, of course, made matters ten times worse, and I expected every moment to see the head of that barrow turn round and stare me in the face, like a jibbing tandem-leader. A Third-Avenue conductor swore horribly at me for getting in his way, and the driver shrieked like a cat. I have traversed glaciers, with their awful crevasses, I have made the great rush through the stifling vapors of Vesuvius; I have been on runaway horses, I have been lost in forests, I have been in terrific gales on the ocean, but never, in my life, did I feel so thankful on getting out of a tight place as I did when I reached the foot of the hill on which Chatham Square is located. Here there was plenty of room for my barrow to indulge in all sorts of vagaries without the almost certainty of my being run over; it could have gone through an entire circus performance if it had a mind to do so without much risk of coming into collision with other vehicles. And, here, too, I could rest a moment; for the jarring on the wrists and elbows caused by the jolting over the cobble-stones was any thing but pleasant.

For two or three minutes I leaned half-abstractedly against my barrow, wondering how on earth I had traversed that *mauvais pas*. I was recalled to myself by a man throwing down two cents, picking up an apple, and walking off. A large card on the end of a thin iron rod informed the public that my apples were for sale at the moderate price of two cents each. This little incident

put me on the *qui vive* in a moment, and I recollected that, if I wanted to go into the Bowery-Theatre trade, I must "hurry up" as fast as I could. By dint of a little dodging, I got across to the left-hand side of the Bowery and again found myself in a narrow, crowded, and difficult passage. But my guardian angel had stationed another apple-peddler in front of me, and, by keeping close on his heels, I kept clear of the many Scyllas and Charybdises which beset me on every side.

No sooner did I get within a couple of hundred yards of the theatre than I had the most corroborative evidence of the truth of what my Irishman had told me as to the lucrative trade to be driven in that neighborhood. There were several other barrows besides mine to supply the public demand, but the boys poured along so thick and so fast and were in such a hurry to get to the entrance before the gallery-door opened, that they bought their apples where they could be most quickly served. It seemed to be a great joke with them to carry an apple in their hand, and then, pretending to steal one from another barrow, to have a laugh at the angry proprietor by compelling him to confess that the apple was not and never had been his property. They played this joke on me two or three times before I found it out. After that I countered on them by saying, "That won't do, bubby; I don't sell such measly apples as that."

We were all driving a fine trade—that is, we apple-

sellers—when an officer came up and ordered us all to move on. I soon discovered that this did not cause the disastrous stoppage of my business which I had anticipated. The law allows a licensed vender to stop on the street so long as he is making sales, and compels him to keep moving at other times. But the law does not state at what pace the licensed vender is to keep moving, and, naturally, the licensed vender keeps moving at the pace which best suits himself—a little, but a very little, faster than that of a snail. The consequence was that, by the time I worked up to the theatre-doors, the play had begun, the business was over for the evening, and my heap of apples had sensibly diminished. Still I had sold very few pears and only one banana. This was a grievous disappointment to me, as, of course, bananas are an expensive stock to lay in. I had, however, wisely made a bargain with my Irishman that he should take my remaining stock off my hands at two-thirds of the cost price—that is, if I had any stock remaining at midnight; and, as I had possession of his truck and owed him a dollar and a half for the hire of it, I felt tolerably certain of retiring from business without any serious diminution of capital.

On leaving the theatre I struck across the Bowery, and got into East Broadway, selling an apple or pear here and there, sometimes two or three at a time; and once, in East Broadway, I sold five bananas to a party of German ladies and gentlemen who almost threw them back on my hands because I had no paper bag to put

them in. But the ladies were not to be done out of their bananas, so they retired, peeling and eating them as they walked along.

Gradually I worked down toward Chatham Square again, and, at the corner of Oliver Street, a gentleman, with whom I am well acquainted, but whom I had not met for nearly a year, paused in his walk as though waiting for a car. The gas-lamp showed me who he was, and I at once vociferously importuned him to buy some apples.

"I don't want any apples," he said, in a somewhat surly tone.

"Surely," I rejoined, "you'll buy an apple of ——— ———, for old times' sake?"

He was round by my side in a moment. "Good God!" he exclaimed. "Has it come to this, old fellow? I knew the world hadn't used you over-well; but this is terrible. I always told you that that newspaper and writing business was no good. Where one succeeds, five hundred fail;" and then he added, without pausing, "What is your poor wife doing?"

This was more than I bargained for, and it was as much as I could do to preserve my self-possession. "Oh, my wife's all right," I replied, in as off-hand a manner as I could at the moment assume.

"Is she?" he rejoined, with a *soupçon* of sternness in his tone; "you seem to take it tolerably coolly, considering all things."

I laughed—a jarring kind of laugh, and said: "Well,

you buy ten cents' worth of apples, and I'll give the money to my wife."

He picked out the apples and laid down a ten-cent stamp, which I immediately pocketed. Mind, I say he *picked them out*, although he supposed he was buying them for charity's sake. But this little *lache* was evidently unintentional—probably the result of habit, or of not thinking of what he was doing—for the next moment he laid his hand on my shoulder and said, warmly:

"Say, old boy, can't I do something for you beyond buying ten cents' worth of apples?"

This was more than I could stand. I grasped his hand and told him the true state of affairs. At first, he seemed a little vexed; but in another moment he was laughing heartily, and, emptying his pockets on to the barrow, exclaimed:

"Confound your apples! give me back my ten cents."

This I absolutely refused to do. I explained to him that we had made a contract; that that contract had been fulfilled by both the contracting parties, and that there was an end of all transactions between us when he took his apples and I received my money. To this argument he responded by giving me a ferocious dig in the ribs, and, on learning that I was temporarily leading a bachelor life, by making me swear by my household *penates* that I would dine with him at seven o'clock the following evening. To this arrangement I readily as-

sented, and, in response to an order to "git," from an officer who had been watching us from the other corner, I took a turn down Oliver Street, taking considerable pleasure in walking as slowly as I could drag one leg after the other.

Of one thing I soon became convinced when I got among the back streets—an apple-vender ought to be like a potato; he should have eyes all over him. One of a crowd of boys will pick up an apple at the head of the barrow and give a ten-cent stamp in payment. This, of course, necessitates the peddler going to the head of the barrow, too, and then fumbling in his pocket for change. In the mean time, the remainder of the crowd make a raid on the other end of the barrow and are lost to sight among the innumerable surrounding alleys before he can turn round. Of course, the "stool-pigeon" protests that he has no acquaintance with any of them; and, as the unhappy peddler wheels off in search of more profitable peddling-grounds, a chorus of groans and jeers, and often a bit of apple-rind, or even part of an apple, salute him from all sides. There is no help for it. He has to grin and bear it. At least, I know I had to do so several times during my one experience in the coster-mongering line of business.

Not liking the neighborhood, I once more turned in the direction of Chatham Square, and took a turn up Division Street. Here I met with an unlooked-for misfortune. In getting out of the way of a hack-carriage which was coming rapidly down the street, I caught the

wheel of my truck in the hind-wheel of a grocery-wagon which was drawn up for the night in front of its proprietor's store. I tugged and tugged away; but the light spring-wagon came forward at every tug, and the wheels seemed to be wedded together for life. At last I succeeded in tugging the barrow and the grocery-wagon almost at a right angle across the street.

Of a certainty, an officer would appear at that unlucky moment, and he did appear. Instead of offering to help me out of my difficulties, he asked me "how the hell" I had managed "to get into that muss." He declared I was drunk, pushed me back with his club, and said he would "take me in," if I didn't "keep quiet," and "have my license taken away."

Heavens alive! He could have knocked me down with a feather, without taking the totally unnecessary trouble of using his club. For the first time it occurred to me that, though driving a licensed vender's truck, I was not the licensed vender. Penalty—fine and imprisonment, or both, in the discretion of the magistrate. Visions of ten days, or maybe three months, on the Island took possession of my brain, and drove every drop of moisture in my body through the pores of the skin in cascades of cold perspiration. I had committed an actual offense against the law; unintentionally I had defrauded the municipal revenue. That officer had my liberty in his keeping and didn't know it.

What was I to do? The officer himself answered my agonized mental inquiry.

"What are you standin' starin' at?" he exclaimed, after he had tried for at least two minutes, and had made himself purple in the face in doing so, to separate those two loving wheels.

I thought it wiser not to remind him that he had driven me away with his club, and immediately set to work to help him. As soon as he tugged at the wagon and I tugged at the barrow the thing was done—as the conjurers say, with "no preparation, no mechanique." How thankful I was when that officer told me to be off and not to dare to show myself again on his beat that night, I need hardly attempt to express. He could have locked me up as legally and as nicely as possible had he but known that I had no license, and, had he only known who I was, he would certainly have experienced unusual pleasure in consigning me to limbo in one of his station-house cells. My gratitude to him was too deep for expression.

I hurried down Chatham Street—at that time of night no difficult thing to do—and to my joy found my Irishman waiting for me in Chambers Street, as he had promised. He was rather drunk—just sufficiently so to be dishonest. He appraised my remaining stock far below its value; but I would not allow him to remove it till he had paid over the money. While he was carrying in the things in baskets I revenged myself by robbing him of eight apples—all my jacket-pockets would hold—which I distributed a few minutes after to some gentlemen, who pronounced them

"excellent, most excellent." My stock in trade cost me four dollars and a half, which, added to the hire of the barrow, made my outlay six dollars. My sales amounted to two dollars and forty-eight cents. Of this sum I calculate that at least two-thirds was clear profit. Had my Irishman acted honorably he should have given me two dollars and forty-six cents for my surplus stock. The scoundrel would not give me more than one dollar and a half—just what I had to pay him for his truck. Thus, my balance-sheet showed a dead loss of two dollars and two cents, exclusive of the eight apples which I filched from the truck. My case is, of course, an exceptional one, on account of the heavy charges for hire of the barrow, and the loss incurred by the forced sale of my stock. Take it all in all, however, I don't think apple-peddling is a very paying business. It certainly would not support a large family in comfort and gentility.

DOWN IN A COAL-MINE.

To my mind, one of the most vexatious of nuisances is the modern street-boy, who, with a curious mixture of self-complacency, stolidity, and stupidity, expressed in his ugly countenance, seems to know no pleasure in life but whistling, as loudly as he can, the latest new popular melody (so called), varied with an occasional howl and cat-call, and who only draws his idle hands from his at other times empty breeches-pockets when he desires to insert his two little fingers in his mouth and to produce, by their agency, that awfully shrill and excruciating whistle, which is his only mode of saluting an acquaintance on the other side of the street. I have always marveled at the taste of the poetical songster who immortalized "The Curly-headed, Whistling Plowboy," but have hitherto excused his folly on the supposition that, in his day, there was no "Shoo-fly," no "Up in a Balloon," no "Captain Jinks," and a hundred other similar musical monstrosities to jar on his ear, and destroy his peace of mind. But, of late, I have grown more charitably disposed toward this gentleman's memory; for, for the last few months,

the whistling street-boy has so dinned "Down in a Coal-Mine" into my ears, and has appeared to find such exquisite pleasure in the thought of "digging dusty diamonds underneath the ground," that he at last awoke me to the fact that I had never yet been down in a coal-mine. It was humiliating to think that the thoughtless butcher-boy, who every morning brings the tender chop or the juicy kidney for my breakfast, should evince an intimate acquaintance with a subject of such importance as coal-mining, and I know nothing about it. Like the wretched being whom *Punch* took off in "A Swell's Homage to Mrs. Stowe," I made a virtuous resolution. Bored beyond endurance by "ev'wy gal he asked to dance" demanding his opinion about the different characters in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the swell petulantly exclaimed:

> "A'll study at some Wagged-School
> The tale of that old Blackamaw!"

I exclaimed: "I'll go 'Down in a Coal-Mine,' and at least raise my store of geological information to the level of that of the common street-boy."

Almost boiling over with this most virtuous and praiseworthy intention, I stowed myself and valise aboard the cars of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and in five hours was dumped (I believe that is the correct technical term in the coal-regions) at Mauch Chunk, one of the principal coal-mining districts in the Lehigh Valley anthracite region.

As the guide-book writers say, Mauch Chunk "is a

place of some importance," especially in the admiring eyes of Mauch-Chunkers. There's a name to go to bed with! All the dwellers in that mountain-walled-in village, from the high and mighty, headed by Asa Packer, down to the colored boy who blacks your boots at the Mansion House Hotel, delight to speak of their part of the Lehigh Valley as "the Switzerland of America."

As I looked from my window on to the snow-clad and precipitous sides of the mountains, with their bare stumps and sparsely-scattered pines, and listened to the rush of the Lehigh River, there was undoubtedly something about the scene which might call to mind the lovely valleys which the railroad skirts between Basel and Olten Junction, on its way to Lake Lucerne. But it is all what a Frenchman would call very much *en miniature*—the coarser Yankee would characterize it as "one-horse," and, while thinking of it and Switzerland in the same connection, there is an uncontrollable impulse to exclaim that Nature must have laid out Mauch Chunk as the hydrographers do our maps and surveys—so many inches to the square mile.

Some twelve or fourteen years ago I encountered a perfect specimen of the disagreeable type of Yankee—noisy, inquisitive, boastful, vulgar, and *nouveau riche* to a degree—in a spot where he certainly would not have been sought for by any enthusiastic ethnologist desirous of studying his peculiarities. It was at St. Morlaix, one of those pleasantly-quaint old French towns of Brittany which are a feature of the *Côte du Nord*. He

had landed at Havre; turned up, he knew not how, at Brest; seen that "first-class fraud" at Carnac—the Druidical remains of the army of pagans, who were intending to make mince-meat of St. Corneille and his Christian followers at the very moment they were themselves converted into stone; wondered why in hell people should go and live in a place like Quimper; nearly sworn himself hoarse at the *diligence*, its joltings and the hard cushions of its *rotonde*, which had brought him to St. Morlaix; and, being in that interesting little place, was very mad to think that he must stay there for the night. His contempt for it and its comically narrow streets was unbounded, and, after the *table-d'hôte* dinner was over, I left him addressing a little knot of astonished but still polite Frenchmen, who did not understand a word he was saying on the subject. The last words I caught were:

"Call this a town! Why, I've been using the parlor on the other side of the street for a spittoon, and if its back-window was only open I should have used the yard. I was obliged to; there's no room to spit in the street."

Well, at Mauch Chunk, where the Lehigh Valley sweeps in a horseshoe round Bear Mountain, and narrows almost into a gorge, which can hardly be five hundred feet across at its base, there is the feeling that Nature has been what modern artists call "a little skimpy," and has made the valley just a *soupçon* too narrow. You have to look up, at the risk of cricking the

nape of your neck, in order to catch a glimpse of the sky. An active school-boy could throw a stone from one side of the valley to the other with ease; and every inch of intervening space is occupied. Into that narrow gorge are crowded a line of buildings, a sidewalk, a street, the Lehigh & Susquehanna Railroad, the Lehigh River, the Lehigh Canal, the Lehigh Valley Railroad, and yourself. If that is not making much out of little, it is difficult to say what would be. It is certainly a praiseworthy example of economy of space.

But paved streets, canals, railroads, and coal-cars, valuable as they are in themselves, do not make so picturesque a foreground to the opposite mountain as do the rich, bright-green pasture-lands—perfect parterres of wild-flowers, as they are—the winding paths, the rustic cottages and bridges, the pretty peasant-girls, the cows and goats of the Swiss valleys. Nor is coal, in spite of its aristocratic *alias*—black diamonds—a fascinating object to rest the eye upon, when it is piled in enormous heaps, or is on its way to New York or Philadelphia in endless trains of grimy cars.

Still, though the Lehigh Valley, at Mauch Chunk, cannot claim to compare with such grandly magnificent valleys as Chamounix and Grindelwalde, it nevertheless presents a very striking prospect, and is most deservedly visited by numbers of pleasure-seekers. The view from the top of Mount Pisgah alone well repays a journey to Mauch Chunk.

Like the gentleman who thought that there was

nothing like leather, Mauch Chunk thinks that there is nothing like coal. Coal is king here. Not after the fashion of the Old King Cole of history, who "called for his pipe, and called for his glass, and called for his fiddlers three;" but after a plain, practical, work-a-day fashion. The village was built on coal by means of coal; and all those who are not connected with the coal-mines or the coal-carrying railroads and canal, make their living by supplying those who are, with the necessaries and luxuries of life and are, too, just as actively alive to the merits of high and low prices of coal in New York and Philadelphia as the mine-owners, and feel the effects of a strike among the miners and laborers as severely as the strikers themselves. I have no doubt that the religious citizens of Mauch Chunk devoutly pray for cold weather, privately in their inmost souls if not publicly in their churches, just as the farmers pray for fine or wet weather, according as their crops need sun or rain.

Could I, then, have chosen a more favorable spot for acquiring the knowledge of which I was in search?

But the celebrated Switch Back Railroad, which travels over the mountains to the coal-mines, is, after coal itself, the great and chief glory of Mauch Chunk. The hotels and store-windows present it to you from every photographic point of view, from *carte-de-visite* size upward. The hotel-clerk notices the direction of your glance as you lay down the registration-pen, and at once remarks in an offhand tone as if replying to an

unasked question, "The Switch Back, sir." In the dining-room your next neighbor, perhaps only a twenty-four hours' visitor himself, asks you if you have done "the Switch Back." In the street, if you are looking for some particular store, the ubiquitous small native is sure to ask you if you want to go to "the Switch Back" Railway-depot, and, before you have time to reply, kindly offers to escort you thither for the trifling remuneration of ten cents. A New-York Arab would demand at least a quarter of a dollar for the same service. People talk about Mount Pisgah till they give the uninitiated stranger the impression that they have traveled in the Holy Land; and speak of traveling over it at a rate of eighteen miles an hour without steam, horse, or any other motive power, till said stranger thinks that they are escaped lunatics or have left all their wits at a wool-gathering party on the shores of the Dead Sea. At last, in self-defense, he determines to investigate this famous Switch Back, sees in a moment how the milk got into the cocoa-nut, and has a very enjoyable morning's ride of a very novel and peculiar character.

A quarter of an hour's walk from the hotel up a very steep incline—the beginning of the ascent of Mount Pisgah—brought me to a small shanty building which is dignified with the name of the Mauch Chunk and Summit Hill Railroad Depot, where some half a dozen blue-nosed mechanics were indulging in a war-dance in their desperate fight with the cold, nipping air, while

waiting for the train. The train consisted of one small car, about the size of a one-horse street-car, and no sooner did the brakeman release the brakes than it started from its own weight down a slight decline for a distance of two or three hundred yards to the foot of the plane, which runs up to the top of the mountain.

On this plane a double track is laid with a ratchet-rail in the centre. As soon as the passenger-car arrived at the bottom of the plane, the safety-car, something like a heavily-constructed trolly, with side apparatus for working on the ratchet-rail, came up behind it, and, drawn up the plane by two broad iron bands working over a steam-power-driven drum at the top, propelled the passenger-car before it at an astonishingly high rate of speed, taking into consideration the fact that the rise in the grade is 664 in 2,322 feet, or very nearly one in three. Should the iron bands happen to snap, the safety-car is immediately caught by the ratchet-rail, and so firmly held that retrogression of the cars is impossible.

The view from the top of Mount Pisgah, which is nearly fourteen hundred feet above tide-water, is very fine. The surrounding valleys of Bloomingdale, Panther Creek, and Nesquehoning, stretch away to the west; to the east lie the Lehigh Valley, Lehigh Gap, and the Blue Mountains; while, running from the mountain-side down into the Panther-Creek Valley, the enormous mountains of slate and dirt brought out of the mines, the collections of three-quarters of a century,

give one, with their covering of snow, the idea of miuia-ture glaciers.

Leaving Mount Pisgah, the weight of the car was again its motive power, and the slight decline in the grade carried it at the speed of eighteen miles an hour to Mount Jefferson, a distance of six miles and one fur-long—the total fall between the two points being only 302 feet. Another plane, similar in construction to that running up Mount Pisgah, and 2,070 feet in length, carried the car up to the top of Mount Jeffer-son, whence a nearly level run of one mile brought us to Summit Hill, the point from which all the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company's mining operations are directed, and the point from which I was to start in order to carry out my heroic resolution of going Down in a Coal-Mine.

Gentle reader, in sober earnest I carried out that resolution; but, take my advice, let nothing tempt you to follow my example. Of all the difficult, costly, and unpleasant ways of acquiring knowledge, exploring a coal-mine should head the list. Here is my schedule of direct and indirect damages:

One nearly new silk hat and one pair of kid-gloves, utterly ruined; one pair of trousers, one pair of boots, and one overcoat, seriously, almost irretrievably, damaged by coal-dust, mud, and water; a serious though temporary enlargement of the cranium, a vio-lent cold, and an attack of rheumatism in prospective.

To my cost, I have discovered that the words of the

seductive melody of "Down in a Coal-Mine," convey a very false impression; and, as I have passed through the agony, I philanthropically propose to give my experience to the world, in the hope that, in the language of the late Mr. William Barlow, of pious memory, all "young fellows" will "take warning by me."

Five or six inches of "beautiful snow" lay on the ground, and the cold almost froze my cigar to my lips, when I stepped out of the car on the top of Summit Hill, and wended my way to the office of the company. The superintendent of the mines had very kindly placed one of his engineers at my disposal, and a boy was in waiting to escort me to his grimy presence.

"Oh, you be the man what's going into number eight?" remarked the lad in an inquiring tone.

I told him that if "number eight" was a mine, he was correct.

He smiled a scoffing smile at my unsophisticated ignorance, and, saying, "Come on, then," led the way through the snow at an unusual pace for a boy. I suppose mining-boys don't take things as leisurely as other boys do.

On we tramped through the snow, over the mountain and along the valley, passing through villages, where the miners' wives and children all stared at me as though I were an Apache Indian, snarling curs without number snapped at my heels, and occasional bits of coal whizzed by me in a fashion to lead me to suppose that I was the target at which they were aimed, though

whenever I turned round to ascertain whether this was so or not, all the little boys were looking the other way. Their unanimity of action was certainly suspicious.

By the time we reached the mouth of the mine, we had walked two miles and my boots, stockings, and the lower parts of my trousers, were saturated with snow-water. I found that the entrance of the mine was at the end of a long tunnel, the bed of which was laid with a car-track six inches deep in slush, with a shallow stream of running water on one side. On inquiry, we learned that the engineer was in the mine. The boy at once produced a small oil-lamp, something like a toy tin coffee-pot, the spout doing duty as a wick-tube. He lit his lamp at an enormous fire, which was burning at the entrance of the tunnel, and around which half a dozen miners, who looked like the chimney-sweeps of a quarter of a century ago, stood warming themselves. Each of them had a similar lamp attached by a hook to the front of his hat. They regarded me with an air of pity, but maintained a gloomy silence. Turning up the bottoms of my trousers, I followed my guide and dashed boldly into the tunnel.

In a few moments I was in darkness as black as that which the Egyptians of old found so unpleasant, a darkness which the slight glimmer from the boy's lamp only rendered more puzzling. And presently I heard the rumbling of cars and the shouting of mule-drivers approaching us; and whether they were ten feet or a hundred yards off it was impossible to say.

In a few moments I almost ran against a man, whose lamp I did not see till he was within four or five feet of me, and who told me, with an oath, to stand aside. Stand aside! Yes. But where? There was no help for it but to step boldly into the stream at my side, and quietly stand in the water till the train of cars had passed. I comforted myself by thinking that, as I was already thoroughly wet-footed, the ordeal was, after all, not so very trying a one, and I resignedly stepped into the water.

Again we started, I sticking to my boy like a frightened child holding on to the skirts of its mother's dress in a crowd and muttering curses, deep though not loud, against the springs of water in the rock above, which deluged me with a perfect shower-bath, and trickled playfully down my back, as though I were a naiad disguised in male costume, and they were paying me a very welcome compliment.

At last we reached the end of the tunnel and the opening of the mine, and I was duly introduced to Mr. ——, the engineer, by my guide. He, too, had one of the small lamps stuck on the front of his hat. I shook hands with a man I could scarcely see, and who seemed to have a head-piece like a rising full-moon, with a thick haze round it, so peculiar is the effect of these dim lamps on the eyes of those unaccustomed to coal-mine life.

This gentleman explained to me the meaning of slopes, lifts, and gangways, before he began to show

me around. A slope is the plane on which cars are hauled up and let down; the lifts are like the floors of a house, one below the other, to which the slopes are staircases, as it were. The gangways are side-passages leading to different parts of the lift.

The engineer also explained to me the mystery of "breasts." This making of "breasts" is a very profitable though dangerous operation to the miner and requires an old and skilled hand. The miner, as far as I understand it, cuts a gallery from the gangway a certain distance into the vein, and then begins to mine out a large chamber, only removing sufficient coal to enable him to work with ease, and using the remainder, as he picks it from above, as a constantly-ascending platform to enable him to reach his work. The exposure to the atmosphere causes the coal to emit a cracking noise, but, when the chamber becomes so large that the superincumbent weight of coal is likely to give way, the sound of the cracking is slightly different. This difference the practised ear of the old miner can detect, and he at once retires to more safe quarters, waiting patiently till the mass of coal above falls. Sometimes he has only to wait a few hours, sometimes for days; but sooner or later down comes an enormous mass, breaking up as it falls, and the miner often gets out coal enough to occupy himself and laborers a long while in carting away. An inexperienced miner is apt to stay too long in a breast and lose his life by being buried under the falling mass of coal.

The company pays the miner so much for every ton of coal loaded in cars in the mine, according to the basis of the coal-owners' convention. The miner employs his own laborers, generally paying them two dollars a day.

Directly we left the tunnel the line of demarcation between the rock and coal was as distinctly marked as the stripes in a black-and-white dress. The solid rock of the tunnel, of course, requires no support; but the coal is carefully shored up with enormous balks of rough timber every two or three feet. The uprights are called logs, the cross-beams, collars. And yet so great is the pressure at the sides and from above, that these huge trunks of trees break like twigs. All night, and often in the daytime, the replacing of the timbers is carried on. They last no time; and, as, in the event of a lift falling in, the miners would probably starve before they could be got out, no precaution in the way of effective shoring-up is omitted.

After wandering about the gangways and galleries of the top lift, inspecting the formidable array of boilers which furnish the motive-power and control the ventilation, examining a pump of wonderful capacity, four hundred and twenty-five gallons at a movement, which occurs four times in a minute, being introduced to Joneses, Williamses, and Davises, without number (all the miners are Welshmen, and the laborers Irishmen), we made our way to the head of the slope by which we were to descend to the second lift, a distance of three

hundred feet. The vista down the tunnel, which descended at an angle of forty-five degrees, was any thing but inviting. Several men with head-lamps stood at the top, looking like so many noisome imps of darkness; and, as I glanced around, I could almost fancy I saw a vision of Dante and Beatrice, as Ary Scheffer pictured them, at the entrance to the infernal regions. At the bottom, I believe I half expected to find old Charon with his ferry-boat, ready to carry me across the Styx, to pay a court visit to their imperial majesties, Pluto and Proserpine, and to hear the surly growl of old Cerberus, as he gave warning to the ruler of Hades of the approach of a stranger.

The cars are hauled up and let down the slope on a "cage," to which an iron-wire rope is attached. This rope winds, in either direction, round a revolving drum about four feet in diameter. By this arrangement one cage comes up as the other goes down.

"Where is the cage?" I inquired, fully expecting to see some sort of a car of rude construction.

"There it is," replied my guide, pointing to a mere hollow framework of heavy timbers, with strong backing, which lay on the small part of the track, at the top, which is level, and is sunk enough to bring the top of the cage just below the level of the lift.

To avoid delays and the risk of couplings breaking, the cars are not hauled on this plane. They are run over the cage on a track wider than the cage, and the moment the drum begins to revolve, the car is raised

from its own track and carried up or down the plane on the cage.

I by no means liked the look of the cage as a means of conveyance. There was nothing to hold on by, and only the two cross-bars to sit upon, with the chance of using the iron braces as a purchase for the feet, at the expense of a most uncomfortable doubling up of the legs. One of the Joneses very considerately spread a bunch of hay on the top cross-bar and I took my seat, not exactly in a nervous state of mind, but, nevertheless, with a wish that I was safe at the bottom of the slope.

Away we started, throwing ourselves into a semi-horizontal position, as though we were about to be shaved. But, as there was no friendly chair-back to support the head and shoulders, the position was by no means one of luxurious ease. When we were about half-way down, I asked my companion:

"What would stop us in case the wire-rope broke?"

That reckless and heartless man actually chuckled, as he replied, "The bottom, I guess."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, "do you mean to say that there is absolutely no provision for stopping the car?"

"None whatever," he replied.

"Does the rope ever break?" I inquired.

"Sometimes," he replied.

"And what happens to those who are unlucky enough to be stopped by 'the bottom?'" I asked, eagerly.

He answered my question as coolly as though I had asked after his health in a casual way.

"Oh, they mostly get badly injured or killed," he said.

I shuddered, he chuckled again, and we were at the bottom.

As I stepped off the cage on to lift number two, I breathed more freely, and tried to convert familiarity with the danger into contempt for it, by telling myself that perhaps, after all, the engineer was only laughing at me in his sleeve, and that there was no more real danger in it than in glissading down mountain snow-slopes, a mode of locomotion which is delightfully invigorating and exciting and in which I have often indulged.

Here I had a long talk with another Jones on the dangers of a coal-miner's life. He told me that he always kept his eyes and ears open to the movements of the mules. Their long ears are particularly adapted to catching the faintest sound. They can detect some sounds before the most experienced miners, whether the cracking of the coal means mischief or no, and they will be making for any port in a storm, often squeezing through the narrowest apertures, before the miners are aware that something is going to happen.

"And, sir, a few seconds is a mighty sight of time," added Mr. Jones; "you can go a long ways in two seconds when Death's after you."

I fully agreed with him. Now, I have never held mules, as domesticated animals, in high esteem; but,

during the remainder of my stay in that coal-mine, I became so interested in them that I never lost sight of them, if I could avoid doing so.

In this lift two men were cutting a new air-shaft in an upward direction. A smaller shaft had been driven in a diagonal direction, a little on one side, so as to meet the permanent shaft. A small boy was pumping fresh air through an air-condensing pump into the smaller shaft, the air returning through the large one after the miners had had the benefit of it. Who would be a miner? In other parts of the lift miners were working away with their picks at the solid mass in front of them, the little lamps giving them just sufficient light, and shedding a strange luminosity over the exquisite rainbow hues of the anthracite, the colors changing like those of a kaleidoscope with the slightest movement of the miner's head.

We approached the top of the second slope, intending to descend to lift number two. A coal-car stood at the top. I presumed we should have to wait till it went down and the cage came up on the other side. I was mistaken. In reply to my inquiries, my guide told me that they had no cages on that slope; that the tunnel in which it ran was too low. The correctness of his statement was soon afterward impressed upon me in a very forcible but highly-objectionable way.

"How are we to get down, then?" I asked, for I saw that it was impossible to get into the car.

I received orders to take off my hat, hold my head down, jump on to the end of one of the side-beams on which the car was built and which project slightly behind, and hold tight.

I obeyed my instructions, but not without some misgivings. My standing-place was only eight or nine inches square, and covered with slimy, coal-dust mud. The top of the back of the car was just as bad, and I had to hold on like grim death in order to hold on at all, for we had to stoop down till we could just peep over the back of the car, like small boys playing at hide-and-seek. We had scarcely started when I had a fearful scare. A sharp crack almost brought my heart into my mouth. "My God! there goes the rope," I exclaimed to myself, as I thought of my wife and children, and then of that awful bottom at which certain death awaited me. The next minute I was *blessing* my nerves, and thinking whether I dare release one hand from its grip on the back of the car in order to rub the top of my head. One of the shoring timbers, not the rope, had given that alarming crack, and when I had sprung up my cranium had come in violent collision with the timbers only a few inches above it. The shower-bath, too, from the roof of this tunnel was a pretty severe one, and, altogether, when we reached the bottom I was in a sorry plight.

However, I put the best face on it, continued my explorations without a murmur, evinced the liveliest interest in the very geological conversation of my guide,

and, I believe, succeeded in impressing him with the idea that I was enjoying myself beyond measure.

This is the lowest lift in the mine at present, though the cutting of the tunnel for a third slope is already begun. In one part of this lift they were blasting out a new gangway, and I found the miner who was in charge of the operation, a thoughtful and intelligent man. He showed me how they followed the seams of coal, and explained many other difficulties. I was introduced to him, but did not catch his name, though I presume it was Jones. He was lamenting the sickness of the mule he worked in drawing his coal from the blast. He propounded a novel and somewhat startling theory as to the cause of the "ippysutic" disease, as he called it.

"Look here, sir!" he said, "there's my mule; she's down two lifts (six hundred feet below the level of the valley), and she's been down here for four months; never been up once. There ain't no sick mules down here for her to catch it from; and the ventilation-shaft don't reach here yet. You can see that by the atmosphere."

I could. The air was quite thick and laden with sulphur, gas, and powder-smoke, which could find no outlet.

"Now, sir," continued the miner, in an emphatic manner, "what I wants to know is this: How did that 'ippysutic' find its way down here? I'll tell you. We imports a sight of oats from Canády" (accent on the sec-

ond *a*, if you please). "The disease bust out in Canády just after harvest, and spread far an' wide from Canády wherever there's horses or mules. It's them oats as done it; you mark my word if it ain't!"

Without indorsing or attempting to dispute this miner's theory, I must say that it is a plausible and thoughtful view of the matter to come from the lips of a man of very limited education and, of necessity, so thoroughly out of the world as a miner is. Impressed with this idea, I shook his blackened hand warmly as I bade him good-day, and, as I trudged through the slush back to the foot of the slope, I regretted that the atmosphere of his gangway should have prevented my having a longer chat with him. He told me that he worked there from seven o'clock in the morning till five o'clock in the evening, not even going up to eat his dinner. How he stands it, I cannot imagine. In the few minutes that I was with him, my lungs got so charged with powder-smoke and noxious vapors, that I felt the effects for an hour or so after I had once more breathed the pure air.

I also felt the great change in the temperature on leaving the mine. The temperature in the mine scarcely ever varies, summer or winter, from 50° Fahr. It was about that on the occasion of my visit; but outside, in the valley, it was freezing sharply. If the difference of 25° can be so felt in the winter-time, what must be the effect on the miners on leaving the very cool temperature of 50° in the shade, to find themselves suddenly

exposed to a blistering sun and 130° of heat when they quit work for dinner! So warm was the mine that, as I made my way back through the tunnel to the valley, I noticed that the little stream of water which runs through it, sent up a considerable quantity of steam as it approached the opening.

Another thing rather discomfited me. While in the mine, the pupils of my eyes had gradually accustomed themselves to the intense darkness, and on emerging into the bright light, especially with the vast expanse of snow before me, my sight was very wavering. I saw all sorts of colors, and waving bands, and revolving circles of colored light in the atmosphere. This lasted for a considerable time. In fact, it did not entirely pass away till some time after sunset, when the natural darkness was fast approaching. As a general thing, the mules in the upper lifts are taken out in the fresh air once a week. Those which remain below any length of time without this change, are entirely blind when they are eventually brought up, and a long time elapses before they thoroughly recover their sight.

I was by no means sorry once more to be out in the sunlight. I must acknowledge that I am glad to have explored a coal-mine; but I repeat, that the actual experience is far from being as pleasant as the remembrance of the novel and curious sights which it presents. I cannot say that a miner's life is one which, as a laboring-man, I should select before all others. True, they

make a good deal of money ; often one hundred and fifty, two hundred, and two hundred and fifty dollars a month. But I fail to see that even this high rate of earnings affords a due compensation for being buried alive, for the best part of the term of one's natural life, Down in a Coal-Mine.

"A. P."

LIFE IN A CIRCUS.

It was in the thriving little manufacturing town of Pawtucket, which lies partly in Rhode Island and partly in Massachusetts, that I was initiated into the mysteries of the Sawdust Ring. I had entered into an engagement, as it turned out, far from a lucrative one with the proprietors of Howes's Great London Circus, and Sanger's Menagerie of trained animals, to appear for "positively one week only" as a member of their matchless company; not as a star rider, a gymnast, or a contortionist, nor even as a "merrie jester," but in the humble though very useful capacity of "supe." There is nothing like taking a back-seat in the lowest chamber. You can sink no lower, and you may possibly rise to any height to which your ardent ambition may soar. In a traveling circus you may even rise so high as to be deemed worthy of the honor of being sworn at by the ring-master, and, by displaying unheard-of merit and some business ability, you may, by a streak of good luck, be actually promoted to the proud position of ticket-collector at the doors.

Fired with a noble and laudable ambition, I had

THE CIRCUS RING.

(Portrait of character, from a photograph by Gurney.)

procured such a letter of introduction to Mr. Howes as at once secured me a position, humble as it was, in that gentleman's vast establishment, and five minutes after receiving my appointment I was duly enrolled on the paymaster's books, that official being instructed by Mr. Howes to conduct me to the awful presence of the "boss" of the "supes." My boss was one of those gentlemen of length without breadth, as that bugbear of my school-boy days—Euclid—defined a line; but, withal, wiry and muscular. He looked me up and down with a critical eye, and then he curtly inquired of the paymaster, in the most contemptuous tone:

"Where in hell did you pick *that* up?" at the same time pointing scornfully with his thumb at poor me.

This was not encouraging by any means for a young beginner. However, the paymaster gave him to understand that Mr. Howes himself was my godfather.

"Why didn't you say so before?" growled my boss, in a surly way; and then, turning to me, he ordered me to follow him.

The afternoon performance was about to begin, so I was divested of my literary jacket, thrust into a scarlet coat that was too small for me, and told to assist in putting the fancy trappings on the ladies' horses, and make myself generally useful in the entry way of the ring. What a glorious *début!*

Within twenty minutes my "boss" confidentially told the ring-manager that "that new supe you've took on don't seem to amount to much." The ring-manager

replied, however, that it was none of his business; that Mr. Howes had taken me on. An hour afterward my "boss" declared to Mr. Howes himself that I "wasn't worth a cent a day, and that he had better 'shake' me as soon as possible." Before the performance was half over, he had sworn at me a dozen times for idling about (ignorance of my duties compelled me to confine my efforts to carrying the resin-board, on which the acrobats and gymnasts rubbed the soles of their shoes, into the ring); and after the final act he indignantly remonstrated with Mr. Howes, whose unusual passiveness he could not understand, told him that I was "nothing better than a God-damned loafer," and that he didn't "want no such chaps as him around."

I had not been long a member of the circus troupe before I discovered that all my previous ideas with regard to that class of people were totally erroneous—at least, so far as those with whom I was thrown in contact were concerned. I had expected to find myself among a rollicking, roystering set of men, who preferred short pipes and tobies of ale to wine and cigars, and whose dressing-room was a theatrical exhibition of every thing that is coarse and objectionable. And I had more than a vague suspicion that some of the ladies might be a little loose in their notions of strict propriety. I was astonished, then, to meet a company of staid and decorous ladies and gentlemen, quiet and rather reserved in manner, and so far from having

a liking for dissipation that they were only too anxious to get to bed as soon as they got home from the evening performance.

Nearly all the ladies in the troupe are the wives of the gentlemen in the troupe. Among the riding "stars" there is one family, comprising two brothers, the wife of one of the brothers, and three sisters. They are connected by marriage with Mr. Howes, and, even if he were careless on that subject, and he is not by any means, they would not tolerate for one moment the companionship of any one against whom there was a breath of suspicion. The leading clown has his wife in the troupe; so has the leading acrobat, the band-master, some of the somersault leapers and others. Even the women who sell lemonade, oranges, cake, and candy, are wives of the ticket-sellers or other employés. A few of them have a young child or two with them.

The leading clown, or, as he should more properly be termed, the jester—for he takes for his model the court fools of the middle ages—has been in the ring for five-and-twenty years. He has been all through Europe, in Australia, India, China, Japan, the Feejee Islands, and Egypt, and has even paid a visit of pleasure to the arctic regions in a whaling-ship. Being a man of thought and intelligence, he has stored his mind with a mass of the most interesting information. He has, as have all his companions, a great idea of sustaining the good name and reputation of the profession.

Another thing particularly struck me—the dress of the lady riders. There was none of that prurient suggestiveness about it which is doing so much to demoralize the stage. It was neat and tasteful, yet pretty and attractive, only short enough to enable them to go through their acts, and free from all unnecessary exposure of the shoulders and bosom.

It is not an uncommon thing among church-going provincials to regard a circus as "something to be avoided," if not even an invention of Satan himself. I have no hesitation in saying that, so far as Mr. Howes's circus is concerned, no child could possibly see any thing in it but a legitimate afternoon's or evening's pleasure and excitement. At all events, I can bear witness that it was so while I remained a "supe" in Mr. Howes's circus.

I cannot, I think, furnish stronger testimony to the general demeanor of our company, than by quoting a remark, which I happened to overhear, made by the landlord of one of the hotels where we stopped to one of his other guests:

"If I had not been at the entrance when they arrived," he said, "I should not have known that there was a circus-man in the house."

There were over thirty of us in that one hotel.

Circus-life begins very early in the morning. It could hardly well begin much earlier, unless it began the night before. But, when it is considered that the journey from one town to another often occupies six

hours, and that the doors are open for the mid-day performance at one o'clock, it is evident that this is necessary.

The company is divided into four detachments. The first—the hostlers—starts with the stable-tents at two o'clock; the second, with the menagerie and circus-tents, starts at three o'clock; the cages of animals, and the enormous pageantry chariots follow them; and all the performers start as soon as they have got through their four o'clock breakfast. One very strict rule brings every man to his post at the right time for starting; no one is allowed to ride on any other wagon than his own. To those, like myself, unaccustomed to sleeping in the daytime, going to bed at half-past eleven and getting up at half-past three is a terrible infliction. But, after an hour's ride in the fresh, bracing air of the early morning, one's energies are soon alive, and an interest is aroused in the game of euchre or whist going on in one of the omnibuses, and in the running fire of *badinage* which is kept up all along the line as those members of the company who have buggies of their own pass wagon after wagon.

When the foot of a hill is reached, most of the men turn out and walk, so as to ease the teams, and many a back-somersault is turned on the high-road, with only a few startled cows looking over the fence by way of spectators.

I used to like to walk by the side of the elephants. They march with such a solemn, stately tread, as though

they were a mere lifeless mass moved by means of machinery, and I must ask the reader to accept my assurance that the elephants which traveled with us were no common elephants. They are, in their way, far more remarkable members of a circus troupe than I was myself. I had made great friends with one of them, and used to put a roll in my pocket every morning for him to steal. One morning I put it in the wrong pocket, and he got nothing but my pipe and tobacco, which, on finding out his mistake, he very knowingly replaced. He was an animal of considerable intelligence; for, one morning, when a young urchin by the roadside said to his companion, "Shouldn't I like to have a ride on that elephant," I could have sworn that my friend of the trunk winked at me, as much as to say, "Don't he wish he may get it!" As I have said, these elephants are really very wonderful animals. Their performance in the ring is marvelous, considering that their training only began in January last. They will shuffle round the ring at a great pace like the trained horses, walk on three legs, stand on their hind-legs, stand on their fore-legs, using their trunks as a support; go round the ring waltzing, and form themselves into pyramidal groups on pedestals of different heights. One of them even goes up a ladder, turns round, and comes down head-first, and another grinds a barrel-organ, turning the handle with his trunk. Altogether, it was a marvelous exhibition of animal-training; and yet their trainer tells me they can do still more wonderful tricks, though he

is not yet sufficiently sure of them to exhibit them in the ring.

Behind the elephants came four beautiful tamed zebras, drawing an elegant little park phaeton. This is the only team of four zebras that has ever been trained. Queen Elizabeth is said to have had a pair; but no other cases are recorded. The zebras used to cause me a good deal of amusement as we passed through the villages. The rustics would almost invariably exclaim, "Look at them painted donkeys!" It was the same in the show. The provincials had never heard of tame zebras before. There was always a crowd gathered around them discussing the question as to whether they were painted donkeys or really zebras. I heard one man, who evidently thought he was arguing the matter very logically, exclaim to a knot of listeners:

"See here now, them ain't zebers! don't you see they're all marked alike? They've been damned fools enough to paint 'em all to one pattern."

It was just the same with the team of eight spotted donkeys. The unsophisticated rustics would have it that they were painted. They would insist, too, that the lion-cubs were only puppy-dogs dyed to the right shade of color. What an insult to the young family of the king of the forest, who is in truth a lordly animal for whom I have the highest respect! Indeed, I have generally a school-boy hankering after circus-menageries, in spite of the Puritan anathemas under which they rest.

"I'spite of all hypocrisy can spin,
As surely as I am a Christian scion,
I cannot think it is a mortal sin
(Unless he's loose) to look upon a lion."

But I must get on to the next place where we are to perform. By the time the circus and menagerie tents arrive on the ground, the stable-tents are all erected—ten of them in all; for, with the draught-horses, the pad-horses, the trick-horses, ponies and donkeys, stabling is required for two hundred animals. While the hostlers unharness the teams and feed and groom them, the tent-men remove the canvas, heavy tent-poles, and seats from the wagons, and the foreman proceeds to lay out the ring.

Laying out the ring is rather a nice operation. It must be a perfect circle of an exact diameter, otherwise the horses would be thrown out of their stride when going round it. The bank of earth which incloses it is formed by ploughing several furrows, and then shoveling the earth up. A man must have a very correct eye and have his team under perfect control, to plough a true circle; for he has nothing but his eye to guide him.

While he is at work, the tent-men swarm about. And yet no one gets in another's way; for every one has his own poles to raise, his tent-pegs to drive, his seats to erect in a certain section of the tent, or his allotted portion of the canvas to attend to. The whole thing is done as if by clock-work, and almost as rapidly as the erection of the fairy palaces in the Arabian

Nights. I traveled with the tent-men one morning for the express purpose of seeing the tents erected. They were put up, both the circus and the menagerie tents, in a little under two hours. Now, the circus-tent itself, though not quite so big as the Circus Maximus of old Rome, which was one mile in circumference, is one hundred and thirty feet across, and holds over six thousand people. One would have thought that it would occupy a whole day to put up the seats alone. The menagerie-tent is only a little smaller than the circus-tent. As soon as the animal cages and chariots arrive, their canvas coverings are removed, the tires, axles, and springs are examined, and the dust or mud removed from the wheels. Presently, the omnibuses, rockaways, and buggies, containing the performers and the band, begin to arrive in rapid succession, their occupants hurrying away immediately for the dressing-tents.

Of the ladies' dressing-tent, of course, I am unable to say any thing. The men's tent presents a most curious spectacle in the course of five minutes. In the centre stands a sort of high pedestal with small looking-glasses arranged on the top. Before one glass stands the "funny" clown, applying any amount of mutton-fat to his face and neck before he puts on the powdered whitening and vermilion paint which is to give to his face the conventional half-ghastly, half-comical appearance which clowns affect. At the next glass stands a stalwart fellow, with nothing on but fleshings and a pair of high jack-boots, dyeing his mustache to a beau-

tiful black. Peeping over his shoulder is a companion, whose only garment is supposed to be a steel corselet, putting at least a quarter of a pint of oil upon his hair. All around are huge cases; one filled with breastplates, another with helmets, others with lances, flags, and banners, and others with great crimson jack-boots. "Helmet for Number Ten!" cries the property-man, and Number Ten, perhaps almost in a state of nudity, makes a short-cut to the property-man by means of a somersault. (All the performers are required to ride in the procession.) "Breastplate for Number Sixteen!" calls another property-man; and Number Sixteen, who is shaving, nearly cuts a piece out of his cheek. Down goes the razor, for the rules against keeping the property-man waiting are very stringent, as I found out to my cost the one morning I rode in the procession.

It was on the second day of my circus-life, and in the good city of Providence, Rhode Island, that I made my first and last appearance as a knight in full armor in the public streets. My costume consisted of a corselet and petticoat, such as were worn by the old crusaders; a steel breastplate, a steel helmet, with visor and nodding plumes, and a pair of large crimson boots, reaching to the knee. The property-man also furnished me with a gigantic battle-axe, and gave me very brief instructions as to how I should carry it. For any further information as to the style of my costume, I must refer the reader to the engraving from Mr. Gurney's photograph at the commencement of this sketch.

When we were all mounted — we were twenty knights and twenty ladies—and the remainder of the procession was all in order, the word "All ready" was given, the four heralds sounded their trumpets, the bands struck up a martial air, and the next moment we were marching in solemn procession through the crowded streets for the delectation of the youth and infancy of Providence. The boys cheered, the men stared in an idle sort of way, and the little children clapped their hands; and all along the route we were criticised by young and old. Remarks, such as "Look at them chariots!" "Say, ain't that the biggest show you ever see?" and, to the knights, "Say, boss! ain't you mighty fine?" greeted us from every side. But I had not gone a hundred yards before I discovered that my saddle was a most uncomfortable one, and that it is very difficult for a novice to carry himself with that martial bearing so imperative in circus street-processions. But the discomfort of my saddle was a trifle to the suffering I was soon to endure from my helmet. The thermometer stood eighty-five degrees in the shade, and the rays of the sun shot down on the polished surface of the helmet with such intensity that I felt as if my head was being roasted. I am sure that I could have steamed potatoes inside that helmet, or broiled a porterhouse steak on the outside of it. It was a patent cooking-stove on a small scale—"generating," as the stove-founders say, in their advertisements, "an immense amount of heat with absolutely no consumption of fuel."

And I endured that agony for one hour before we returned to the tents, when I took the first opportunity to feel if my hair was singed. Like a camel, I rushed for a bucket of water, threw my helmet on the ground, and dashed my head under the water. The next moment I lay spluttering at full length upon the ground, with the sensation that a cannon-ball had struck me somewhere near the region of the heart. I picked myself up slowly, and confronted that awful property-man. It was he and not a cannon-ball who had knocked me down.

"You're a nice sort of cuss to go chucking the properties about like that!" he exclaimed, as he picked up the helmet and strode away.

Fortunately for me, my friend had so much to attend to that he hadn't time to knock me down again. Otherwise, I think he would have done so, for he was terribly angry, stood about six feet two inches, and was very powerfully built. As soon as the company had resumed the costume of the nineteenth century, they all hurried off to the different hotels to which they were assigned—some to snatch an hour's sleep before dinner, others to write letters, and others, again, to lounge about and smoke. I retired to my room to see if any of my ribs were broken.

I joined the company at dinner that day, for the first time, and found myself seated opposite to one of them whom I had not yet seen. I sat down in mute astonishment. Mr. Pickwick would have gazed at him

through his gold spectacles in utter amazement. Sam Weller would have heartily enjoyed the contemplation of him for a good hour. It was the mammoth fat boy, aged eight years. I could not take my eyes off him, and he stared at me with a sort of stolid indifference as he piled his food into his capacious mouth. This young eight-year old ate to such an enormous extent that I expected every moment to see his jacket split. He is very great on roasted chicken, and a roasted chicken was provided for him. A six-weeks old kitten could not have made a meal off what he left of that chicken. I forgot to count how many potatoes he ate; but he ate six good-sized hot biscuits, of which he is very fond. His mother sat at his right hand, and every minute it was:

"Marmy, I want some more chicken—marmy, more biscuit—marmy, more potatoes."

In addition, he ate half of a very large custard-pie, and wound up with an enormous hunch of molasses-cake and two oranges. He drank the necessary quantity of water to wash this immense mass of food down. His mother told me that he eats "four good square meals a day" (I should call them cubic meals), and that he "eats whenever he can get a chance between-whiles." A good supply of food is always placed by his bedside, because he is apt to wake hungry in the night. Perhaps the most marvelous thing about him is that he has never had a day's sickness in his life. I met this infant prodigy the next day in the show between the

performances, and I asked his mother to allow me to measure him. She readily acceded to my request, and, in fact, took down his dimensions as I measured him. The task was an easy one, as he was dressed in the fashion of a child of three years of age—bare arms and chest. The following are the statistical results of the measurement of this eight-year-old prodigy:

He measured seventeen inches round the throat, fifty-eight inches round the chest over the arms, fifty-one inches round the waist, thirty-one inches round the thigh, nineteen inches round the leg below the knee, and twenty-three inches round the head. He is four feet seven inches high, and weighs two hundred and seventy-eight pounds. I felt the boy's arms and chest, and it was just like handling so much dough. If you prod him with your finger, the flesh goes in like an India-rubber ball; and when he sits down he seems to flatten and spread out over the chair. This infant enormity was born on the 25th December, 1863. I endeavored to verify the fact of his age by making inquiries of those performers who were in the show with him last year. They all told me that there was no doubt about his age, for, while they were traveling last summer, he was shedding his first set of teeth; and one or two told me that they had known him for four years, and had watched his extraordinary growth.

I had been so intently studying the "fat boy" that it was some time before my attention was attracted to his immediate neighbors. At his left hand sat rather a

petite-looking young lady, nineteen years old, with a full beard and mustache; and next to her sat a little lady of eight-and-twenty years of age and thirty-two inches in height, in a child's high-chair. She is married to one of the employés of the circus, who is an ordinary-sized man, and, strange as it may appear, they say that she rules him with an iron rod by constantly threatening to get a divorce from him. Of course, as she brings him a considerable annual income by exhibiting herself, this is about the last thing he would wish her to do. She gave us a taste of her quality during dinner. The "funny" clown came in late, and, on taking his seat opposite the party, said:

"Well, my 'small by degrees and beautifully less,' how are you all this hot day?"

"Sir," exclaimed the little woman, firing up in an instant, "I will thank you to treat me as a lady; you deserve to have your ears well boxed. If my husband were here you wouldn't dare to address me so."

Left to my own devices during the afternoon performance (my boss having given me up in despair), I took my stand in the entry of the circus, and watched the performance from beginning to end, from, perhaps, the most desirable of all points of view. Our company boasted several first-class "stars." We had one lady who leaped from the back of her horse through four balloons at one leap with apparently as much ease as I could walk through a door-way and, undoubtedly, with more grace. We had another lady who thought

nothing of kneeling on one knee on her husband's shoulder as he went round the ring standing on his horse's back. We had a gentleman who turned double somersaults over seven horses. He also performed the difficult feat of jumping on to a bare-backed running horse without touching him with his hands. He appeared simply to be running to catch the horse, but suddenly he seemed to fly from the ground, and instantaneously his feet were planted firmly on the horse's back. This act was always the signal for a storm of applause, cat-calls, whistling, and every other conceivable noise. We had an acrobat whose little boy held himself with his feet in the air, holding on his father's outstretched arm by simply one hand. We had two gymnasts who performed on three bars, and who always alighted on the ground in the very last way one would have anticipated. And we had the sarcastic humor of the jester, and the drolleries of the funniest of funny clowns. I confess that I enjoyed the thing immensely, and I was not surprised to learn from Mr. Howes the following day that they had been compelled to refuse admission to the best part of two thousand persons at the evening performance.

But it was supper-time, and I strolled back to the hotel. I leisurely went through a course of what Sam Weller called "rinsing," and then repaired to the dining-room. To my surprise, I saw my "boss" standing by the side of Mr. Howes as he sat at table and evidently talking in a very emphatic strain. Judge, then, his as-

tonishment on seeing his chief rise from his seat, wish me good-evening as he shook me by the hand, and offer me the vacant chair by his side. Poor fellow! He hastily retired, muttering very audibly, "Well, I'm damned!" Mr. Howes told me afterward that he had been remonstrating most energetically against my being retained any longer; that he had complained that I was doing more harm than good, as the other supes were becoming dissatisfied at the leniency shown to me while they were inexorably kept up to the scratch. We laughed heartily over this little episode together; and, before the commencement of the evening performance, Mr. Howes walked arm-in-arm with me through the different tents. This action added still further to the mystery surrounding me; and, before I left the circus, there was an impression abroad that I was there with a view to purchasing an interest in the concern. Indeed! The small amount of ready money that I could raise would hardly persuade the proprietors of the show to part with a tent-peg! The show could not be replaced to-morrow under an expenditure of from three hundred and fifty to four hundred thousand dollars. Long, however, before I took my departure, my "boss" and I were on the most friendly terms. I told him confidentially who I was, and no one could have laughed more heartily than he did over the way in which he had been taken in. Said he:

"I have been thirteen years with my present employer in the circus business, and this is the biggest

circus joke that has ever been played on me;" and then he added, "let's go and take a drink."

On the morning of the second day of our stay in Providence, I lit a cigar after breakfast and strolled down to the circus. On entering the menagerie-tent, I discovered the proprietor of the show seated on a bench and watching the tiger-trainer cleaning the tigers' cage. There were five tigers in the cage, all royal Bengal tigers, and the most magnificent brutes that I ever saw.

"How those fellows would make mince-meat of you or me, did we venture into their cage!" I remarked, after wishing the proprietor good-morning.

"Yes, if we went in alone," he replied; "but that man has them under such perfect control that I would walk in there this minute, without a moment's hesitation. Would you like to go in? There's no danger."

I turned the matter over in my mind for a minute or two, and then approached the cage and asked the tamer what he thought about the matter. He replied to my inquiry, by driving all the tigers into one corner with his whip, and opening the door of the cage. The next moment I stood face to face with those fierce, splendidly ferocious animals, with only the tamer between us. For a few seconds they glared fiercely at me as though about to spring, and I clutched more firmly the latch of the barred door. Then one of the males raised himself on his hind-legs to his full length, resting his enormous paws upon the upper cross-bar of the cage. He snarled fearfully at me, and his velvety tail swept

backward and forward in the most ominous manner. The jaws of death were wide open before me, and it seemed as if I could look half-way down his throat. But the keeper kept his eye steadfastly upon him, and the upraised whip cowed him into submission. The others paced uneasily up and down the end of the cage, evidently longing to make a meal of me, and uttering continually that horrible snarl peculiar to tigers; showing their gaping throats and tremendous fangs every time they did so. I opened the door of the cage and sprang out as the keeper's whip descended on the shoulders of one which was crouching for a spring, not being desirous of giving my lord of the jungle a ghost of a chance. The keeper himself shortly afterward left the cage, and the animals at once gave vent to the excitement under which they were laboring. They bounded backward and forward in the cage, fought among themselves, and told me, as plainly as mute action could do, how great was their disappointment that they were not then engaged in picking my bones. They did not quiet down for half an hour afterward; but, being safely outside the cage, I could afford to laugh at their angry demonstrations, and did laugh heartily when Mr. Howes told me a story of a small boy who gave as his reason for envying the prophet Daniel, that Daniel had been in the lions' den and had seen the show for nothing!

Having done with the tigers, and it being about mid-day, Mr. Howes proposed that we should stroll down and see the men at their dinner. There they

were, some seventy or eighty of them, seated at long tables in their tented dining-room. Their dinner consisted of the very best beef-steak, roasted pork, fried liver and bacon, stewed tomatoes, turnips, potatoes, pie, and pudding. Every thing was appetizing to the senses, and I expressed my surprise at the sumptuousness of the repast for that class of men.

"I find," replied Mr. Howes, "that, by giving my men all they want of the best of food, I get more work out of them, and it is much more willingly done."

I asked him where they all slept.

"Well," said he, "I have a capital system of tenting the men; but, as a general thing, they prefer to sleep in the open air, or in the stable-tents."

He showed me the sleeping arrangements. They consisted of a series of arched frames covered with thick tarpaulin, very much like the movable tops of grocers' wagons. They run in sets, each fitting inside a larger one, so that they can be packed together and easily transported. They are all provided with mattresses to fit them; but it is only in wet or very damp weather that the men can be persuaded to use them. That same night I took a stroll through the tents in company with the watchman, and it certainly was a curious spectacle to see these great, brawny fellows lying sound asleep in all directions, many of them within a foot or two of their horses' heels. One might almost fancy one was in some camp through which the Destroying Angel had passed, as through the land of the Pharaohs of old, and

that, instead of being soundly asleep, they were all dead men, lying where death had struck them down, so little thought had they exercised in choosing a sleeping-place, so apparently uncomfortable were the attitudes and positions of many of them, were it not for the loud trombone chorus which they unceasingly kept up.

An hour after, the scene was lively to a degree. Every one was awake and preparing for the day's march. Some were tethering and watering the horses, some taking down the tents, others packing them away in the wagons. It was a wild, strange scene, the breaking up of that camp by torchlight.

In another hour, the stable detachment had started; in another hour, no vestige of the circus was to be seen, save the broken-down ring and its soiled saw-dust. And yet some peculiar fascination had drawn a crowd of small boys to the spot, even at that early hour. The deserted spot looked like some banqueting-hall the morning after a feast, or a ballroom when the daylight has driven away the dancers.

Before leaving my friends—the knights of the saw-dust—I was exceedingly anxious to try my hand at riding round the magic circle, and I persuaded the ring-master to have a pad put on a horse for my benefit. I mounted with any amount of confidence and bravado, in spite of his assurance that I was "certain to come to grief." But I relied on the saw-dust as being soft tumbling, and he started the horse with a crack of his whip. The clown, who was looking on, whistled the favorite

circus air from Auber's opera of the "Cheval du Bronze." Of all the horrible jolting processes I ever went through, riding on a circus-pad is about the worst. I can compare it to nothing but riding in a box-wagon, without springs, over a series of railroad-ties, laid about six inches apart. And the edge of the pad, too, cuts into the inside of each thigh in the most merciless manner. The more I tried to hold on without holding with my hands, the more I was jolted; and, after one round, I determined to try the side-saddle fashion. That was very pleasant till the horse started; but we had not gone five yards before I fell over backward on to the rope inclosing the ring, and great was the fall thereof. But I was not to be beaten by one tumble, and I mounted again, this time with a leg on either side of the horse once more. After I had got round the ring, I thought I would try if it were possible for me to get on to my knees. Instead of jumping up on to both knees at once, in my ignorance, I put the outside knee up first. This was fatal. The horse being in what is called a "slantingdicular" direction—leaning at a considerable angle toward the centre of the ring—my position was a perfectly untenable one, and I was shot with considerable impetus from the horse's back, landing in the saw dust with a thud, to the infinite delight and amusement of the few lookers-on. I think that one experience of circus-riding will suffice me for life. It is a profession for which I was evidently never intended by Nature. My respect for circus-riding, however, as an art, is largely increased by it.

"It is not so easy as it looks, you see, sir," remarked my friendly ring-master, as he brushed the saw-dust off me. "People have no idea of the difficulty of attaining a true balance in riding round the ring. The body being out of the perpendicular, the centre of gravity is, of course, an unnatural one, and there is a continual tendency to fall on the inside of the horse. A perfect balance will enable a circus-rider of nerve to do almost any thing. It is this alteration in the centre of gravity in the body which makes leaping over banners and through hoops so difficult. For this reason: At the moment of springing from the pad, the rider's body is not perpendicular, but, in flying through the air, the body naturally assumes its proper perpendicular position. The consequence is that, unless the rider can instantaneously again accommodate his centre of gravity to that of the running horse, when he descends on his back, he must inevitably shoot from the pad into the ring, just the same as a stone bounds away when you drop it on a sloping surface. Otherwise, the leaping in itself is not difficult, provided the horse is well trained, and has a regular, even stride. Without an even stride a leap could not be made, for the rider must spring from the pad at the moment the horse rises behind. It is because the horse is out of his regular stride that riders are sometimes compelled to pass under the banners instead of leaping them. You have no conception of the difficulty of circus-riding." (I rather thought I had.) "Nearly all circus-riders are regularly appren-

ticed in their childhood, and are literally reared to it. I could train a little child to stand up on a running horse in three weeks. But I don't think you could stand up under a year, because of the vast difference between your size and weight, and that of a little child."

This was to me a pretty clear definition of the main difficulties of circus-riding.

My experience of a circus has convinced me of one thing—that, from the proprietor down to the lowest supe and stable-man, all, without exception, connected with one lead a very hard life, and earn every penny they get (the paymaster utterly forgot, at least, he omitted, to pay me my hardly-earned week's wages, whatever they may have amounted to), and that their short nights, their long journeys in a hot sun, over sandy, dusty roads, their processions in the mid-day glare, their thoroughly broken day, must be exceedingly exhausting to the system. There is, too, a considerable mental strain in going through a horseback act in the ring; while the physical exertion of the acrobats, gymnasts, and leapers, must be something tremendous. And yet, though some of them look worn, they are all as cheery and merry together as possible. Their kindness and courtesy to me will be ever remembered. One and all, from Mr. Howes downward, expressed their regret at the shortness of my stay with them; and, as I said farewell to them at Fall River, they grasped me warmly by the hand when I told them how pleasing and gratifying to me had been the insight they had given me into Life in a Circus. "A. P."

A RIDE ON AN ENGINE.

"Now, sir, all aboard!" said the driver of the eight o'clock evening express from New York, as I stood contemplating the ponderous locomotive which was to draw us to Albany.

I quickly tossed my valise up to the fireman, and sprang on to the platform of the engine Constitution. The next moment the driver moved the levers, the engine angrily belched forth a cloud of steam and smoke, and we slowly ground our way out of the Central Depot. It was the first time I had ever been on a locomotive.

Of all the grimy, soot-incrusted corners in which I have ever found myself, the little cushioned seat under the window, which was mine for the nonce and which the driver designated "the lounge," as he invited me to occupy it, was far ahead. The dust from the soft, bituminous coal, and the fine ashes from the smoke-stack, seemed to have penetrated every little nook and cranny, the crack of every window-ledge, and every thread of my cushion, as well as the clothing of the driver and fireman. On my arrival at Albany, I was just in fine order to take a supe's part in the plantation dance of

a minstrel troupe without any further preparation. Hands and face were alike black, and I was compelled, tired as I was, to go through a severe course of soap and water before I could venture to tumble in between a pair of clean white sheets. I went to sleep that night utterly lost in an abstruse mental calculation as to how many weeks it would take to thoroughly cleanse a man who had been an engine-driver for twenty years, or whether it would be as impossible to restore his skin to its normal pinky hue as for the Ethiopian to change his skin, or the leopard his spots.

At first I was a little bewildered by the clatter of the engine on the rails, the clanging of the bell, and the hoarse shrieks of the whistle as we passed along Fourth Avenue at a slow pace; still more so as our speed was increased when we entered the cutting leading into the Yorkville Tunnel. In the tunnel I almost seemed to lose my head, and felt as though the drums of my ears were bulging out. But, on emerging from the tunnel into Harlem, and pulling up as we reached the bridge over the river, the feeling of confusion passed away, and, as we proceeded at a moderate speed around the curve which leads under the High Bridge to King's Bridge and the junction with the old main line, I had leisure to watch the movements of the driver and ask him from time to time for explanations of them.

His occupation mainly consisted in operating two levers, one admitting the steam into the cylinders, and

the other governing it when there, thus regulating the speed of his train at will. The second lever is also used in reversing the engine. The driver throughout the entire journey seldom removed his hand from the lever which admits the steam into the cylinders; watching his steam-gauge and timing his speed and operating the lever accordingly. At times he would move it slightly and gently backward and forward so as to coax more steam into the cylinders. At the same time he watched his track and looked out for signals with unceasing vigilance.

As we swung around on to the main line, his eye seemed to scan the whole track at a glance, and he at once "let her go," as he termed it. I soon became alive as to what he meant by "let her go." In the course of a few minutes our speed was increased to nearly forty miles an hour, and I quickly discovered that a ride on an engine, however novel it may be, is not at all a pleasing diversion. Those who ride in palace and drawing-room coaches have no conception of the oscillation of the body of the engine, the fearful clatter and the horrible, crunching sound of the grinding of the wheels on the hard steel rails—for the wheels nip the rails tight enough. It seemed to me that the engine was like some enormously powerful horse, the bit in his mouth, the reins broken, and he trying his best to break away from the carriage he is drawing. There appeared to be a constant effort on the part of our snorting iron-horse to run away from

the train. As we approached the tunnels I could almost fancy it would succeed in doing so, and an involuntary impulse led me to throw my hands forward, as though to clutch at something to stop it. We appeared not to enter the darkness, but to be shot into it as from a gun; and our speed appeared to increase instantly, till we almost seemed to fly over the rails. Entering the tunnel with an involuntary shrinking back, it was a positive relief to dash into the bright moonlight playing on the waters of the Hudson River and lighting up the villas and trees on the hill-side above us. The noise, too, as we thundered along was fearful—producing a most unpleasant singing sensation in the head and ears. So great was the reverberation of sound in the tunnels that the drum of my ear seemed to be battered against to such extent as to deprive me temporarily of the sense of hearing. I could feel the noise more than I could hear it. To my ears the noise was far greater before entering the tunnel, but far more bearable. In the tunnel it was so overpowering that, paradoxical as it may appear to say so, I could scarcely hear it. My sense of hearing seemed to be paralyzed.

While rushing along on the open track, and even in a cutting, I could, by a great effort, make the driver hear what I said, though I could not hear the sound of my own voice. When he spoke to me, he apparently used no effort whatever, but I nevertheless heard every word distinctly. In the tunnels, however, on

two or three occasions when he spoke to me, I could see his lips move but could not hear a sound.

Another thing struck me. I thought the engine must run off the rails at every curve; and, even in "the straight," I twice asked the driver why he was changing from one track to another. I can only account for this on the ground that, from where I sat, I could see, in an oblique direction, the track lying immediately in front of the engine. This, under the influence of such rapid and oscillating motion, gave me the impression that the train was in a diagonal line with the other track, and crossing to it.

On we rushed, racing like the furious gusts which precede the summer thunder-shower, the fireman heaping on shovels of coal every two or three minutes; past the rapid-growing towns and villages on the heights above; past the innumerable lights of Sing-Sing Prison, which gave it a more cheerful appearance than the sunlight—because the light is from within, not from without—but which, on a second thought, painfully remind one of the misery and wretchedness within; past the red glaring chimneys and forges of the Peekskill iron-works, looking as though the demons of hell were holding their midnight revels in them; past the gaunt, grim peaks of the Highlands, with their black-shadowed sides, and the bay of Newburg peacefully rippling in the moonlight. On we raced, leaving Newburg behind us on the other side of the river, as though we had not a minute to spare. There was a something

entrancing in such rapid motion under such circumstances which utterly suppressed me. I remained as still and motionless as one who has just received the news of some crushing misfortune and whose nerves have not yet begun to rally. I doubt if I could then have even fought for my life, so great was my feeling of powerlessness while contemplating the mighty power of the locomotive.

I had been silently, but intently and fixedly, gazing at it for some minutes, when the driver called out to me—

"Here's where she went down."

I inquired, "Where who went down?"

"Why, this engine—the Constitution," he replied. "That was the celebrated New-Hamburg drawbridge which we crossed just now; the bridge where that accident happened when Doc. Simmons and several passengers were killed."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, at the remembrance of that awful sacrifice of life; and immediately there was something still more terrible to me in that almost maddened rush of the engine. It was useless to remind myself of the controlling power of the driver. The sense of the marvelous and fearful power of the engine was, for the while, absolutely overwhelming.

On we raced, as if tearing for life and death, up to the very last moment when it became necessary to slacken speed in order to pull up at Poughkeepsie Station. Once there, where was our furious haste? The

engine was as placid as a young child in its sleep, save when the driver tried his steam. The fireman was quietly wandering around it, replenishing the oil-cups and seeing that all was right; the engineer lolled against the window-sill and chatted with me.

Again we started on our wild journey and gradually worked up to our old high rate of speed; the engine puffing and snorting, as if conscious of its power, and shrieking defiance at all opposing obstacles.

Again that paralyzing feeling of utter helplessness came over me, accompanied by an inability to control my thoughts, or guide them into some other channel than that of bewildered wonder, which almost amounted to involition. Several times I was conscious that the driver was talking to me, but I hardly heard or understood what he said. I do not think that I once replied to him. And so lost was I that the passage of time kept pace with our tremendous speed. Station after station was passed, the bright lamps merging into one stream of light, and, without my being aware of it, we were fast approaching our journey's end.

Again the driver spoke to me.

"Just fifteen miles to do in twenty-two minutes," he said.

"Can he do it?" I mused—"forty-five miles an hour;" and again my whole mind was concentrated on the engine.

I could not speak. There I sat, regardless of my grimy cushion, of every thing, like one held in control

by something fascinating, yet appalling. I could no more have removed my eyes from that engine than I would have dared to jump from it; and, when the driver pointed to lights on the opposite side of the river, and said, "Here we are; there's Albany," I started from my sleepless dream, like one who wakes and knows that he has seen a vision never to be forgotten; painful, but not to be regretted; fearful, but full of intense interest.

"A. P."

THE UNDERGROUND LODGING-HOUSE.

(Portrait of amateur lodger, from a photograph by Gurney.)

A NIGHT IN AN UNDERGROUND LODGING-HOUSE.

As the story-writing hacks of the period would say: The night was drawing on apace and the booming of a distant church-bell had long since proclaimed that the hour of nine was passed, when a solitary wayfarer paused for a moment on the corner of Water and Roosevelt Streets and peered wistfully around. Shouts of drunken laughter and ribaldry came from the flaring den at his elbow, but he appeared to be so absorbed in his own thoughts that they did not attract even his momentary attention. Even the squeaking fiddles and jingling harps of the neighboring sailors' dance-houses were apparently unheeded by him. Otherwise, all was quiet in that generally noisy and dissolute locality; for the piercing cold snap and driving snow had driven all its rum-sodden and unsavory denizens into their cellars and rum-holes long before their customary hour of retiring. As the wayfarer stood in the glare of the flickering gas-light, his appearance denoted the greatest poverty. A tattered, threadbare overcoat, equally threadbare trousers, an old woolen comforter wound

several times round his throat, and a pair of bulging boots, afforded him little protection against the inclement weather and sloppy pavement, and he shivered like one suffering from the palsy. And, when the light from the gas-lamp fell full upon his face as he looked up to read the name of the street, his uncombed hair and beard, of many days' growth, gave a ghastly look to his cold, pinched features. With a sigh, which told how little he relished his prospects for the night, he wiped the melting snow from his face with a handkerchief, and then, crossing the street, he inquired of a passing officer where he could obtain a lodging for the night.

"It must be a very cheap one, if you please," he added, in a weary tone.

The officer scanned him narrowly for a moment or two, saw that he was a stranger, and asked him how much money he had.

"Only twenty cents," was the sorrowful reply.

"Well," rejoined the officer, "you can get a bed at Casey's—336 Water Street—for fifteen cents, and, at all events, you'll be out of the streets such a night as this, if it ain't a first-class one."

And then, pointing to a light which gleamed faintly through the cracks of a cellar-door a little way down on the opposite side of the street, he continued:

"Go down there; that's Casey's."

The wayfarer thanked him for his kindness, bade him "good-night," and, having groped his way down six or seven stone steps, knocked nervously at the door.

Had the officer been at his side when he wiped the snow from his face while standing under the gas-lamp, his keen eye would have noted the fact that the material of the handkerchief was white cambric; that same keen eye might possibly also have detected the initials A. P. imprinted in large, black German letters in one corner. The presence of that handkerchief was an oversight.

Yes, reader, as the children say, in answer to the parental inquiry of "Who's there?" when they knock at the parental bedroom-door at seven o'clock in the morning, it was only *me*.

I knocked nervously at the door, I say; and for this reason: I was fully conscious of being a first-class fraud, and I was also aware that many of the dwellers in Water Street are familiar with my ordinary personal appearance; consequently, the effectiveness or otherwise of my disguise caused me some little uneasiness, as I felt that all eyes would surely scrutinize the last comer the moment he put his foot inside the door.

But I had seen and heard so much of these underground lodging-houses that I had determined, at all hazards, to personally test the fullness of their horrors and discomforts. My summons at once stopped the confusion of tongues within; the door was unlocked, and a dirty, slipshod woman, who, with one hand, held an infant at her breast and, with the other, held a badly-fractured kerosene-lamp over her head to get a good look at me, demanded to know what I wanted.

"Can I have a bed here to-night?" I asked, as I entered.

"All full," was the terse reply; "but you can have a stool by the stove, if that'll do ye."

A glance at the stools—low wooden ones, without backs—was by no means reassuring, and I was on the point of turning to go out, when Mr. Daniel Casey, *in propria persona*, emerged from an inner room.

Mr. Casey is a slightly-built little man, with a quick, watchful eye, a mouth displaying determination, and yet, withal, a man of quiet demeanor, whose only facial adornment is a small goatee, of which an orthodox corner-loafer of twenty years of age would be ashamed. But, as his neighbors say: "Casey is mighty smart. He knows who's who, and what's what; and there's no man" (*sotto voce*, "when he's sober!") "knows better how to keep house and order than Casey does." Mr. Casey understands the art and fully appreciates the advantages of making money. And he makes it; though in the city directory he most modestly styles himself "laborer." Well, there is nothing like taking the advice of old Polonius to Laertes, and assuming "a virtue if you have it not."

"What's that?" inquired Mr. Casey, sharply, and with an eye to business.

His better-half jerked out: "Man wants bed. We're full."

"Oh, I guess we can fix him," rejoined Mr. Casey; "he can have half Nigger Joe's bed."

"Heavens alive!" thought I; "that's more than I bargained for. Sleeping with a colored man is more than I am prepared to endure, even in the pursuit of knowledge. I must look elsewhere for a lodging."

But, before these thoughts had fairly flashed through my brain, Mr. Casey had added, "You'll share your bed, Joe, I know, on a night like this, with a decent man?"

I followed the direction of Mr. Casey's glance and question, and a small, active-looking young man, with jet-black eyes and hair, who was sitting by the stove, said, carelessly, "Oh, I don't object."

My alarm subsided in a moment. Nigger Joe was no negro at all. His *sobriquet* only applied to the unusual blackness of the color of his hair and eyes. Had I known then what I have since learned—that Nigger Joe was implicated in the terrible "alley-way" murder and was only discharged for want of some links in the evidence against him—I think I should have preferred to him the dirtiest colored man for a bedfellow.

My sleeping-place having been arranged to the satisfaction of all interested in the matter, I seated myself on a three-legged stool which Mr. Casey placed near the stove for me and quietly proceeded to make a survey of the premises and a mental appraisement of the motley crowd who were to be my companions for the night.

I was in an uncarpeted room about thirteen or fourteen feet square, with a ceiling so low that I could not stand upright without rubbing my head against it. On

the left side was a small bar, with a collection of cracked tumblers, two or three dirty liquor-bottles, and one of those molasses-colored stone water-pitchers, minus its handle and lip. Beyond the bar was the bedstead of the Casey family; said family consisting of Daniel Casey, Esq., and wife, the infant hereinbefore mentioned, and two sons of Mrs. Casey by a former husband, who appeared to be about ten and twelve years of age respectively. How they all manage to sleep in that one bed, this deponent knoweth not. On the other side of the room was another bed. Opening from this room were two other chambers *en suite*, smaller, and filled with beds. My "crib," as Mrs. Casey called it, was in the middle room. There were no doors, and of this I was very glad at first, thinking that there would be more chance of ventilation; but I was sorry afterward, for the sewer-pipe of the floors above burst, and the sewerage poured into the back room in the middle of the night. The beds and coverings were the dirtiest and the bedsteads the most tumble-down I have ever seen. And Mrs. Casey had the lying hardihood to tell me that there were "no such *nice*, *clean* beds in the ward." Beyond beds, I could see no article of furniture. Many of the men did not undress when they went to bed. Those who did, and the women too, all hung their clothes on nails driven into the wall immediately over their respective pillows.

But to return to the front-room—the parlor of the Casey mansion. In addition to the Casey family, there

were fifteen other human beings who proposed to pass the night in that underground cellar besides myself. Some of the men and women stood at the bar tippling Mr. Casey's best Bourbon whisky and Jamaica rum at *five cents a tumbler!* and much they seemed to enjoy it; for, after every drink, they smacked their lips in right good earnest before wiping them on the backs of their hands, or the dirty skirts of their ragged, washed-out dresses—according to their sex. Others were seated around the stove, others on the floor with their backs against the wall; and a respectable-looking man, his wife, and their little girl, sat on the bed near the entrance-door, having hired it for the night for the extortionate charge of forty cents. All, men and women, were either smoking or chewing; and all, men and women, did their best toward floating us in a sea of tobacco-juice. It was sickening to a degree.

Immediately in front of the stove sat four men: one cooking a red herring for his supper; one waiting to cook two slices of bullock's liver and a slice of salted pork, which lay in a piece of brown paper on his knee; another eager to toast a salt mackerel, in which he had invested his last cent; and the fourth munching stale crackers and cheese-rind, and washing them down with a toby of Mr. Casey's any thing but foaming ale. They were—Nigger Joe; Mickey McHugh, a short, middle-aged man, with a badly-broken nose and a strong Irish brogue, who, I am told, is an exceedingly clever "watch-stuffer;" Curly Bill, a tall raw-boned young canaller,

with black, curling hair (hence his *sobriquet*), shaven face, and a very long nose; and Lame Pete, a short, stout, surly-looking man, with a face like a bull-dog, and every feature in it proclaiming him to be—what he is—an incorrigible thief. Lame Pete has lately "done six months" in Brooklyn, and consequently looked tolerably fresh for a Water-Street *habitué*. I never saw a man with *thief* so plainly written in every lineament of his face. He fully comes up to the mark of Addison's well-known epigram on a rogue, which concludes with the following comprehensive summing-up:

> "With all these tokens of a knave complete,
> Shouldst thou be honest, thou'rt a devilish cheat."

The rest of the company included Tommy the Bolt, a young man with a remarkable, crooked nose, who, I understand, varies the excitement of doing chores around Fulton Market with a little occasional till-tapping; Luny Ted, a well-known Water-Street character, who is on the free list of all the lodging-houses in consideration of his being half-witted, running on little errands, carrying messages to the unfortunates on "the island," fetching coals, and generally making himself useful, as he cannot be ornamental—poor Luny having a very big head and a face like a pig's, with a full, ragged beard of very dark hue; Jenny Ryan, commonly known as Dirty Jenny, a talkative old lady from the Emerald Isle, whose costume consisted solely of an old, washed-out cotton gown and a shawl which covered her head and shoulders (under-garments, boots,

and stockings, are vanities which she has long eschewed); a woman with a fearful black eye, whom every one addressed as Swell-head and who was in a state of maudlin intoxication; a heavy, stout woman, with enormous eyes, who answered to the name of Kate; a great, tall, bony-looking woman, who was dubbed Green-horn and who also had a purple decoration under one eye; a quiet man and his wife, who came from the country, and who retired to bed soon after I arrived; and the respectable family who had the bed by the entrance-door.

If "misery makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows," I can vouch that the assumption of it did in my case. Here was a collection of beings worthy of exhibition in a traveling menagerie; of every sex, color, and size; and all remarkable for their training and accomplishments. There was not one of them who would not exclaim, after the fashion of Lewis Carroll:

> "'Avaunt, dull Virtue!' is Oxonia's cry.
> 'Come to my arms, ingenious Villainy!'"

There was much of their language which I could not understand; but I heard quite enough to learn that it was all about murder, robbery, the "island," the Tombs, the "cops," and kindred subjects.

And there I sat on my three-legged stool, quietly smoking my pipe, and taking in the whole scene and its by-play. One by one, the men at the stove moved away as soon as they had cooked their "chuck," as they called their bit of supper (a full meal is termed a

"square"), in order to allow others to take their place and do likewise; and, as the savory odors of broiled herring, mackerel, bullock's liver, and salt pork, ascended from the cooking-stove, Tommy the Bolt could resist the gnawings of his hungered epigastrium no longer, despite his publicly-avowed determination to be economical that night. He suddenly jumped to his feet, and, having shaken the few wits which poor Luny Ted boasts into full working order, ordered him to go to the butcher's and purchase half a sheep's-head for him, and to the fishmonger's to purchase a whole cod's-head ("No shoulders, mind you," suggested Curly Bill) for himself.

"Hold on there, Luny!" cried Mr. Casey, who was endeavoring to give a semblance of lustre to a bronzy-looking tumbler. "I ain't a-goin' to have no such damned stinking cookin' as sheep's-heads here!"

The Bolt's eye in an instant flashed murder at his inhospitable host; and, as I was directly on the bee-line between them and the Bolt had a heavy tumbler in his hand, I thought it advisable to back my stool a foot or two, even at the risk of losing my place by the stove. The Bolt glared murderously at Casey, and Casey, while continuing to rub the recalcitrant tumbler, kept his bright little eye steadfastly fixed on the Bolt; and then Dirty Jenny, approaching the angry man with a coaxing but cautious "Come now, Tommy, it's not yersilf what'll begin a muss this airly," turned the threatened tragedy into a farce by suggesting that

it would be much better for him to spend his "bit" in two drinks—one for her and one for himself.

The Bolt himself was forced to join in the general laugh which greeted the turn Jenny had given to the affair, though economy once more exerted its sway over him, for he refused to "step up to the bar."

To my horror, the old beldame turned suddenly from the Bolt to me, put her arms round my neck, and, giving me a bouncing, rum-smelling kiss on the cheek before I divined her intention, said:

"Darlint, now it's you that'll stan' a lone owld widder-woman a drap o' suthin', jes to kape the cowld out this night."

I protested that I had no money. God forgive me the lie! I had a five-dollar bill carefully tacked inside the right leg of my trousers, and a twenty-dollar bill stowed away after the same fashion in the left leg; intending them to do duty according to the emergency of any unforeseen difficulty in which I might find myself placed. I had a solitary five-cent piece in my trousers-pocket.

By way of restoring general harmony, Curly Bill, who seemed to have a good supply of money for one of his class, ordered a "set up" all round and called upon Mickey McHugh to sing an Irish song.

Mickey started one of those curious wailing melodies peculiar to the Irish peasantry and the general company rolled out the chorus with such effect that the officer on the beat came down.

In the confusion, I handed my tumbler of fusel-oil to Dirty Jenny, who tossed it off and gave me back the empty tumbler without any one noticing our actions.

The officer asked, "What's all this fighting (!) about," took a stiff horn of Mr. Casey's whisky at Mr. Casey's expense, and hurried up the steps again.

Some of our company had by this time drunk themselves sufficiently stupid to be able to go to bed and sleep; but the others resolutely stuck to the stove, myself among the number. The fact is, I did not want to share Nigger Joe's humble couch longer than was absolutely necessary; more especially as, seeing that rum made him quarrelsome (he had already had two or three very wordy altercations), I was half afraid that, if I should happen to doze in the night and, by accident, kick him, he would think it his bounden duty to retaliate by breaking my head.

Mr. Casey's duties now compelled him to "run about lively." Curly Bill was doing the honors freely, and round after round was served to the little party who hugged the fire. They were the "choice spirits" among Mr. Casey's patrons. They twitted those who slunk off to bed, sympathized with Mrs. Casey for not being able to drink on account of the baby's tender stomach, joked Dirty Jenny about being an old maid (Jenny always protests that she is not), jeered Swell-head about kissing the curb-stone, swore, laughed, sang, and had several little friendly scuffles, and were as mer-

ry a party of incorrigible thieves and drunkards as could well be imagined.

I was just congratulating myself on the probability that another round or two of rum would send the whole party to bed, when, for some cause which I was unable then or afterward to discover, Curly Bill took offense at something which Lame Pete said or did, and Lame Pete just ducked his head in time to avoid Curly Bill's tumbler, which was shivered against the edge of the bar-counter. It is almost impossible to describe the scene which followed.

In an instant there was a general free fight. So sudden was the onslaught that I was rolled over, stool and all, just in time to furnish a soft falling-spot for Mickey McHugh, who was knocked down by Nigger Joe.

The women who had not gone to bed screamed. Dirty Jenny particularly distinguished herself by invoking "arl ther sents," and tearing her hair in a frenzied way. The women who had gone to bed rushed in, and then one and all of the females joined in the fray.

I tried to get out of the place, not caring to run the risk of sleeping in the station-house and appearing at the Tombs next morning; but Mrs. Casey had locked the door and taken away the key before going to bed. So I jumped behind the bar, clearing the counter like a deer.

The scene was horrible! Men hammered one anoth-

er's heads on the floor, the women wound their fingers in one another's hair, scratched, fought, and screamed like maniacs; and then, down came the police, who hammered on the door with their clubs for admittance.

All was still in a moment; those who had previously been in bed hurried back again; the others seized the stools, squatted down around the stove, and, smoothing their hair, assumed an air of innocence.

Mrs. Casey shouted "Coming!" and went in search of the key, and, as she unlocked the door, I stooped down as low as I could under cover of my hiding-place.

"What's all this about, Casey?" asked the officer.

Mr. Casey, with masterly suavity, assured him that it was "only a little bit of pleasantry between Lame Pete and Jenny. Pete wanted to kiss her, an' she wouldn't let him unless he stood her a drink first."

"Casey, that's too thin," rejoined the officer. "If there's any more of this I shall take some of 'em in and report your place. Now, all of you to bed!" he continued, addressing the crowd. "If that light ain't out in five minutes, Casey, I'll be down again and know the reason why."

"Come, now, misther ——, be aisy, be aisy," put in Dirty Jenny, addressing the officer in a wheedling tone. "Come an' take a drap along o' me. It's not Dan Casey that'll be afther refusin' me the thrust of a couple o' drinks."

"Now, Jenny, you go to bed," replied the officer, laughing; "you've been up late every night this week."

Every one laughed, including Jenny, at this sally; for Jenny has been up late every night for the last thirty years.

"Come, Casey, shut your place up," said the officer; and, turning on his heel, he and his fellow-officer took their departure.

As I rose up from behind the bar, Dirty Jenny pointed to me and, after laughing till the water poured from her eyes, called out: "By the holy powers, jist look where the cowardly spalpeen's been a hidin' this blessed while!"

And then, addressing herself more particularly to me, she continued: "Now, an' did yer think the peleeceman was a-goin' to ate yer? If it's meeself that didn't think yer to be a poore man, I'd make yer sthan' a roun' o' drinks in spite of all the peleece in the ward."

Mr. Casey, however, thought differently; and he coolly declared his intention of putting the light out if we didn't all "scurry." He, nevertheless, paid me the compliment of carefully examining the till and searching me from head to foot before he would allow me to leave my port-in-a-storm—the back of his bar. Resistance was useless. Any objection on my part would have brought the whole pack of hungry hounds on me. Fortunately, he did not discover my money. It was sewed into my trousers, immediately below the knee.

By the time Mr. Casey had done with me, Nigger Joe was in bed. Five minutes after I had ensconced myself by his side, he was apparently sound asleep;

and, as far as I could judge from the many-keyed nasal chorus which was soon in full swing, so were all the rest. I think it must have been about one o'clock when, as the Bolt prettily expressed it, Mr. Casey "doused the glim" (put out the lamp), and silence and darkness reigned supreme in that home of crime, debauchery, and drunken revelry.

As I lay there, beside Nigger Joe, the very thought of home, of wife, and children, seemed a horrible impiety. I dozed for a moment, and I dreamed that I had left the lodging-house and had reached my home. Some dreadful spectre was waving me back from my own door with fearful and awsome gesticulations. I was powerless. My limbs refused to move. I experienced all the agony which must sooner or later fall upon the outcast from his home. I determined to dare this devil who boldly interposed his terrible presence between me and my belongings. I struggled to advance a hand, a foot, and found myself transfixed. The minions of my evil spirit had been invoked and were obeying his behests with a will. One had seized me by the throat; another had stabbed me in the side, a third was dragging me to the ground. With a yell I awoke, and, instead of the dread spectre's imprecations, I was favored with a choice selection of oaths from Nigger Joe, who swore that he had been shaking me by the shoulder for ten minutes to make me "lie still" and "stop flinging." The stab in the side had been caused by Nigger Joe, who had stolen a glass of liquor while Casey was

seeing that the door was properly locked and barred, having to spring into bed with the tumbler in his hand to avoid detection, said tumbler eventually finding its way under my fifth rib when I turned over.

But a more distressing enemy than any spectre, because more real and tangible (whether it jumped or crawled, I cannot asseverate; I only know that it bit, and sharply, too), soon attacked me, and with such vigorous assaults that my fortress of patience was quickly stormed. Tired as I was, and suffering from a splitting headache, brought on by the clouds of tobacco-smoke, the odors from the sewerage which was then flooding the back-room, the smell from the cooking, the din and noise, and the unnatural excitement, I was compelled at last to crawl in search of that three-legged stool by the fire which I had looked upon with such contempt when I first crossed Mr. Casey's threshold. There I sat, every five minutes appearing to be an hour, cursing under-ground lodging-houses in general and Mr. Daniel Casey's in particular, and wondering if the day would ever break again.

Fortunately for me, Mr. Casey was interested in a gentleman who had been arrested the previous evening, and who would, necessarily, appear at the Tombs at the morning examination. My landlord was therefore out of bed early; and, no sooner did he unlock the door, than I sprang up the steps on to the sidewalk with the agility of a kangaroo. It was still almost dark, and I struck for Chatham Street to take a car home. But,

oh, piling up of agony! During my few minutes of dozing and nightmare, Nigger Joe had "gone through" me. I must walk home! My forlorn hope—my solitary five-cent piece—was gone, and, with it, my cambric pocket-handkerchief, in the corner of which were imprinted the initials

"A. P."

THE SPIRIT-MEDIUM.

"Good-evening to you, gentlemen."

The salutation came from a tall, powerfully-built man, as he stepped quietly and sedately through the folding-doors leading from an inner apartment into a cozily-furnished room in which a dozen men were clustered around the table. The hushed whispers in which they had been eagerly talking were at once silenced, as, with an air, half of reserve, half of mystery, the last comer advanced to the table and took the only vacant seat. From several parts of the room, from the table itself, came, "rap, rap, rap."

"Greeting to you, my dear spirits!" said the medium, as he cast a raptured glance at nothing and waved his hand as a sign to the spirits to control their impatience.

Throwing himself back in the spring lounging-chair on which he sat, the medium at once appeared to be lost in thought—totally unaware of the presence of his visitors. With an absent air he passed his hand three or four times through his hair, pressed his fingers against his pulse, took several strong respirations, and

then, as if mechanically, touched a small bell which stood before him on the table.

A colored boy at once answered the summons.

"Bring some cigars and some iced water for these gentlemen," ordered the medium, in a quick, nervous tone; "and," he added, "I am not at home to *any one* this evening. Do not come unless I ring for you."

Even this slight exercise of energy seemed to exhaust him, for he again threw himself back languidly in his chair, slowly closed his eyes, and once more appeared to be utterly lost in thought.

The cigars were brought in, and, merely remarking, "Gentlemen, I presume that you all smoke," the medium signed to the servant to hand them around.

Again the spirits began to rap with startling activity. They seemed to be here, there, and everywhere, and one or two of the visitors were so awed that they gave an unmistakable shudder.

"Yes, yes, directly," said the medium, without opening his eyes and as if holding a conversation with some unseen person; and then, arousing himself, he sighed deeply and asked if his visitors were willing that the *séance* should commence.

Of course they were. They were on the very tiptoe of expectation. Their hair was already beginning to stand on end from sheer anticipation of the dreadful mysteries in which they were about to share, and their faces were flushed and their fingers clutched nervously at the little slips of paper which lay in heaps before

them. Wishing to keep cool, they had been unconsciously wrought up to a high pitch of nervousness. They glanced at the walls, and the figures on the paper startled them. They peered at the mirrors as though they half-expected to see the form of some fearful spectre, invisible to them, reflected on their lustrous surface. They looked uneasily from one to another, and, finally, like a group of frightened animals, they stared with fascinated gaze at the medium. He was quiet, cool, and collected. So far from betraying any excitement, his face bore an expression of listless *ennui*—a look as though he knew he had to go through that which would and must greatly increase the feeling of exhaustion—the loss of power—from which he was already evidently suffering.

With a gesture of extreme weariness, he threw two or three pencils into the centre of the table and requested all to write the names of the spirits with whom they desired to communicate on the slips of paper lying before them, and then he again relapsed into a sort of moody abstractedness, which was almost pitiable to witness—he seemed so beaten down, as it were, so worn out and threadbare of all vital power.

There they lay, some forty or fifty little folded slips, heaped together in the middle of the table—each one bearing the name of some friend or relative or man of note, who has passed that bourn from which no traveler returns.

Seizing one, the medium passed it slowly across his forehead, looking steadily at the table-cloth the while, and muttering incoherent words in a low tone. Suddenly, in a moment, he was all life and fire. His eyes sparkled, his nerves seemed to have returned to him all at once, and he looked at least ten years younger. Casting a searching glance around him, he said:

"Gentlemen, as you are all strangers to me, you must excuse me for asking which of you is W—— B——?"

There was no necessity for repeating the question. A fair, earnest-faced man started in his chair, colored deeply, and said firmly, "That is my name."

"Mr. B——," rejoined the medium, speaking slowly, distinctly, and somewhat in an oracular strain, "the spirit of Ellen is here;" and then, turning in his chair and looking over his shoulder, he added, "is that not so, Ellen? Are you not here?"

Rap, rap, rap, came sharply on the table, and the man interested sat with parted lips and bated breath.

"Have you any questions to ask the spirit?" inquired the medium.

"No, sir," replied the visitor, in a half-frightened tone; and he turned to his nearest neighbor and whispered, "Why, Jim, poor Nell's been dead fifteen years. Isn't it horrible? I couldn't ask her any thing."

Again the medium picked up one of the papers, and passed it over his forehead as before. A violent rapping was immediately begun.

"Yes, yes," said the medium, as if pacifying some very impatient spirit; "I will attend to you next. George ——."

The color faded slightly from the face of a man who sat facing the medium, but he said nothing.

"The spirit of Captain C—— H—— is here," said the medium. "Would Mr. G—— H—— like to ask him any questions?"

"Yes, I should," sharply responded a gentleman, who had so far looked on with a skeptical sneer playing round his mouth.

"Well, sir," suggested the medium.

"Ask him," said Mr. H——, "how and where he died."

The question was put by the medium and answered by three raps.

"The spirit says he was killed at the battle of Gettysburg," the medium announced, with closed eyes, and addressing no one in particular.

"Ask him if he has met I—— L—— in heaven?"

"No; he is not dead yet. He is living in San Francisco," was the reply of the spirit.

The questioner stared and moved a little uneasily in his chair. But he was determined to catch the medium, if possible, and he braced himself up to the encounter once more.

"Ask him," he resumed, as though he were propounding a floorer, "where he was born?"

"The spirit says he was born prematurely while his

mother was on her voyage from New York to Liverpool," replied the medium.

"That will do," rejoined the skeptical gentleman. "I acknowledge that you have answered my questions correctly. How you do it, I don't pretend to know. But I still believe it is all humbug."

As he thus relieved his mind, he glared at the medium as though he would like to have him arrested as a common cheat and impostor. He was evidently not inclined to agree with the old lines:

> "Doubtless, the pleasure is as great
> In being cheated as to cheat."

Notwithstanding that he had deliberately made one of the party, he seemed to regret the five-dollars entrance-fee which he had paid in advance, and to be very disgusted with the whole affair. Throughout the evening he was as fidgety as a young beauty whose *fiancé* has not kept his ball engagement. He wanted to stay, and he wanted to get away. He was still more sorely tried before the *séance* was over, and in a way, too, which he little dreamed of.

Several of the other visitors crowded round him and discussed the matter. They pointed out to him the utter impossibility of a medium, who had never seen or heard of him before, being able to answer correctly such questions as he had put by means of any trickery, and eventually they so far restored him to good-humor and himself that he offered every apology to the medium for having interrupted the *séance* by his

remarks and especially for having used the word "humbug."

"But," he added, "I do not, cannot, and will not believe that my brother's spirit has been here in this room. I do not understand the whole thing. It is a perfect enigma to me; one of those problems which some brains can and others cannot solve, I suppose."

The *séance* was resumed; several spirits came when called upon, marvelous replies were given to difficult questions, and there was much standing of hair upon end. Some of the visitors gradually wore a haggard look. Surprise after surprise was beginning to tell on their nervous systems. Others treated the matter lightly and laughed heartily at the disconcerted looks of their friends when they received a ready and correct reply to a question which they thought to be a poser. These would prompt the timid ones to ask difficult questions, and, though not affected unpleasantly by the answers, they frankly expressed their astonishment. Two or three, among whom was the confirmed skeptic, sat silently studying and taking in the scene, but taking no active part in it.

Presently, after a long, whispered conversation with his next neighbor, one man wrote a name on a slip, folded it, and tossed it across to the medium. He had all along been an earnest watcher and listener, but had, thus far, maintained a masterly inaction. He regarded the medium with a look of intense curiosity as he saw him pick up the paper.

"Is this spirit here?" asked the medium.

No answer.

"Is this spirit here?" repeated the medium.

Still no answer.

"Is this spirit here?" he asked, for the third time.

Not a sound or a rap came to relieve the suspense.

"Ah!" exclaimed the skeptic, with a chuckle; "how is this?"

"I cannot command the attendance of spirits," said the medium, with the utmost suavity. "I only obey their commands in being the medium of their communications when they choose to be present."

At the same moment he handed back the slip of paper. The man who had given it to him mechanically opened it.

"By Heavens! Hold on," he exclaimed. "I've written the wrong Christian name. This man ain't dead. It's his brother, I mean."

"If the man be not dead," remarked the medium as he stole a quiet glance of satisfaction at the skeptic, whose jaw had suddenly fallen, "I don't see how his spirit can well come here. But," he added, as if caught by some fresh sensation, and turning again to his questioner, "there is a spirit standing by my shoulder who says that he is the man you mean—he says his name is Henry B——."

The man sprang from his seat as though he had been shot.

"My God!" he cried; "that's the name."

His neighbor again whispered in his ear and prompted a question.

"Will you ask the spirit the Christian name of his brother?" resumed the questioner with ill-suppressed excitement.

Rap, rap, rap, went the table.

"The spirit," said the medium, "says that he will write the name in letters of blood on the back of my hand."

As he said this, he drew back the sleeve of his coat and his shirt-cuff, and laid his left hand flat on the table. Nearly all rose to their feet and stood gazing as though they expected to see the devil himself appear with a pen and a bottle of red ink, and write the mystic letters. There was nothing to be seen. But, gradually, faint red lines and curves began to show themselves, till, at last, there was the word FRANK displayed in clear, bold letters of a bright-red color. All stared with amazement, the color was so perceptible, though not palpable, and the name was correct. One could almost fancy that one heard a shiver go through the throng. They stared at that hand as though it were something in itself belonging to the other world. Very strong ejaculations squeezed out through clinched teeth. One suggested this, and another that; some thought it was done by some chemical process, only to be dumfounded by the fact that the medium could not have previously known the name. One man looked and acted as though he feared he was bewitched. He made hurriedly for the

corner of the room in which he had placed his hat and cane and declared loudly, that he wouldn't "stay in the place another minute for five hundred dollars." He was, however, seized on by a friend, who endeavored to persuade him to remain.

"Come, Mr. ——, let's see this thing out," expostulated the skeptical gentleman, as he sat beating the devil's tattoo on the table. "I don't believe in the spiritual part of this business any more than you do. But it's damned clever, and I mean to go through with it."

All this while the medium lay back in his chair, apparently regardless of the excitement; so far as one could judge from any outward signs, heedless of the very presence of his visitors, and caring naught for the interruption of the *séance*. But suddenly he rose to his feet, gazed sternly first at one and then at another, and, raising both hands in front of him, motioned them to resume their seats. He seemed by a sort of magnetic power to charm them into obedience, and once more they manifested their awe, their amazement, their bewilderment, their skepticism, or their disgust, as the case might be.

Again the spirits returned to the charge, and again they enabled the sorely-pressed medium to resist the attacks of his adversaries. Once more curiosity had impelled the skeptical man to ask a question. The medium was about to reply to him, when several raps came quickly; he paused, shivered, and looked over his shoulder.

"Yes, yes," he exclaimed in tones of great distress; "I will tell him."

For a moment he lay back as if dreading the effect of some revelation which he knew he was about to make, and then, after an apparent struggle to maintain his firmness, he announced in a sepulchral voice:

"The spirit of Ethel —— desires me to tell G—— H—— that she is present."

"God in heaven!" cried the skeptic, springing to his feet, "what devilry is this? How do you know that name?"

That he was agitated beyond measure was evident. His chest heaved, his nostrils quivered, and his eye flashed with almost maniacal fire.

"The spirit is here, sir," quietly rejoined the medium.

"Spirit! here!" exclaimed the man in a half-frenzied tone. "The lady whose name you have mentioned is alive and well."

"The spirit of Ethel —— desires me to tell G—— H——, that she is present," repeated the medium, solemnly and as though the words were wrung from him.

The skeptic stood motionless, unable to utter a word, amazed and thunderstruck.

Slowly, and with apparent difficulty, the medium rose from his chair. In an instant the gas was turned out, and there roughly but clearly delineated on the wall, in lines of fire, were the features of a woman.

With a cry of horror, the skeptic sank back into his

chair. The gas was relighted immediately, and all turned to the man who, of all others in the party, had thought himself most strong. But in those lineaments, roughly as they were pictured, he had recognized the features of his lady-love.

The medium dashed to a cabinet, and produced a decanter of brandy and a wine-glass. The notes of a piano were heard in the next room, the folding-doors were thrown open, and a brilliantly-lighted room and an elegant supper-table, laden with delicacies, were displayed to view.

"What does it all mean?" gasped the trembling skeptic.

"It means," said the friend whom he had accompanied to the *séance*, "that we have all been having a bit of fun, which has perhaps gone a little too far, and that we are now going to have a jolly good champagne-supper."

Yes, I am sorry to say that that medium was a first-class fraud. Six gentlemen, who were in the secret, had brought with them to the *séance* six friends, who were not in the secret. By means of a carefully-arranged plot, much posting as to names, and facts, and dates, prompting of questions, and with the aid of a photograph, a little phosphorus, and a chemical preparation, these six innocents had been thoroughly taken in and effectually done for. Not one of them had the barest suspicion of the truth till the time for the *dénoûment* had arrived and the prepara-

tions for the transformation-scene were complete. It was not till many days afterward that they heard that the fraudulent medium was an intimate friend of the six conspirators and was no other than your very obedient servant,

"A. P."

PAINTING *À LA MODE.*

Of all the ungodly places at six o'clock on a cold winter's morning, commend me to the Tombs police-court. How the spirit (there are no ghosts nowadays) of Mark Tapley would revel in its horrors—the chilling atmosphere, the gloom, the repulsive associations of the place, the knowledge that one is within a few feet of some five-and-twenty human beings whose hands are indelibly stained with the life-blood of their fellows, and, last and more realistic, because more immediate, that dreadful pen of poor, downfallen humanity, the "drunk and disorderlies" collected at the down-town station-houses during the night, who are—some with trembling and shamefacedness, some with insolent bravado—awaiting the coming of the magistrate before starting on their inevitable trip to "the island" for ten days' change of air. Add to this the fact that you have to stamp your toes and blow on your fingers for a good two hours in this scene before the magistrate arrives, and I think that even the exacting spirit of Mr. Tapley would own that he had for once found his much-coveted opportunity of being jolly under adverse circumstances.

I was thoroughly depressed when I put in an appearance at the early examination at the Tombs on the only morning I ever did appear there. As it was for the first, so I trust it was for the last time. Warmly as I was clothed and rapidly as I had walked from the hotel where I had passed the night, the howling cold snap and driving rain had thoroughly chilled me. I had, too, seen, here and there on my route, the children of misery and wretchedness, stealing out from their unpaid-for night's shelter in some dark door-way; and, as I hurried up the steps leading to the gloomy-looking entrance of the Tombs, I could not refrain from exclaiming with poor heart-broken, crazed Lear.

> "Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
> That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
> How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
> Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
> From seasons such as these!"

The next minute I was in the court-room.

By-the-way, I may as well state at once that I was neither "a felony," nor "a larceny," nor "a brutal assault." The officers have a curious habit of speaking of their prisoners as being "brutal assaults," "knuckle-dusters," "knife-cases," etc., alluding, of course, to the charge on which they have been arrested. I was not even that generally humble and always much-despised creature—a "prosecutor." When I first heard a half-starved-looking little man spoken of as a "knife-case," I eyed him with considerable curiosity. I had read of

the marvels of Indian jugglery and Japanese legerdemain; but I thought it must trouble even those accomplished heathen artists to convert themselves into "knife-cases."

A few more such graphic descriptions, however, soon enlightened me, and I began to turn my attention to the business which had brought me to the Tombs on that inclement Monday morning—a study of the "drunk and disorderlies." There was every specimen of the genus—from the "first offense" to the "incorrigible"—a gathering worthy of the pencil of a Hogarth. At first, I was inclined to think that I should be troubled with *l'embarras des richesses*, like the medical student who visited a battle-field for the first time, in *the hope* of securing "a subject." I, too, was in search of a subject. I intended to make a temporary investment in one of the many eligible specimens before me, and the only trouble with me was, as was, doubtless, the case with the medical student—which to choose. I scanned them all carefully, studied their good and bad points, and appraised them one after another, till, at last, even some of the most brazen-faced hung their heads and concealed their features.

I heard afterward that I was suspected of being an officer in citizen's dress, present for the purpose of proving previous convictions against old offenders.

"Thus conscience does make cowards of us all!"

However, I made my choice.

But, *l'homme propose et Dieu dispose.* That stern

dictator of the law—the sitting magistrate—came very near "upsetting my apple-cart." One by one, he ordered off the most likely examples to "the island;" and, when the very one of all others I had set my heart upon was sentenced to share the same fate with them, and to join the ranks of monarchs retired from business, my heart sank within me and I could almost have cried with vexation. What to me was the miscarriage of justice at such a time? I was bent on a certain purpose, and I had made up my mind that, if that one particular personage was afforded the alternative of going to "the island" or handing over five dollars to the treasury of the city and county of New York, the five dollars should be forthcoming at all hazards. But the judge would not give me the ghost of a chance, and, to-day, I am a richer man by the sum of five dollars.

But there was still another and unforeseen opportunity for me. Almost the last case called up was that of a Dutchman, who was charged with beating his wife; and the unhappy wife's eyes and nose were pretty competent and convincing witnesses against him. He was taken below; and, as soon as he was lost to the sight, he immediately became dear to the memory of his better half, who burst out crying as she turned to leave the court-room. Here, then, was my chance. A few sympathetic words would stand me in need for an introduction, and, by dint of a little management, I should be in possession of a "subject."

"I am very sorry for you; but cheer up, he will

soon be back again," I remarked, in the most sympathetic of tones, as I walked by the side of the sobbing woman across the hall.

She accepted my sympathy with a thankful glance and sobbed more bitterly than ever.

"Can I do any thing for you?" I asked.

More sobs.

The situation was becoming rather embarrassing, and I thought I would try a more direct attack; so I observed, quite incidentally, of course, "That is a fearful black-eye your husband has given you."

"Vas das you say?" she inquired, in an eager, nervous tone.

"That is a fearful black-eye your husband has given you," I repeated.

"Vas you ken? Vas you do?" she asked, half in anger and half with the air of an injured individual.

I began to be more than half afraid that the consequent symptoms which generally follow the prosecution of a husband by his wife were about to exhibit themselves "full out," as the doctors say when children have the measles "nicely." The poor woman was fast forgetting the cowardly blows she had received and was already thinking more of the good-for-nothing fellow on his way to prison than of herself. But her features, her dress, and the neat arrangement of her hair, proclaimed her to be respectable, though very poor. So I thought I would attack her respectability

as a forlorn hope, trusting that it might prove to be a weaker and more assailable point.

"It will be a dreadful thing for a respectable woman like you to have to go about in that disfigured state," I artfully put in, speaking very slowly and distinctly, so that she might understand me.

"Yah," she replied; "but vas can I do?"

I chuckled quietly over what I thought to be the coming success of my diplomacy and assured her, in convincing tones, that I took so much interest in her sad case that, if she would place herself in my charge and come with me, she should be subjected to a process by which all traces of the ugly marks on her face should be quickly removed, and that thus she would be freed from any unpleasant remarks and impertinent inquiries from her neighbors.

How wrong I was! How thoroughly I had mistaken my "subject!" The woman cast one terrified glance at me, threw her thick woollen shawl over her baby, ejaculated "Der Teufel!" and fled down the steps into the street like a startled deer.

I am morally certain that she either took me for his Satanic majesty or an alchemist, an astrologer or a sorcerer, or some other bedeviled representative of humanity. She did not even once look behind her, and she was soon lost to view.

There I stood at the top of the steps, not knowing whether to laugh or to feel disconsolate. I did neither. I vented my astonishment and vexation in a long, low

whistle. That prolonged whistle did more for me than all my diplomacy had done. By causing them to laugh, it drew my attention to two women who had been standing by my side and quietly listening all the while to what had passed between the Dutchwoman and myself. I was almost startled out of my sense of propriety.

> "Is this a dagger which I see before me?
> The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee."

I had thought that the unaccommodating judge had locked up every man, woman, and child, with a disfigured face; and yet, standing there, face to face with me, was a subject equally as good as, perhaps better for my purpose than, the one who had so unceremoniously slipped through my fingers. She had a splendidly-decorated eye, and how I had managed to miss her I do not know. I dashed, at once, in *medias res*, and asked her how she had contrived to get off going to the island. She told me that it was her first visit to the Tombs *from that ward*, and that, escaping recognition, the judge had let her off on the promise of reformation.

"And I do hope, Mary, as you'll keep your promise," put in her companion, who, as I afterward learned, was her eldest sister.

"Say, what's that you were saying to that woman about taking out black-eyes?" inquired Mary, with marked interest and without paying the slightest attention to her sister's remark. "You see I've got a pretty bad 'un, and it'll be worse to-morrow. I don't

live down in this ward and I don't want to go home with such a knuckle-kiss as this."

I entered into a long and confidential conversation with Mary and her sister; the result of which was the transfer of fifty cents from my pocket to Mary's and an arrangement that we should meet again at eleven o'clock —not in the same spot, Mary strongly objected to that— on the angular piece of sidewalk at the junction of the Bowery and East Broadway, in Chatham Square. The fifty cents was to pay for Mary's breakfast. The "recess" (it is astonishing how quickly one picks up police-court technical phrases) was to give me a chance to take my daily cold bath, get some breakfast, and read the newspapers.

Now, the reader will naturally ask, "What is the meaning of all this?" Well, I have a straightforward answer to the inquiry. The other day I was strolling along the Bowery, when a printed slip was thrust into my hand by a half-clad, shivering, blue-nosed man, who looked as though he would like to drink a pint of rum, and sit on a "Morning-glory" cooking-stove till it boiled, in order to warm himself. It had a pica heading, which read—

"Why wear a Black-Eye?"

My attention was at once attracted. The mere propounding of such a question was a totally novel idea to me. The only black-eyes that I remember to have worn were worn out twenty years ago; the last one after my last school-boy fight.

I read on. The advertisement went on to say that Mr. ——, of No. — Bowery, was ready and willing, for a stipulated sum, to remove all traces of "falls, tumbles, blows, personal encounters" (surely they must include blows!), "natural imperfections, skin-blotches, scars, burns, and scalds," by a "purely harmless process," and "without pain or inconvenience."

"What a benefactor to suffering humanity must that man be!" I mentally exclaimed.

At the bottom of the slip I read, "Discoloration around the eye effectually concealed, in artistic style, for from two to five dollars."

I am naturally of an inquisitive temperament, and, I confess, my curiosity was greatly excited by this remarkable advertisement. I had heard of Madame Rachel and her "beautiful forever" business; but I had also heard that she had been, even if she is not now, imprisoned in Newgate as a common impostor. I had also heard—but, oh, "tell it not in Gath!"—that some of the young beauties of New York are not unbelievers as to the merits of pigments and cosmetics. But here was a gentleman who struck out boldly; who not only openly advertised his occupation, but advertised that what he did was done "in artistic style." My desire to test his artistic ability was irrepressible; but, as I did not feel inclined to run my eye against a post, or to get some one to put my head in "a friendly 'chancery' suit," in order to test it personally, I thought I would pay a substitute to do duty for me, and the

most likely place from which to enlist a substitute was, I thought, one of the Metropolitan police-courts. So, as I pondered over the matter with the aid of a cigar one evening, I determined to go to the Tombs next morning, in spite of having to exchange my comfortable den for a hotel bedroom for the night—no small sacrifice to one who loves and respects his "den." And I have one that I certainly love and respect:

> "In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
> And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
> Away from the world, with its toils and its cares,
> I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs."

That is just my case. No more and no less. And I am happy as the day is long.

At eleven o'clock precisely, I was on the spot appointed for my meeting-place with Mary, whom I had arranged to escort to this black-eye-effectually-concealing artist's studio in the Bowery. She was a few minutes late. But that did not trouble me so much as the fact, which I quickly discovered, that she had drunk something a little stronger for breakfast than hot coffee. She did not attempt to deny the soft impeachment. Oh, where were those promises of reformation which she had made to the judge only a couple of hours before!

> "When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be;
> When the devil got well, the devil a saint was he."

And so it was with the unfortunate victim of alcohol I had enlisted in my service. She was far from intoxi-

cated, but I was considerably nonplussed when she wanted to take my arm as we walked up the Bowery. This request I absolutely refused to comply with, and soon subdued her into a proper feeling of respect by intimating that she had not yet received the dollar which was to be her remuneration and that she appeared to be more than likely not to receive it. From that moment, till we rang at the bell of a back-room on the second floor of the house mentioned in the artist's advertisement, nothing could have been more circumspect than her behavior.

The artist himself, palette and brushes in hand, replied to the summons.

"Mr. ——, I presume?" I said.

"Yes, sir. Walk in," he replied; and, as he politely ushered me in, he shut the door in Mary's face.

I was not sorry for this, for it gave me the opportunity of explaining matters to him a little.

"You paint out black-eyes, I believe," I remarked, blurting the business out rather bluntly.

My artist assented with a shrug of the shoulders.

"I want you to practise your art on the young woman outside," I said.

"Ah! Thank you, I don't take that kind of business," he replied, with a slightly offended air. "I don't paint any but the upper classes."

I was about to exclaim, "The devil you don't!" when I stopped myself, and explained to him the simple cause of my paying him a visit and who the woman

was, and ended by begging him not to disappoint me after I had taken so much trouble in the matter. After turning the matter over in his mind for a few moments, he graciously condescended to comply with my petition, and he also graciously condescended to take his five-dollar fee after he finished his work. How the world does love to deceive itself!

Mary was called in and requested to remove her bonnet. This she did with much simpering and giggling and then took her seat in a large velvet-cushioned chair, similar to those in use in barbers'-shops. In the mean time, the artist opened his box of paints and pigments, and began to compound various tints of flesh-color, from the rosiest to the whitest. He went about it in the most business-like way, as though he was about to begin the head of a Madonna for the next exhibition of the Academy of Design; and he moved about with an air of dignity which was superbly ludicrous considering the branch of the art of painting which he follows. While he was thus engaged, Mary thoroughly inspected the room and its contents, scrutinizing every thing, and peering into corners and cupboards in a way that attracted my attention. I requested her to sit down.

"Yes, I'm goin' to, now," she replied, as she resumed her seat in the velvet-cushioned chair.

"What do you mean?" I asked, feeling rather puzzled at the tone of her reply.

"Why," she answered, "I was lookin' to see if there was any of them photograph things about. I don't

want to have my portrait took for no rogues' gallery. I don't know who you are, and I don't trust nobody. I ain't goin' to give no chance, anyway."

The artist and I both laughed and assured her that we had no sinister intentions of that sort, and that, as soon as her eye was properly painted, she would be allowed to depart in peace and safety, as far as we were concerned.

The eye-painter then approached his subject and, with a small sponge, carefully wiped all that part of her face—the left eye and cheek—which was discolored. Having done this to his satisfaction, he seized his palette and brushes, and, striking the attitude of artistic genius, set to work in earnest. He first of all painted the discolored parts with a colorless pigment, which seemed to dry very rapidly, and every now and then requested the woman to open her eye, in order to see whether it would dry without cracking. One or two little bits like gold-beater's skin split off from the surface, and he reduced the thickness of the pigment by mixing a small quantity of some fluid with it.

As I sat there, intently watching the operation, I could not help thinking of the picture of Vandyck in his studio (the artist was not unlike the portraits of the great painter) and feeling disgusted at such a horrible prostitution of so glorious an art as painting—for this man is really a painter by profession. The walls of his studio were hung with pictures, though not of a very high class, of his own painting, and an unfinished

head was on an easel in the corner. He worked away at the woman's face with all the delicacy of touch of a miniature-portrait painter, putting a touch here and a touch there, and then stepping back to see the effect of it.

"Just a little too bright," he would say, speaking to himself, and immediately he would proceed to tone the coloring down a little.

In this way he steadily worked on, the discoloration gradually showing fainter and fainter through the pigment, till at last it was invisible altogether. A few finishing touches completed the process, which occupied about five-and-forty minutes; and then, with an air of triumph, he turned to me and said:

"There, sir; what do you think of that? The most successful effort I have made for some time."

The whole thing was certainly admirably done. The enameling was, of course, apparent on examination, but I doubt if any casual observer would have detected it. Certainly, the woman might have walked the streets from morning till night and no one would have suspected that she had a very bad black-eye. The artist said that it was painted just at the right time. The swelling of the flesh had all subsided and, consequently, there would be no need of a second painting, as is the case when the bruise is very recent. I had supposed that the woman had got damaged the night before, but, in answer to my inquiry on this point, she told me that her "eye" was three days old.

On consulting the looking-glass, Mary was consider-

ably surprised at first, but her surprise soon gave way to expressions of delight. She declared that she could hardly believe it, and asserted that she had never looked so well in her life before.

"I really look quite nice and handsome," she said. "I'd like to go and have my portrait took now if I had the money."

I laughed heartily. I could not help it, for Mary was as unprepossessing a specimen of female loveliness as one often sees. But it has always struck me that the ugly and the vulgar are among the photographer's best patrons. Mary's vanity recalled to me Mr. Saxe's epigram "on an ugly person sitting for a daguerreotype:"

> "Here Nature in her glass—the wanton elf—
> Sits gravely making faces at herself;
> And, while she scans each clumsy feature o'er,
> Repeats the blunders that she made before."

I paid Mary her one dollar, the price she had stipulated for, after much haggling, for allowing her eye to be painted for my amusement and edification and at once dismissed her. As I handed the accomplished artist his fee of five dollars, he handed me a cigar, and, while I was lighting it, I took the liberty of making one or two impertinent inquiries about his strange business.

"Do you have much of this kind of work to do?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he replied; "I generally have two or

three sittings a day. Some ladies come to me regularly. I have one lady patron who has a very ugly and deep scar on her temple. She comes to me twice a week, wet or dry, to have it filled and enameled."

"Why, she must be a valuable customer to you," I said.

"Well, she pays me so much a quarter. I have another lady patient who is cursed with skin-blotches at different seasons of the year. Sometimes she comes here three or four times a week when the eruption is out on her face; in fact, whenever she is going out to an entertainment or the theatre, or is going to receive at home. She pays me so much a visit. But I make a reduction in my fees to her, as she comes so often."

"Are there any other members of your profession who paint human faces?" I asked.

"I only know of one," he replied, "and he doesn't amount to much. Nearly all first-class drug-stores, however, keep an assistant who can paint out a black-eye."

"Indeed!" I remarked.

"Yes," he rejoined. "But they're not artists. Their work is very badly done, easily detected, and lasts no time. It requires a real artist to do the thing well and effectually. Why, if that woman is careful, the pigments I have put on her face will not wear off till all the discoloration has disappeared. They will last at least a fortnight."

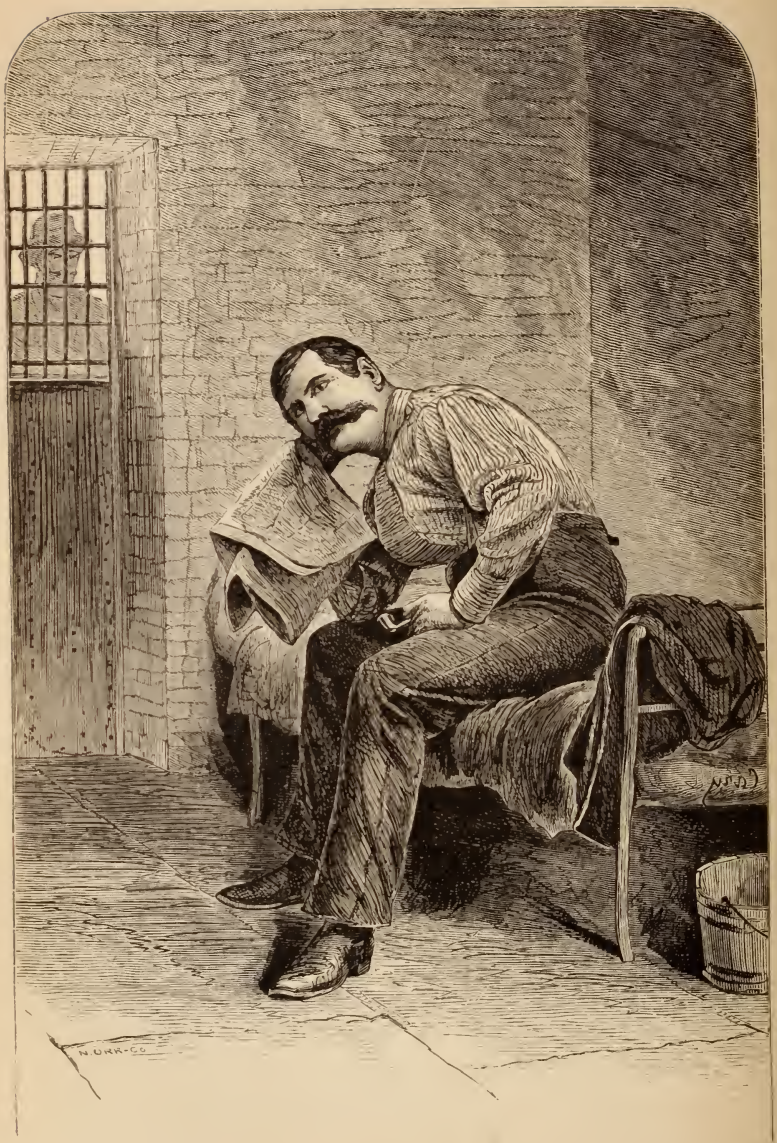
My artist then mentioned to me the names of several of the leading drug-stores in the city where eye-

painting is done, astonishing me no little at the estimate he gave me of the number of faces daily disfigured among the young men of the upper classes. I thanked him for his information and courtesy and took my leave; and, as I wended my way down-stairs, I muttered James Russell Lowell's lines:

"But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know every thin' down in Judee."

Confession is good for the soul, and I candidly confess that, though I generally go about with my weather-eye open, I was till lately unaware of this eye-painting business. Had I ever had the misfortune to have that weather-eye temporarily closed and, consequently, in mourning, I should most likely have known all all about this new art long ago. When I first heard of it, through the medium of the artist's handbill, I was very dubious about its being some hoax or advertising dodge. But, seeing is believing; and, like St. Thomas, I am convinced. I have always regarded the stories of painted young ladies, false busts, and newspapers as a recognized article of ladies' dress, as vile calumnies, started by spinsters who have kept their virtue on hand so long that it has become sour. I don't know what to say about it now. Was it not Mark Lemon who wrote a burlesque in *Punch* entitled "A Book in a Bustle?"

"A. P."



THE AMATEUR PRISONER.

(Portrait of character, from a photograph by Gurney.)

THE POOR PRISONER.

Some time ago I received an intimation from the then managing editor[1] of the *Tribune* to the effect that he desired to see me. Repairing thither, I could scarcely believe my senses when the words, "A. P., I have determined to send you to prison," smote like a knell on my ear.

Little Tommy, the office-boy, could have knocked me down with a feather; the more stalwart Johnny Weinheimer could, at that moment, have rendered my children fatherless and my wife a widow with an ease which would have utterly astonished him. "With trembling limbs, hair on end, and glaring eyeballs" (for remainder of description, see any of the weekly papers of last Sunday), I was about to burst forth in a cataract of protests and demands to know what I had done, and who were my accusers. But a *mens conscia recti* and a merry twinkle in the eye of the editor arrested the eloquent flow of indignation which was on the very tip of my tongue. After laughing heartily at my consternation, the editorial chair proceeded to unfold the meaning of its announcement as follows:

"The fact is, A. P., I have reason to suspect that

[1] The present editor.

there is something rotten in Mr. Warden Tracey's state of Denmark, and I want you to go to Ludlow-Street Jail and find out for me whether such be really the case. I think arrangements can be quietly effected which will make you temporarily an inmate of the prison. Have you any objection to offer to the proposal?"

I had none. On the contrary, I had myself proposed to Mr. Whitelaw Reid's predecessor in office that I should make this very same overture; but the project fell through at the moment and had since passed out of my mind. I was, therefore, only too ready to join in the plot, and I at once set to work to arrange the details of its execution—of course, with the aid and abettance of the *Tribune*.

With a self-sacrificing devotion to the *Tribune* somewhat akin to that which led Mr. Samuel Weller to voluntarily incarcerate himself in the Fleet Prison in order to be able to perform his usual personal service to Mr. Pickwick, I rushed madly into—*an indiscretion*. The friend (the Hon. Isaac H. Bailey, the well-known and eminent New-York merchant) on whom I perpetrated it was naturally indignant (or rather played the indignant, for he was fully aware of the plan of operations), and quickly sought the strong arm of the law to right himself and punish me—not *à la* Mace and Coburn, but with a little gentle correction in the shape of a prison-cell and a prison-diet.

Could that accommodating gentleman, the sheriff's officer, have only known that I was as much in search

of him as he was of me, he might have saved himself many weary hours of hanging about the streets. Unfortunately, we did not know one another. I had perambulated Wall Street and its purlieus in the daytime; lolled about the entrance of Wallack's Theatre and Niblo's Gardens at the time people were going in and coming out; looked in at Jim Mace's, the Dot and Go one, Boston Props, Jerry Thomas's, and other well-known resorts; and had even sauntered with nonchalant air through the halls and bar-room of the Fifth-Avenue Hotel. But I could not come across him. At last, however, he ran me to earth, as he supposed (I had been obliged to go to my prosecutor's office and arrange with him that he should bring the officer to a certain spot at a certain hour—which he did); and so tired was I of looking for him that, when he tapped me on the shoulder, I could almost have embraced him on the spot, all perspiring as he was. He inquired affectionately after the state of my health, and then, sure of his man, he handed me a roll of official papers, one of which required "the Sheriff of the City and County of New York forthwith to arrest James P. Wilson" (this was the name I had assumed for the occasion), and hold him "to bail in the sum of three hundred dollars."[1]

[1] COURT OF COMMON PLEAS FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.

ISAAC H. BAILEY, *Plaintiff*,
against
JAMES P. WILSON, *Defendant*.
} *Order of Arrest.*

To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York:

It appearing to me by affidavit that a sufficient cause of action exists in favor of the above-named *plaintiff* against the above-named *defendant*

Assuming an air, first of surprise, and then of great agitation, I seized the official documents and affidavit, and, hurrying into the nearest door-way, read them through and through; while a judicious trembling of the fingers, just enough to cause the papers to rustle, a quiver of the nostrils, and an occasional uneasy, angry glance (how I longed to wink!) at my cruel creditor, entirely threw the wary officer off his guard.

"Poor fellow!" he remarked, *sotto voce;* "he seems quite taken aback and upset! Look how his hand shakes!"

So I took in the officer and the officer took in me, as poor Tom Hood would have put it.

and the case is one mentioned in section 179 of the Code of Procedure, and the said *plaintiff* having given the undertaking required by law, YOU ARE REQUIRED forthwith to arrest the *defendant* in this action, and hold him to bail in the sum of Three Hundred Dollars, and to return this order to DIEFENDORF, BEAMAN & MARDEN, *Plaintiff's Attorneys*, at No. 17 Warren Street, New-York City, on the 19th day of May, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one.

Dated May 12, 1871.

J. F. DALY, J. C. C. P.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.

ISAAC H. BAILEY, *Plaintiff*,
against
JAMES P. WILSON, *Defendant*.
} *Summons.*—For Relief. (*Com. not served.*)

To *the Defendant:*

YOU ARE HEREBY SUMMONED and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the Office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of New York, at the County Court-House in said city, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the *subscribers*, at their office, No. 17 Warren Street, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on

The world and writers of romance have educated us to believe that sheriffs' officers, even if they have souls to be saved, are utterly heartless. Here was a notable and glorious instance to the contrary. Why, this warm-hearted fellow, after depositing me safely in

you, exclusive of the day of such service; and, if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the *plaintiff* in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated New York, May 12, 1871.

DIEFENDORF, BEAMAN & MARDEN, *Plaintiff's Attorneys*,
17 Warren Street, New York.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.

ISAAC H. BAILEY, *Plaintiff*,
against
JAMES P. WILSON, *Defendant*.

City and County of New York, ss.

ISAAC H. BAILEY, of said city and county, being duly sworn, says that he is the above-named plaintiff.

Deponent says further, that on the 10th day of May, 1871, he requested James P. Wilson, of the City and County of New York, the above-named defendant, to deliver the sum of two hundred dollars to one Frank Smith, at the Fifth-Avenue Hotel, in the said City of New York; that deponent delivered said two hundred dollars to said Wilson, and that said Wilson received said two hundred dollars, and thereupon undertook to deliver the same to said Frank Smith at the place aforesaid, or to return the same to deponent before half-past three o'clock in the afternoon of said 10th day of May, 1871.

That said Wilson did not deliver said two hundred dollars to said Smith as he undertook to do, nor has he since so delivered the same, nor has he returned said money to deponent.

That said Wilson has, since said 10th day of May, 1871, kept himself concealed, so that deponent has not been able to find him.

That the plaintiff is about to commence, by the summons hereto annexed, an action in this Court against said James P. Wilson upon the cause of action above stated.

Sworn to before me, this 12th day of May, 1871.

ISAAC H. BAILEY.

WILLIAM PARKER, Notary Public, New York County.

the clutches of the law, actually took the trouble, notwithstanding other and pressing duties demanded his attention, to walk some distance to the office of Mr. Bailey, on whose complaint I had been arrested, and earnestly pleaded for my release from prison, at least till Monday, that I might have an opportunity of seeing my family, with a view to settling the case. But my stern creditor declined to interfere with the course of the law (I should never have forgiven him if he had given way), and the officer's well-intentioned efforts were unrewarded. "All that glisters is not gold;" nor is every sheriff's officer a brute. It seems almost too hard to work deceitfully on the feelings of such a man, but when I think of the "poor prisoner," in whose good cause I hoodwinked him, I cannot refrain from applying to the act the encomium—*splendide mendax*—which Horace passed on the only one of Priam's daughters who did not kill her husband, while openly avowing that she had complied with her father's brutal commands.

After I had finished the perusal of the various documents which the officer handed to me, he told me that I must go with him to the sheriff's office. I could scarcely control my alacrity. On our arrival there, the officials inquired if I could procure the bail named in the warrant. I replied that I could not and was immediately turned over to the custody of another officer, who politely requested the favor of my company as far as Ludlow-Street Jail. On our way, he was profuse and

loud in his praises of "little Tracey," and explained to me how I could board for fifteen dollars a week, and be "as comfortable as possible," or for thirty dollars a week, and "live like a fighting-cock." I promised to ponder over his information and was in the act of thanking him, when he suddenly stopped at the door of a large building, rang the bell, and said—

"Here we are."

As the prison-door opened for our admission, an unfeeling little *gamin* (that boy's parents ought to send him to a reformatory) jeeringly called out, as he waved his hand:

"Good-by, boss; see yer again some time."

The next moment I was in the imposing presence of Mister Warden Tracey, a short, thick-set, muffin-faced, hard-looking man, whose only facial adornments are a pair of coarse, stubbly whiskers. He didn't look like coming up to the mark of the officer's "little Tracey;" and he didn't come up to it, as I afterward found out. But, Mr. Tracey has family ties. Mr. Tracey is consequently compelled to the vulgar pursuit of making money, and condescends to keep a prison boarding-house, and—he keeps it. Taking my cue from the officer's information about the boarding arrangements, I ostentatiously drew a roll of bills from my pocket and asked him if there were any thing to pay. There was not; but the action characterized me as a more than probable boarder and led to a polite request to be seated. For over an hour I was kept waiting in that chair before

they allotted me a cell; preserving a stolid and persevering silence, and utterly refusing to make any "boarding" overtures to Mr. Tracey's understrappers. After eying me with greedy gaze for some time, Frank, one of the keepers, apparently came to the conclusion that I was "no go," and he curtly ordered me up to a cell.

With a view, as I afterward learned, of forcing me to come down-stairs to board, I was placed in a cell on the highest tier, away from the other prisoners, although there were several unoccupied cells on the lower tiers.

On entering my future living (?) place, I found myself in a bare, whitewashed apartment, about ten feet by seven, with a blackened stone-floor and a strongly-barred opening, which should have been a window, about six feet high and four feet wide, facing the iron door, which was grated at the top. Two rickety iron bedsteads and a common wooden house-pail, "for the purposes of nature" (!), I was informed, were the only articles of furniture which it boasted. The bedding consisted of an old, filthily-dirty and stained straw pallet, an equally unsavory and nasty bolster of chopped straw and most moderate dimensions, and *one* ancient army-blanket, which showered a cloud of dust like a door-mat when I banged it against the wall. Into this luxurious residence I was ushered by one Sawyer, himself a prisoner, who acts as an attendant and does odd jobs for other prisoners—when they pay him well for it.

Mr. Sawyer is a "cullud gen'leman," who, in a fit of

abstraction, voted two or three times at the last election and is being cared for at the city's expense in consequence. He is a very ugly and very dirty specimen of his race, robs his fellow-prisoners mercilessly, even condescending to steal an old beer-bottle, a candle-end, or half a box of matches. Tobacco is an article which Mr. Sawyer never can resist, and it is cruelly wicked to tempt him by leaving it in his way. He has, also, or thinks he has, a fine baritone voice, and at all hours of the day and night he wakes the echoes of the corridors with some sentimental ditty, and is rewarded with much such applause as Mr. Smangle bestowed on the Zephyr:

"Pay away at it! I'm smothered if the Opera-House isn't your proper hemisphere. Keep it up. Hooray!"

On my remarking to Mr. Sawyer that the bed and bedding were fearful to behold, he replied that it was "very comfortable;" that he had slept on it himself for three months and knew it was. Mr. Sawyer's previous occupation of that bed did any thing but reassure me, and doubtless it accounted for the fearful amount of hard work which my finger-nails had to do, till my exit from the prison and a Turkish-bath relieved them from so arduous a function.

Left to myself, I stepped out on to the narrow corridor and looked down. I was immediately seized with a giddy fascination to throw myself off the dizzy height, and, fearful of sacrificing my own life and the interests of the *Tribune*, I at once reëntered my cell. After a few days, however, I became accustomed to my lofty

position, and now feel that I could traverse the most fearful scaffolding with the ease of a master bricklayer.

Mr. Sawyer soon again appeared, this time attended by the two other prisoner attendants, Quirk and Fish (irreverently called "Fishballs"), bearing basketfuls of great hunches of very fair bread and pails of a most execrable fluid, compared with which the rinsings of teacups would have been delicious. They had the lying hardihood to call it tea. Heaven save them! With a jaunty air I stepped outside to receive my rations and was sternly ordered back by Mr. Sawyer, with the admonition—

"Prisoners take their supper in their cells."

A pint tin cup, mediævally incrusted to an extent which would have graduated it into the rarest collection of *bric-à-brac* if it had only been china, was handed to me by Mr. Quirk, who filled it with his boiling so-called "tea." At the same moment, the occupant of the other bed in my cell put in his appearance—a working-man, who could speak little but German and who, much to my then joy, was removed by "Ed" (another keeper), when he came round shortly after to "lock up." "Ed" graciously informed me that I could be furnished with much more comfortable quarters if I wished. But I was proof against "boarding," and replied that I would think it over.

As the sun went down, the gloominess of my situation became a little unpleasant. No book, no news-

paper, no light; a good supply of cigars, but no matches! About eight o'clock the lovely countenance of Mr. Sawyer grinned at me through the cell-door, making me start as though I had seen a black ghost. He inquired if I wanted a light and generously supplied me with a common kitchen candle, stuck in a champagne-bottle, for fifteen cents and a box of common matches for five cents. Exercise may be a very fine thing, but when it consists of stepping backward and forward in a narrow pathway of eight or nine feet, between two stinking beds, it is apt to lose its charms. The contemplation of whitewash, too, becomes a little monotonous after a while.

As the night wore on, the horrors of the situation increased. Three foreign sailor witnesses, confined in another corridor, commenced a wild sort of chant which called up all sorts of spectres, and, when they had finished, the other prisoners sang chorus after chorus, some of them evidently having good voices and a knowledge of music. The favorite airs, however, seemed to be, "Don't be Angry with Me, Darling," "Moet and Chandon," and "Put Me in My Little Bed." As the whisky went down (Mr. Warden Tracey's whisky would certainly take the first prize in Water Street) the spirits of the prisoners went up. They shouted to one another, sang indecent songs, and yelled like maniacs. It was not till two or three o'clock in the morning that quiet reigned in that tomb of the living.

But, in the mean time, two very serious matters had

begun to occupy my attention. It was getting colder every five minutes, and, as I paced up and down, the cutting draught between the opening at the back of the cell and the grated door went playfully through me, instead of (as every well-disposed breeze would have done) taking the trouble to go round. I had, too, to face the necessity of lying down in my revolting resting-place. Poor Mark Tapley! Had he but lived in this our day, such a situation would have fulfilled his most ardent desires; he would have had an unsurpassable opportunity of being jolly under the most adverse circumstances. But the cold was rapidly becoming unbearable. I was shivering from head to foot, and had serious thoughts of wrapping myself in the blanket, dirty and dusty as it was, and continuing my promenade *à la* Choctaw Indian. To add to the discomforts of the situation, the prison was in course of being painted internally, and the smell from the bright-green paint which was being put on the cell-doors, the iron staircases, and railings of the corridors, was most sickening.

But a friend was at hand in the shape of Mr. Quirk, who is also in trouble for forgetting in the afternoon that he had voted in the morning during the last election. Quirk, with Irish inconsistency and splendid native accent, asked me if it was me that was not in bed, and good-naturedly offered to do any thing for me. I inquired if he could procure me a little brandy to warm me. He could get nothing but whisky. The demo-

niacal yells on all sides made me hesitate about that, but a violent shiver quickly produced a fifty-cent stamp from my pocket, which resulted in Mr. Tracey's bar-room supplying me for that sum with about an ordinary fifteen cents' worth of the vilest stuff that ever went down my throat.

The morning was beginning to dawn, I was exhausted with walking up and down, and was at last compelled to stretch myself on my prisoner's bed. To do this, I had to put my feet through the bars at the foot of the bed, as that libel on a sleeping-place and I did not fit as to length. Good heavens! Fresh sources of woe; and swarming, too! In a few minutes I was being eaten up alive by the hungry vermin, who had had nothing more juicy than Mr. Sawyer to feed upon for three months, or, perhaps, had drawn their first breath and had passed their infancy and youth in the incrustations on that gentleman's sable skin. And now, in the prime and vigor of their growth, I was their victim. How I wished that they had consumed Sawyer and died of over-eating!

In despair I once more started on my walk up and down and continued it till the keeper unlocked my cell-door at eight o'clock, and told me to my joy I could go down to the "tap" and wash.

No basins, no towels, no soap; only a tap over a sink!

For ten cents I borrowed, positively for ten minutes only, a dirty, half-wet towel and a piece of soap; a

comb and brush, which were offered for five cents extra, I politely declined with thanks.

Returning to my cell, I found my breakfast waiting for me—the regulation hunch of bread and a pint of muddy coffee. At the same time I received the order:

"Empty the slops and clean out your cell."

My remonstrance that I had no broom only extracted from my sulky jailer the rejoinder:

"Well, you've got to do it."

Another prisoner, for a weekly consideration of one dollar, made an arrangement with me to perform these menial services, received a week's wages in advance, and never came near me again. I might have suspected the cheapness of the bargain. Quirk, the prison attendant, who was really a good-natured, willing fellow, then undertook the office on the strict condition that he was not to be paid till the end of the week. By another agreement, he brought in a pail of cold water, soap, and towel, every morning, when the cells were unlocked. He, however, did not sweep out the cell; and it was not swept out all the time I occupied it. I suppose he forgot it, for, in my numerous other transactions with him, I found him scrupulously honest. Rough and ready as he was, his whole manner betrayed his sympathy with me, and, though I was only an amateur prisoner, his sympathy was very welcome.

"Mid all the changing scenes of life," none has so little variety as the interior of a prison. There are no kaleidoscopic effects, no excitements, save, perhaps,

when some old prisoner gets his discharge, stands his bottle of wine, and says a hearty good-by, or when some new face appears. The same actors appear day after day in the same *rôles*, in the same dresses, and in the same attitudes. Some few keep up their former glories and raise the envy of their fellows by varnished boots, a blue frock-coat, "a flower in the button-hole, quite the gentleman;" but the majority are torn, pieced, and patched. Captain Costigan, or his prototypes (I hope the captain's ghost won't demand the "satisfaction of a gintleman!"), hang around the billiard-table, play for money on trust, lose bets on trust, and get drunk on trust; paying off their scores the first time a friend is rash enough to visit them and *lend* them a five-dollar bill. The brow of every one is plainly inscribed with the word *jail;* the lofty roof echoes the word *jail;* the rays of the streaming sunlight scintillate till they assume shape and form, and, like the mysterious writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast, the ominous word *jail* appears in letters of fire; the very atmosphere tastes and smells of *jail.* The *ennui* is terrible. The music of a stray barrel-organ, though it be "Shoo Fly," has a charm; a German brass band is a perfect Godsend; even the occasional clanging of a fire-bell is a relief to the monotony; the advent of the newsboy with his penny sheet is the event of the afternoon. Even the great American resource for a *passe-temps* — whittling — is denied; for, though the food is wretched and the beds filthy, the

halls and corridors are kept scrupulously clean. Notices posted about inform the prisoners that any infraction of this rule of cleanliness will confine them to their cells for all the twenty-four hours instead of the regulation seventeen. In the "boarders'" corridor these notices commence, "Gentlemen;" the "poor prisoners" are addressed as "Persons."

Reversing the general order of things, the aristocracy of the place all live down-stairs. Their cells are in a broad, airy corridor leading from the billiard-room, and shut off at night from the rest of the prison by a heavy iron gate. They are very simply but decently furnished and the beds have sheets and pillow-cases. Each of their occupants is a private boarder of Mr. Warden Tracey's, paying him fifteen dollars a week; though, if they choose to pay thirty dollars a week, they can have a nicely-furnished sitting-room, lighted with gas, in the private part of the prison. It must not be forgotten that Mr. Tracey draws fifty cents a day for the feeding of every prisoner, boarder or no boarder, and the cost of lodging free, from the pockets of the tax-payers.

It is most amusing to witness the obsequious manner of Mr. Sawyer the moment he puts his foot within the sacred precincts of the aristocracy. Every one is "Sir." He steps aside to let them pass, and otherwise shows his high regard for Mr. Tracey's boarders. In one of these cells a dashing, good-looking, smartly-dressed young man has been confined for over a year.

He lords it with regal sway over the whole prison, and is said to have great influence with the warden. The secret of this is that he has, apparently, unlimited command of money. His wife comes down and spends the day with him, other friends and relatives drop in to chat away an hour or two, and on Sunday he holds a perfect levee, notwithstanding that the printed rules of the prison forbid the admission of visitors on Sunday. All sorts of delicacies find their way into this same gentleman's cell, such as pineapples, strawberries and cream, lobster-salad, etc. He is also allowed to leave the prison when he desires, though he has to take his walks abroad in the company of an officer of the prison and pay five dollars an hour for the privilege.

Mr. Tracey also grants another and inestimable privilege to his private boarders. They are not locked into their cells till eleven or twelve o'clock at night, and have the run of the private offices of the prison, and can go to the bar-room without previously asking the permission of the keeper. Any "poor prisoner" going into the private offices, even to see Mr. Tracey himself, or into the bar-room without permission, incurs the penalty of being locked up in his cell all day. It may be perfectly legitimate for the warden to provide a plain *table-d'hôte* dinner, breakfast, and supper, for those who are willing to pay fifteen or thirty dollars a week, but money should not be allowed to purchase any relaxation of the hours of incarceration which the law ordains.

There is another most improper custom in connection with Mr. Tracey's boarding-house. Every prisoner who becomes a boarder has to spend twenty dollars in champagne and cigars by way of "paying his footing." Of course, it is a mere custom, and cannot be enforced; but any new boarder refusing to comply with it is considered a sneak, and treated accordingly. In fact, he would, perhaps, be less miserable if he remained a "poor prisoner." This *admission fee*, however, carries with it a membership of the club of the *Hôtel de Ludlow;* a sort of "free and easy," established for the quicker consumption of Mr. Tracey's wine and cigars, card-playing, and any amusement that may suggest itself. Mock-trials are the stock pieces of this talented company. One of the number is arraigned before a jury of his peers on some imaginary charge; one takes the part of the plaintiff, others enact the *rôle* of counsel for the prosecution and defense, and "little Tracey" generally presides as judge over this solemn tribunal! As a general thing the trials are of a low and, too often, disgusting type; and they are sometimes made the opportunity of an impudent robbery. One instance will suffice. A young German, who had joined the club in the afternoon, was placed on trial one evening on the charge of seduction. The plaintiff, a fair-faced, boyish-looking prisoner, was dressed from Mrs. Tracey's wardrobe; a pillow having been so arranged under the crinoline as to give the impression that this pseudo-female was on the eve of becoming a mother. Of the

proceedings which followed, it is unnecessary to say any thing. Suffice it to say that the prisoner was found guilty of the offense, and was condemned by the judge—Mr. Tracey, Warden of the Prison—to pay a fine of twenty dollars.

He paid it! But not till after much bullying. The money was spent in champagne and cigars, which were retailed at a hundred per cent. advance on the cost price.

But even the boarders sometimes get tired of this sort of thing and of the expensiveness of living "down-stairs." Two young men, who are held by Colonel Whitely on a charge of "washing" revenue-stamps to a large amount, boarded down-stairs when they first went to the prison, as they were well supplied with cash; but they found that they could keep themselves better for half the sum per week which Mr. Tracy charged them, and they joined the noble army of martyrs up-stairs. They have furnished their cell very tastefully; rose-colored curtains of simple material, book-shelves, nice bedding, a miniature sideboard, washing conveniences, chairs, and a small cooking-stove. They smuggle in eatables from outside, and, but for the irksomeness of being locked up for so many hours, they live in tolerable comfort. They seem thoroughly prepared for a long stay in the jail; it is fortunate for them, therefore, that they have plenty of money, for they seem to have been luxuriously brought up.

So much for the aristocratic prisoners—those who

have pocket-money! But, how about the unfortunates who have none? How do they fare?

At twelve o'clock every day, Sawyer, Quirk, and "Fishballs" (the last is locked up for playing tricks with Uncle Sam's currency), appear with their ponderous baskets and serve out the prisoners' dinners. Dinners do I call them? Rather say experiments on how not to dine. Such a meal! The hungriest stomach, unless habituated to the very roughest fare, would revolt from it. The whole time during which I remained in prison, I did not once essay to touch it, and one day, when a reporter from the *Tribune* office came to my cell, as he did every day, to learn how I was getting along, he was so horrified on examining my dinner, that he packed it up in a sheet of newspaper and carried it off with him for the inspection of the *Tribune* editors. The prison dinner generally consists of three or four lumps of scraggy, shreddy, sinewy, half-cold beef, without gravy, which would do duty excellently for horse-flesh, two little potatoes with the skins on and no larger than hens'-eggs, and a slice of bread, all jumbled higgledy-piggledy into a dirty, brown, greasy tin dish. As no knives and forks are provided, the peeling of the potatoes is a work of art almost impossible to perform; nor, I should think, does the primeval fashion of eating one's meat from one's fingers at all add to its relish. No water is provided at the meal, but those who are thirsty have to go and drink at the tap, where the morning's ablutions are gone through, and

then one has to try to digest this unsavory mass—that is, if you can eat it—in the gloomy silence of one's own cell, or in the noisy, bad-tobacco-smelling billiard-room.

One afternoon, while sitting in the billiard-room, watching two men play for a dollar, which neither of them could pay, a little incident occurred which set my heart beating nineteen to the dozen. On the same bench with me sat two or three fellow-prisoners, and others were lounging around. It happened that, when I made preparations for going to Ludlow Street, I picked out an old coat and waistcoat that I had not worn for nearly two years. Fumbling lazily in the pocket, I discovered a piece of folded paper which I carelessly displayed and found to be an old counterfeit fifty-dollar bill which had come into my possession about two years ago, when occupied in getting up a series of articles on the subject of counterfeiters. There are many of this fraternity confined in the prison. How could I tell that those on either side of me were not members of it? Hastily putting it back in my pocket, I walked as deliberately as I could to my cell, struck a match, and the bill was soon in ashes. Had the keepers got wind of it, I might have whistled away the hours of life in Ludlow Street till Doomsday.

But, returning to the billiard-room, I noticed a stranger in conversation with one of the prisoners. Presuming that they were friends, I took little heed of him, and was considerably astonished when he afterward addressed me and inquired when my trial was coming on.

I asked him who he was. He replied that he was a reporter for the New York —— and other papers. I informed him that I had no desire to tell him any thing, and hurried once more to my cell to avoid the possible chance of recognition. I heard afterward that he had paid me the compliment to mistake me for Dutch George, the so-called King of the Counterfeiters, who, by-the-way, the aristocratic Mr. Warden Tracey will not allow to board down-stairs. His other boarders would not like it! It is just possible that Mr. Tracey is a little doubtful of the character of the bills with which Mr. George might desire to liquidate his indebtedness for board. The other counterfeiting prisoners, however, deny indignantly the claim of Mr. George to be the leader of the profession and assert that some of them are much more clever at it than he is.

Among the prisoners are some of those unfortunates—detained witnesses. On a tier, near my cell, three sailors are confined who are witnesses against the steward of the ship Helen and Ophelia, who shot one of his fellow-seamen dead last August in the harbor of Montevideo. He was brought home in irons, and, after a preliminary examination, let out on bail; the three witnesses being sent to Ludlow Street! There they have remained since last October. In the mean time the murderer has been on a voyage, earned his money, had a run ashore and enjoyed himself, and is now on his second voyage, earning more money, while the innocent men are locked up as criminals and fed on prison

fare. They say no trial can take place till October, and that possibly, it may then be again put off. One of these men is very intelligent and handy. He carves ships with rude knives and has decorated his cell with innumerable artistic devices cut in paper. Another prisoner, also a seaman, is detained as a witness against a man who passed a counterfeit ten-dollar bill on him. He is an Englishman, and very anxious to return to his own country. Another is held, to compel him to pay alimony to his wife. He has no funds and cannot earn enough to pay it. One case seems very sad. A poor fellow, who had formerly been in partnership with a brother, started in business for himself. He was doing very well, when his brother made a bad failure. This affected his own credit. He could get no goods on time with which to carry on his business, and was eventually compelled to assign all his effects for the benefit of his creditors. He was thrown into Ludlow-Street Jail eighteen months ago, but soon succeeded in getting out on bail and for some time held a situation in a dry-goods store in the city, which enabled him to maintain his family. But the creditors have been unable to obtain any division of the funds in hand from the assignee, and, to revenge themselves, have persuaded the poor fellow's bail to put him back again in Ludlow-Street Jail.

"They can't draw blood from a stone," he said to me one day; "I gave them up every thing I had; and now my wife and children must starve and I be im-

prisoned because of the dilatoriness or dishonesty of the assignee."

An unhappy little Jew, too, is there for a second time. He went out under the Fourteen Days' Act, having not a cent in the world. His creditor found out that, by some accident, the lawyer had obtained his release through the wrong court and, from sheer malice, he had him once more arrested and imprisoned. The poor fellow has to go through the mill again and take his discharge in the right court. Another victim of the law is persecuted by a dishonest partner, and, though the son of a wealthy man, is disowned by his family in consequence of a *mésalliance*. Finding his partner was dishonest, he endeavored to protect his own interests and quickly found himself in Ludlow Street. Unfortunately, his father-in-law wanted his daughter divorced from him, and a conspiracy was soon entered into with the partner to procure it. They kept him a prisoner for over six months, till they at last succeeded in persuading him to assist them in fabricating evidence sufficient to obtain the divorce, promising to have him released if he did so. The divorce was granted on his evidence, and, a few days afterward, he was again arrested and has remained in prison ever since. These stories, of course, are one-sided as regards their telling, but, if they are true, they show to what purposes a public jail may be put. One of the most heart-rending sights is to see the wives and children of these unhappy prisoners toiling, heart-broken, up the winding iron stair-

case, to the cells, to visit them, to bring their clean clothes, or, when possible, some little thing to eat, and in order to bring which they have very likely starved.

And such is the majesty of the law, when brought home to the wife and family of the poor debtor!

Of all the days in the week, Sunday appears the longest and most monotonous in prison-life. There is no click of the billiard-balls, no friendly soldier grinds his organ outside, there are no afternoon papers. A young clergyman performs the Episcopal service in the billiard-room (an odd *venue!*) and before his arrival the prisoners amuse themselves with building the bibles and hymn-books in piles and betting cents as to which can raise the highest. The bar-room is kept pretty busy; for, oh, tell it not in Gath, Mr. Tracey's bar actually dispenses liquor on Sundays. But, perhaps, Mr. Tracey considers himself above the law in this matter. Visitors are not allowed in the prison on Sunday, unless they come to see Mr. Tracey's boarders. Consequently the day is a very long one, and the prison is generally quiet at night two or three hours earlier than usual.

So great is the impecuniosity of some of the prisoners and so imperative is the necessity of doing something to kill time on Sunday that, much to my amusement, two men, who were companions, started on a cruise through the corridors, the one to borrow a pipe, the other to beg a "smoke of tobacco." Returning with

their prizes, they retired to a quiet corner, where they enjoyed alternately "a whiff and a spit," as they called it, till their magazine of luxury was exhausted.

I soon found that my steady refusal to board down-stairs was a bar to the good-will and civility of the authorities. I was refused permission to go into the office to write a letter to my friends, and was roughly told to write in my cell if I wanted to write, although it was well known I had neither pens, ink, nor paper. However, for ten cents, I bought a sheet of paper, an envelope, and a city postage-stamp, of a fellow-prisoner, and I succeeded in getting it posted. When the *Tribune* reporter called upon me I had great difficulty in persuading the jailer to allow him to accompany me to my cell. I was asked, "Is he your lawyer?" and other questions, and only secured a sulky acquiescence in my request when I assured my persecutor that the gentleman had come with the sole object of getting me released. And yet the friends of the poorest prisoners (no chance of their being boarders) were ordinarily allowed to walk straight up-stairs without let or hinderance! I found, too, that when I wanted to go to the bar-room to get a cigar or stand a drink, the keeper always had to go away at the moment. These, however, were but petty persecutions.

In the course of a day or two, I found out the real horrors of prison-life. An insufficiency of food, the sickening smell of the paint, and the drinking of so much wretched slops, brought on a violent attack of

diarrhœa one day, soon after I had been locked up for the night. My situation was unbearable. For five-and-thirty minutes I suffered in silence, and then shouted for Mr. Sawyer, the attendant of my tier. After calling repeatedly, that gentleman made his appearance and testily inquired what I wanted. I told him of my ailments and requested to be allowed to leave my cell temporarily. He coolly asked me if I had no bucket and told me that I could not leave the cell under any pretense whatever. For two days and two nights, I was ill; so much so that, when the *Tribune* reporter called to see me on the second day, he was quite uneasy as to my condition. The agony of those two nights was indescribable. My sickness, the cold, cutting draught, a bed I hardly dare lie upon—for, in spite of my complaints to the keepers, it had not been changed—the horrible smell of the paint, a miniature open cesspool at the foot of the bed, and, above all, a hungry, empty, sickened sensation, which weakened me fearfully, made existence at that time, and in such a place, a perfect agony. How I got along till morning I hardly know. Poor Quirk found me, when he came with my water, soap, and towel, in a miserable state and would have done any thing for me. It was two o'clock in the afternoon before I could crawl down-stairs, and if ever I blessed the sight of man in my life, it was when the *Tribune* reporter called me down to the office and informed me that the papers for the release of the "Poor Prisoner" were then in the hands of the jailer. I

had sent word to the editor that I could stand it no longer.

Such is a brief sketch of life in Ludlow-Street Jail. Some unhappy prisoner of six months' standing might write a thick octavo volume about it.

I recollect, a few years ago, watching the horrible process of paralyzing a dog with the gases which exhale from the ground in the Grotto del Cane, at Pozzuoli, on the shore of the bay of Naples. A young French lady of the party remarked to the custodian:

"The poor dog's existence must be a misery to it."

"*Possiblement!*" replied the man; "*mais on ne vit pas longtemps.*"

The half-ironical, half-philosophical reply of this trader in canine suffering applies well to Ludlow-Street Jail. A strong, able-bodied man of the lower classes might survive a long term of imprisonment in it, but a man of refined nature and sensitive mind and unaccustomed to hardships, though he might exist there for a while, would certainly not live long. The probable fate of such a man was pictured to the life by the philosophical and voluble Mr. Jingle: "Lie in bed—starve—die—inquest—little bone-house—poor prisoner—common necessaries—hush it up—gentlemen of the jury—warden's tradesmen—keep it snug—natural death—coroner's order—workhouse funeral—serve him right—all over—drop the curtain."

"A. P."

THE AMATEUR TRAMP.

(Portrait of character, from a photograph by Gurney.)

THE LIFE OF A TRAMP.

The sun went down behind a strangely-mixed bank of fiery-red and slate-colored clouds and left "the world to darkness and to me"—and to my secret devices. As the darkness rapidly increased, my secret devices were being artistically developed in the basement office of an accommodating journalistic friend in Jersey City. He was absent at the moment, but had left word with his clerk that he expected me. That young gentleman, therefore, manifested no surprise when I put in an appearance, valise in hand. But, when I displayed the contents of that valise on a chair and had doffed my clothing, he looked up every minute from the manifold copy before him and, ignorant of my intentions, regarded me with an air of perplexity which was extremely amusing. And no wonder! Having stripped myself to the waist, instead of washing myself, as he apparently and very naturally expected, I proceeded to sprinkle my five-days' unshaven face with water and then to rub in some of the dust which, conveniently for my use, had been allowed to collect on the window-sill; then to stick several strips of dirty diachylon-plaister over my

left temple and eyebrow, though there was not so much as a pin-scratch to protect against the weather; then to array myself in a scarlet, poppy-colored flannel shirt, with a blue-and-yellow spotted pocket-handkerchief by way of neck-tie; then to don an old pair of trousers which had been artistically rent and mud-stained and patched on the seat and each knee, and to roll the bottoms of them up two folds; and, finally, to throw an old faded pea-jacket over my shoulder and to crown myself with a worn, sun-burned straw hat, the brim of which was sorely dilapidated and the band decorated with a blackened short clay-pipe.

"How'll that do?" I asked, turning to the dumfounded clerk, who was staring at me with profound amazement.

"Well, sir, since you ask me," he replied, with a broad grin on his face as he inspected me from top to toe, "I think you look about as big a blackguard as I should care to meet alone on a dark night. But," he added, "what in thunder does it all mean, sir; why do you assume this extraordinary disguise?"

He seemed still more astounded when I told him that it was my intention to walk to Philadelphia as a tramp; to mix with the tramps, to accompany them as one of themselves, live with them, sleep with them in hay-barns and in their favorite haunts and cribs, and, in fact, to learn all about the "Life of a Tramp."

He gazed at me with an incredulous stare and, I believe, half suspected that I had committed robbery

or murder—perhaps both—and that I had arrayed myself in this simple and unbecoming but very efficient disguise in order to evade the officers of justice. However, when, at my request, he escorted me to the express-office, from which I forwarded my valise to Philadelphia, and heard me tell the agent to send it to the care of a well-known newspaper in that city, he, I think, discarded his suspicions of my being a murderer, and charitably came to the conclusion that I was stark mad.

After leaving the express office and passing some distance up the main street, we encountered my friend —his employer—who, though aware of the nature of my expedition, did not recognize me and indignantly looked around for an officer when I purposely ran against him and nearly knocked him into the gutter. One word of explanation, and we were laughing heartily together, and he insisted upon accompanying me to the outskirts of the city—to the beginning of the long embanked road which crosses the marshes lying between Jersey City and Newark.

As I parted from him, the prospect of a nine-mile walk across that dreary swamp was any thing but cheering, for there was every appearance of rain in the morning. The heavy clouds had entirely covered the sky, the night had become intensely dark, the damp, chilling breeze soon compelled me to put on my jacket, and, as I looked back at the bright lights of the city, it seemed as though I had severed myself from the world.

Moreover, I was soon in a position to state, on the very best of authority, that the New-Jersey mosquito season had set in with its customary severity. In my loneliness, I tried whistling "The Girl I Left Behind Me," as a means of sustaining my fast-failing courage; but I soon unconsciously switched off into the far less lively air—

> "I stood on the bridge at midnight,
> As the clock was striking the hour"—

and I at once began to think of footpads, ghosts, and other equally unpleasant things. The breeze soughed sorrowfully along the telegraph-wires, playing the most mournful of funereal dirges; and the tall white poles, with their many lofty cross-bars, stood out so gaunt and grim against the black clouds, that my fevered imagination saw in them the horrible road-side gibbets of half a century ago, and I half expected to see and hear the fast-bleaching bones of some quondam Dick Turpin or Jack Sheppard rattling in the chains in which the outraged laws of their country had condemned them to be hung. I lit a pipe and hurried on, and was no little rejoiced when, about a mile farther on, I caught up with a small boy who was toiling wearily along under the burden of a heavy basket, and who asked me how far it was to Newark. The company of that shoeless urchin was a godsend to me, and in my selfishness I silently and heartlessly thanked his mother for her cruelty in sending him on so long a journey at such an hour.

At last our eyes were gladdened by the sight of the

lights of Newark glimmering faintly in the distance. On reaching the outskirts of the town I thrust a twenty-five-cent stamp into the hand of my youthful traveling companion, wished him good-night, and left him to trudge on to his destination. I bethought myself for a minute, and, after receiving directions from a wayfarer, I took my way to the police-station and was soon registered under an assumed name on the list of transient visitors to that very inhospitable hotel. My welcome consisted of a thorough inspection and interrogation, breathing suspicion in every look and word, by the sergeant on duty. The sleeping accommodations offered me were, of course, bare, hard pine-boards. I accepted them with true Christian humility and thankfulness—the reek and odor of humanity included—and, strange to say, I slept till the sun was above the horizon. I was surprised and glad to see him, for I had fully anticipated a wet day.

Newark is too near the great metropolis to afford any thing in the shape of a fresh study in the casual occupants of its police-station lodging-house. There was the stereotyped accumulation of rags, tatters, and uncleanliness, of beggars and bummers; all looking very abject and off-nerve when they turned out into the bright morning sunshine. They quickly slunk off, as though ashamed of themselves, in different directions, leaving myself and one tolerably-decently clad though dissipated-looking young man in sole possession of the sidewalk. He looked at me, I looked at him;

the operation was repeated two or three times, and then we engaged in conversation. I told him that I had tramped it all the way from Buffalo (Heaven forgive me the lie!), and that I was going on to Philadelphia. He said that he had come from Albany, sneaking his way on the freight-cars, and that he was bound for the same destination.

Here was a *prima-facie* bond of brotherhood. He proposed a drink; I proposed breakfast, and we went in search of an eating-saloon. I was as hungry as a hunter, and soon dispatched a rather tough round-steak, a dish of very greasy fried potatoes, and bread and butter and coffee to match; my new acquaintance eying me hungrily all the while and frequently throwing out very strong hints that he would gladly share my breakfast. I, however, obstinately refused to comprehend his meaning; and, when I tendered a five-dollar bill in payment for my meal and asked for the change, he looked most reproachfully at me. He evidently regarded five dollars as a mine of wealth. On the landlord discovering that he could not and that I was unwilling to pay for the gin cock-tail he had had, he was summarily ejected by the scruff of the neck, with the intimation—given in the choicest of rum-saloon language—that he was a dead-beat, *pur et simple*.

When I, a few moments afterward, appeared on the sidewalk, he was standing a few yards away. He at once treated me to a volume of abuse, called me a

"damned lousy cuss," and swore he would be "even with me before night." In order to get rid of him, I offered to lend him ten cents. He appeared to be entirely pacified at this mark of confidence on my part and promised to repay me the money that same night in New Brunswick, though he did not say any thing about a place of meeting. He faithfully kept his promise—not in repaying me my ten cents, but in carrying out his previously-avowed determination of being "even with me before night." I little dreamed what my short acquaintance with him was going to cost me.

A couple of miles out of Newark I caught up with two Italian organ-grinders, their respective wives, and the little daughter of one of them. They were journeying to Elizabeth, where they proposed to play away another day of their monotonous musical life, and thence to work on, organ-grinding by day, sleeping under sheds by night, and traveling to the next town in the early morning, till they got to Philadelphia. There they proposed to remain a while, and then go to some watering-place for the season. All this they informed me in Italian, strongly savoring of the *patois* of the Piedmontese and powerfully perfumed with the rankest odor of American raw onions. They only knew a few words of the English language, and they expressed their great delight and still greater surprise to find that I understood them. This rather alarmed me. I saw immediately that I had thoughtlessly made a grave mistake. But I got out of the difficulty by coolly giving them to

understand that I had lately come from Mexico and that I had there picked up some Spanish. I was never within thousands of miles of Mexico; but it was absolutely necessary for me to sustain my *rôle* of tramp. Discovery while on the road would have been fatal to the carrying out of my idea.

They were a hungry party, these Italian organ-grinders and their belongings, and, what is more, they had nothing for breakfast. I suggested making a raise on one of the road-side houses and offered to be spokesman on the occasion. They approved, and I accordingly approached a trim-looking villa and rapped at the kitchen-entrance door. A somewhat slovenly damsel, with a fearful cast in one eye, opened the door and proceeded to squint at me as though she would have squinted me out of existence if it had been in her power to do so.

"Young woman," I said, in as deferential a tone as I could assume, "be a good soul and give us a mouthful of breakfast, if it's only dry bread."

How awfully her eye squinted at me as she listened impatiently to this short appeal! I thought it would have squinted round till it obtained a full view of the inside of her head and remained squinting there in astonishment for the rest of her days.

"We never gives any thing to tramps excepting a drink of water," she said, with all the snappishness that the female tongue could command at will; and, without even waiting to hear whether we would avail our-

selves of the boon of the water without something to eat, she banged the door in my face.

I afterward found out, to my surprise, that this is the general rule. People living along the turnpike road to Philadelphia have so long been pestered with the importunities and larcenies of tramps, that they seem, one and all, to have decided to put a stop to them. They even refuse to allow them to sleep in their hay-barns. I tried many a farm-house, the outside appearance of which and the size of the surrounding barns and out-buildings proclaimed the inmates to be well to do in the world, but the only raise I succeeded in making all the way from Jersey City to Philadelphia consisted of three very stale crullers, given to me by a woman at a cottage in the entrance of the village of Kingston.

I traveled with the organ-men as far as Elizabeth. Our pace was necessarily very slow, as they had to carry their heavy burdens in the broiling sun. But I wanted to learn something of their life, as they, too, were tramps. Traveling organ-grinders, according to their account, seem to have a pretty hard life of it. They hire their organs from rapacious men, and frequently do not earn more than seventy-five cents to a dollar a day; on a wet day, less. Moreover, the labor of carrying about their instrument is very great; and the monotony of playing the same hackneyed tunes from morning to night, from week to week, and all the year round, makes their life very wearisome. About a

week of it would drive me into a state of mind which would fully warrant my friends in procuring quarters for me in the State Lunatic Asylum. Organ-grinding is far from being an ennobling occupation; still one cannot withhold one's sympathies altogether from the laborious slaves who do it as their only means of earning a living.

I parted from the organ-grinders at Elizabeth and walked straight through the town to find my way to the railroad-track, which is the tramp road to Rahway. Part of the track passes through an extensive wood, and I took advantage of the shade to lie down and get a couple of hours' sleep. I was aroused by another tramp asking me if I could give him a chew of tobacco. I found him a very decent fellow. He was a mechanic, who had tramped all the way from Dayton, in Ohio. He had endeavored, unsuccessfully, to obtain work in the ship-building yards of New York and Brooklyn and was going to Philadelphia to try his luck there. One of his feet was fearfully galled from so long a walk in a badly-fitting boot, and I felt such pity for the poor fellow that, when we arrived at Rahway, I gave him a dinner. He was very grateful, and, as we journeyed along the hot, dusty ten miles of road between Rahway and New Brunswick, he again and again declared that, had it not been for that dinner, he feared he must have broken down. At New Brunswick, I am happy to say, we persuaded the conductor of a freight-train to let him ride to Philadelphia, the conductor, I think, being in-

fluenced by my disinterestedness, when I told him that I had no wish to ride myself. The poor fellow gripped my hand tightly as I parted from him to go in search of some modest eating-saloon, where I could eat and rest a while before resuming my tramp, having had nothing to eat since I left Newark but some cold beef and dry bread at Elizabeth, which, as I have intimated, I had to pay for.

Having fortified myself with a substantial supper and refreshed myself with my two hours' rest at New Brunswick, I started out on the Princeton road in search of a lodging—"free gratis and for nothing"—for the night. I asked at several farm-houses which I passed for permission to sleep in a hay-barn, but I invariably met with a refusal. Still, I trudged cheerily on in the deepening twilight, thinking, like Mr. Micawber, that something must, sooner or later, turn up. But, like Micawber, I was destined to be disappointed, and at last began to experience a decided sympathy with the vexed spirit of Mr. Mantalini, and to exclaim, "Demme!" at each successive rebuff. About half-past ten o'clock a farmer so far softened his refusal to allow me to sleep in his barn as to inform me that I could get accommodation at the inn, in the village of Six-mile Run, about half a mile farther on. That farmer was deceitful and desperately wicked in his generation. On reaching the inn—the Franklin House—I found that every one had long ago gone to bed and that the place was in total darkness. I am convinced that the farmer knew that

such would be the case. Mr. "Billy" Williamson, the landlord, forgot to apply for a spirit license this year, and, as his sales of liquids are consequently confined to ginger-pop and soda-water, he does not find it profitable to keep his house open long after dark. However, I lay down on a bench under the stoop, and, using my old straw-hat for a pillow, I slept for about an hour. But my hard bed and the chilly air soon sent me in search of more comfortable quarters and I came to an anchor on the bottom of a rockaway wagon, in which there was some hay, which stood in the open carriage-house of the inn. I curled myself up in the hay, and was soon asleep.

How long I had slept I do not exactly know, but I presume it must have been about one o'clock in the morning when I heard voices in the carriage-house.

"Holy Moses!" thought I, "there's an end of my night's rest."

I peeped over the back of the rockaway, and I saw four men—one of them the very friend who was to repay me the ten cents which I had loaned him at Newark.

"Holloa, cap!" I called out, sitting up in the wagon.

"Who the hell's that?" was the polite rejoinder.

I got out of the wagon, and my friend at once recognized me and expressed his pleasure at seeing me again, though he said nothing about the ten cents. The party were soon seated on some logs, and one pro-

duced a large hunk of corned beef, another a loaf of bread, and another some cold potatoes and raw onions, which were rolled up in a newspaper. I was invited to the repast, but, having had supper and being tired with my day's walk, I preferred to return to my friendly rockaway. I fell asleep just as they were beginning to smoke, after they had eaten as much as they wished; having gathered from their conversation that they had stolen their supper from the larder of a farm-house some distance along the road.

I was soon after awakened by a loud guffaw, followed by "Hush! you God-damn fool," and a silence of some minutes. Thinking that a conversation might be going on among them likely to give me some idea of who and what these my fellow-tramps were, I lay perfectly still and gradually began to breathe heavily, as though in the soundest sleep. The conversation was renewed in low tones, and judge of my horror when I heard my ten-cent debtor remark:

"Fact; the nut broke the bill at Newark; I saw him; he ain't drunk, and so can't be bust yet."

"Guess we'll help him with the rest," observed one of the others.

"He's pretty sound off; suppose we do the job now and git before he has a chance of waking?" said another.

"Good heavens," thought I, "these fellows mean to rob me!"

I was on the point of springing from the rockaway, thinking to make a dash and trust to my heels, when I

recollected that, before leaving Jersey City, I had taken the wise precaution of sewing forty-five dollars in the leg of my sock, and consequently that I had only three dollars and seventy-five cents and my knife in the pocket of my trousers.

"Is it worth while," I argued with myself, "to run the risk of an encounter with these ruffians for so small a sum, especially as I must make a momentary spring from so awkward a vehicle to get out of in the dark as a covered rockaway?"

I determined, therefore, to remain quite still and await my fate. I did not have to wait long. The four ruffians stealthily approached, feeling their way along the wagon in the darkness till they came to where my head was. A big log was quietly placed in position for the operator to stand on, so that he might reach me the more easily; and the next moment, though I did not see him, for my eyes were closed, I could smell his onion-perfumed breath, as he bent over me. Much as I endeavored to control it, the beating of my heart interfered with the regularity of my breathing. But the thief did not appear to notice this fact, and I soon felt his hand creeping slowly and softly down my left side. He went through me "in no time," as the Irishman said. He had soon possessed himself of my three dollars and seventy-five cents and my knife; had found my other trousers-pocket empty and had taken a packet of tobacco from the only coat-pocket that was within his reach.

The scoundrels at once proceeded to divide, each taking ninety cents, the odd fifteen cents and tobacco going to the one who had done the "trick," as they termed it. I was in a cold perspiration, for I had determined to make a fight of it if they discovered the forty-five dollars. They did not, however, long trouble me with their presence, and I was intensely relieved at seeing them start off, not along the road, but across the fields, just as the first gleams of daylight shot from the eastern sky. I sat up in the wagon, feeling for some minutes the greatest contempt for myself; but, after having carefully considered the matter, I came to the conclusion that I had shown a wise discretion in showing the white feather, and I started on my way to Kingston, thinking that I was well out of the affair. That day, however, I sent home thirty-five dollars by mail, leaving myself only enough to live on till I reached Philadelphia and to pay my fare on the cars to New York.

As I started along the dusty road toward Kingston, a somewhat disagreeable phase of my night's misadventure impelled me to put my best foot foremost. On leaving the carriage-house in which I had been so victimized, I had caught sight of the *débris* of the feast which the thieving rascals had held there. It was a pretty tell-tale exhibition! What if the irate farmer whose larder had been so ruthlessly raided on should come along in pursuit of the raiders? My artistically got-up appearance would be my worst accuser; and

there would be nothing for me but to endure the village lock-up for—how long? Such an experience was by no means a part of my programme. So I put on a spurt, and, on coming to a fork in the road, took the turning which *did* not lead me to Kingston. By making a *détour* of about two miles and with the guidance of a very intelligent little colored girl of nine or ten years of age, I succeeded in entering Kingston from a direction which would have entirely absolved me from suspicion of any participation in the corned-beef and cold-potato robbery of the night before; and I shortly afterward asked for a breakfast at a farm-house with as much complacency as though nothing whatever had happened. But the fraudulent Lazarus got his just deserts in the shape of a tin-cupful of water—very fresh—from the well, and three crullers—very stale—from the kitchen. The crullers were vastly enjoyed by an animal of the canine species, whose distinctive ethnology the most critical dog-fanciers of New York—not excepting the late much-regretted and most-eminent Kit Burn himself—would have found it difficult to determine. He gratefully wagged his tail as he accompanied me to the village inn at the top of the hill leading down to the railroad and the Delaware & Raritan Canal, where his less grateful master—the landlord—evidently having an affection for his spoons and not liking my appearance, curtly refused to furnish me with breakfast at any price. Not so, however, the jolly Boniface who keeps the canalers' wayside-house at the

bridge below. He readily provided me with breakfast, and afterward himself escorted me up into his hay-loft, where he promised me that I should sleep undisturbed till mid-day. But he was an Irishman, and probably had known in his younger days the luxury of a few hours' sleep in the hay to a thoroughly weary man.

On bidding my good Samaritan good-day, I inquired the way to Princeton, and, in the bar-room, found two tramps, who, like myself, intended to pass through that modern classical locality on their way to Trenton, my next stopping-place. I joined them, and we crossed the canal-bridge like Indians, in single file, our leader rolling out in true rollicking fashion, "It's not to Dublin town I'm going," and I bringing up the rear with a very half-a-sleep, lagging sort of gait. But a hundred yards' rise in the road soon thoroughly aroused me, and the three of us trudged along side by side. As we passed under the shade of the magnificent trees in front of Princeton College—those trees which Jonathan Edwards is said to have so dearly loved—our conversation was any thing but in harmony with the sacred precincts which we were then treading. One of my companions was telling me, with a good deal of frankness and volubility, that he had lately completed a term of good, bad, or indifferent service to the State of New York in Sing-Sing Prison, an establishment which he said was "Not at all to me likin', at all; it's no fit risidence for iny man." When I inquired what was the cause of his

misfortune, he suddenly became reticent, and all that I could get out of him was, that it was "just a leetle diffikilty wid me woife an' childer." As he had been so very communicative on the other points in connection with his incarceration, I of course came to the conclusion that the "leetle diffikilty" was a pretty serious one, a conclusion in which I was borne out by a whispered and rather illogical communication from his "pal," that his crime was "desarshin, arter felinus assarlt in silf-difinse."

At Princeton, I parted with my very casual companions, being desirous, if possible, of indulging in a divertisement which they would, in all probability, as I thought, have rendered a ridiculous failure. As it was, I, myself, failed utterly and entirely. Having given them a fair start and refreshed myself by ducking my head into a stable-pail full of water, I "put out" for Trenton. About two miles from Princeton, I, assuming an air of manly impecuniosity, asked a farmer to let me earn the price of a dinner. I told him that I would willingly do half a day's or even a day's work in order to earn sufficient money to get on to Philadelphia. He eyed me with manifest suspicion and told me that, though he wanted "a hand all summer," he could not give me a day's work. From time to time, as I toiled along in the scorching sun, on that foot-galling Trenton turnpike-road, I made similar applications to many a farmer, but they, one and all, refused to employ me for a less period than for the summer and fall seasons, a

heavy reduction in the rate of my monthly wages to be made if I left their service before the termination of my engagement. The fact is—as far as I can judge—the farmers between Jersey City and Philadelphia are, to use a sporting phrase, "full against" tramps. At all events, I found it to be so; for I have never wasted so much studied and natural eloquence and so much ingenuity to so little profit. As I perspired my way toward Trenton, farmers, as professing Christians, had sunk very low in my estimation, and I took the opportunity of seeking Nature's refuge from the remembrance of them on the first shady hill-side which, like the oasis in the desert to the tired camel, presented itself, not to my hungry stomach, but to my wearied limbs and wearied spirit. About sundown I awoke, shook myself like a Newfoundland dog on coming out of the water, lit a pipe, and strode into Trenton "like a giant refreshed with wine."

Ah! what a puzzling, unwelcome labyrinth is a strange city to a man who feels that he is more than likely to fail in palming off his (for the time being) chosen idiosyncratic identity! I was lost in Trenton. To all appearances, I was a tramp, and a most suspicious-looking tramp—a stranger, as any Trentonian could have seen with half a ward-politically-educated eye; and yet I was an innocent would-be nineteenth-century Don Quixote in search of adventure. I found it.

I meandered around the railroad freight-depot, lounged along the tow-path of the canal, parrying a

good deal of slang by the way, and finally found myself on the broken bank of the Delaware River, just above the railroad-bridge and below the point where the creek, which runs through the city, falls into the river. I sat bathing my burning feet in the gentle eddies which played in the shallow water and was almost lost in the beautiful picture painted by the last bright colors of the fast-setting sun, as they glinted and glistened on the State-House and the surrounding foliage, the house-windows and the upper bridge, and turned the rapid, rushing Delaware into a stream of dull-crimson fire—a picture rather for the brush of a Danby than a Turner—when a corduroyed individual, the sound of whose approaching footsteps I had not heard, broke the charm and bluntly asked me for a chew of tobacco. I do not chew, but I offered him such tobacco—smoking—as I had.

"Where yer goin'?" he asked, after a little desultory conversation.

"To Philadelphia," I replied.

"Not to-night?" he rejoined, interrogatively.

"No," I said; and then, thinking he might be useful, I continued: "Say, cap, d' yer know a cheap sleeping-crib round here?"

I learned that he was a stranger in Trenton, like myself; but, more to my purpose, I also learned that he had but a few minutes before engaged half a bed, close at hand, for the night for fifteen cents, and that there was one bed still disengaged. In my haste I almost tore my socks to atoms in lugging them on my

wet feet; and, pulling on my boots, I hurried off with him to see about securing that one remaining bed.

Passing through an open door-way into a dark and filthily-dirty passage, I was introduced to the proprietress of the lodging-house. She was as fearful a looking specimen of the female sex as one would care to behold, much less to encounter. She rather astonished me by answering my inquiry, whether I could have a bed or no, with the counter-question, "Do you mean to get tight before you go to bed?" I gave her the strongest assurances that I did not, and, paying my fifteen cents in advance, engaged—not the bed, as I had expected, but only one-half of it.

There were three other beds in the room, which could not have been more than fourteen feet square. Two rickety cane-chairs, an old broken-down wash-stand, a much-starred looking-glass, and a picture of the Chicago fire, constituted the entire furniture of the room. At the washstand stood a great brawny-chested fellow, stripped to the waist, washing his shirt, for the first time for many weeks, to judge from the color of the dirty water. I was roughly informed that he had hired the other half of my bed. He looked at me as much as to say, "Three-quarters would be more correct." Having duly inspected my uninviting quarters and it being too early to take possession of them, I and my fellow-tramp strolled about the town till ten o'clock, when we returned to the lodging-house.

It was an odd scene. All the other lodgers had

come in. My bedfellow had hung up his shirt to dry on a piece of string stretched from a nail in the wall to the outside shutter, and, in his stockings and trousers, was already sound asleep. Two dirty-looking ruffians were executing a trombone-chorus on the next bed, having neglected to comply with the scrawling notice stuck on the wall above them—

"Men will please take off their boots before going to bed."

The third bed was occupied by two lads, apparently brothers and mere boys. They were chatting in a low tone—I could almost swear of home; for they had an honest, respectable look about them and I once or twice caught the word mother. On the remaining bed—the one in which my friend had a half share—sat a man mending his trousers, which had given way for the twentieth time, judging from the number and variety of patches on them. He, too, had been doing some washing, and had his shirt, under-shirt, and a pair of woolen socks, hung out to dry on a string. He was smoking a short clay-pipe, and wished us "the time o' day" as we entered. He shortly began to indulge in a string of imprecations against the clerk of the weather, and expressed his willingness to sell his soul for a glass of beer. Without desiring any reversionary interest in this worthy's future being, I, nevertheless, said that I had fifteen cents left and was willing to stand a quart of ale, if he would fetch it. There was magic in the words. My bedfellow and the two dirty ruffians awoke

on the instant and sat up in bed, just as the amateur tailor had secured the fifteen cents and was holding his finger to the side of his nose as a cautionary signal to me.

"Beer! I'm there," exclaimed dirty ruffian number one.

"An' me too," put in dirty ruffian number two, as he stood up, stretched himself, and yawned.

"Who said any thing about beer?" remarked the deceitful trousers-mender.

"That's too thin," rejoined ruffian number two; "come, hand out."

The next moment a rough-and-tumble fight for the possession of my fifteen cents was in full operation, the kerosene-lamp was knocked over (Heaven only knows why it did not explode!), the landlady rushed in, cursing like half a dozen Fourth-Ward natives, and I rushed out. How they settled the matter I did not go back to inquire. I betook myself to a decent-looking little hotel for the night, and by five o'clock the next morning was crossing the bridge over the Delaware, on my road to Philadelphia.

To my great surprise, I did not meet a single tramp between Trenton and Philadelphia, a distance of twenty-nine miles. This, however, was easily accounted for. I have since been told that nearly all the tramps do that part of the journey on the canal, the boatmen scarcely ever refusing to give them "a cast." When I walked into Philadelphia, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I began to suspect that I might just as well have

saved myself that long, hot and dusty day's walk in the broiling sun.

Nor were my troubles over when I got to the city. The foot-passengers would not hear me when I asked the way. The street-car conductors could not see my desire to ride. The policemen regarded me with more than suspicion. To make matters worse, my editorial friend was out when I arrived, and his subordinates, who did not know me when I walked into their office, were on the point of ordering me out. I secured my valise, however, and retired in high dudgeon. I was hot, tired, and hungry, and disgusted with the fact which gradually but emphatically forced itself on my mind, that I had wasted a day—that I had sweltered over twenty-nine miles of dusty road, to my great mental and physical demoralization, without adding so much as one item or one incident to my experiences of the Life of a Tramp.

"A. P."

THE BEGGARS' BANQUET.

We sat down to dinner two-and-thirty; and I venture to say that no more strange a party was ever collected together around the festive board than we were. And yet we were as merry as crickets. We had no ostensible skeleton present, and, after the cloth was cleared (metaphorically, for the only covering our table boasted was an oil-cloth one, from which the pattern had long ago disappeared), we had "a feast of music and a flow of soul" of a rare description.

The scene of our jollification was the small building, comprising dining-room, kitchen, bar-room, and wash-house, all in one, which Mr. Thomas Noble, one of the leading Delmonicos of Water Street, calls his "first-class eating-saloon." It was formerly Kit Burn's rat-pit. In this little home of revelry, too often, I fear, of drunken orgies, we were as tightly packed as a box of sardines; so tightly, in fact, that, on the conclusion of the entertainment, the getting out of the first one was as much a matter of difficulty as is the raising of the first paving-stone previous to the repair of a street-crossing.

The company began to drop in by ones and twos a little before nine o'clock. Three or four corner-loafers were soon attracted to the spot, and watched the influx into Noble's little place with an air of whimsical curiosity. One suggested that Tom must be going to be married; another that he had had a legacy left him; while another, after puzzling the matter over in his whisky-sodden brain without coming to a satisfactory conclusion, emphatically declared, in Water-Street fashion, his opinion that "Tom had gone clean crazy." A staggering single reënforcement to their number, who had got wind of what was going on from the fact of his invitation having been recalled, solved the mystery for them by solemnly chanting, in the hoarsest and most unmusical of rum-resonant tones, the old nursery rhyme—

"Hark! hark! The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags and some in tags,
And some in silken gown."

Yes, my guests were the blind, the halt, and the maimed. They were, without exception, all beggars, and I fear, too, the great majority of them were long-practised "bummers." I had hunted them up from the highways and by-ways. Every one seemed to know everybody; and every one seemed to have arrived with as voracious an appetite as the Bohemian must have had whose dinner-hour was always "one o'clock to-morrow." It is recorded of a venison- and

turtle-fed alderman of London that, on being importuned for alms by a starving woman in the street, he exclaimed: "Go away, my good woman. You don't know how you distress me. I'd give ten pounds to have your appetite." Could our London alderman have seen the glistening eyes of my hungry friends (for it was stipulated that each of them should come thoroughly sober and, consequently, with an appetite), and the nervous, eager manner with which they fingered their knives and forks before the eatables were placed upon the table, he would have gone into fits of jealousy, and perhaps, like the Trolls of old, of whose peculiarities we read in Dasent's "Tales of the Norse," and Piggott's "Scandinavian Mythology," he would have burst on the spot.

The occasion was one of the happy hours of some of the most notorious and accomplished beggars in New York. And, poor souls, they don't have many. They can truly say, with Campbell:

> —— "My gilded hours of bliss have been
> Like angels' visits, few and far between."

I cannot bring myself to advocate the wholesale proscription of beggars of modern times. Begging is a decidedly artistic profession. Its roll of honor is dignified by such names as Blind Bartimeus and the stern old Roman general, Belisarius. And, though I think the open encouragement of begging in the streets of Rome, as an incentive to Christian charity, is going

much too far, I cannot but cordially indorse the sentiments expressed by Charles Lamb in his paper on "The Decay of Beggars," in the "Essays of Elia." The curbstone singer may be a nuisance; but her tatterdemalion children, whether hired or not, are deserving objects of sympathy. What can be more touching than the poor blind man groping his dark way home, as he clutches the piece of cord attached to the collar of his faithful and intelligent dog?

But dinner is waiting. The fumes of beefsteak and onions are growing too pungent for my hungry guests, and I must return to them. There they are, all seated in their places, waiting for the master of the feast, and whiling away the time by exchanging cheery but generally slangy salutations.

"Sal, old gal, how goes it?" "How's the milk-walk, Jerry?" (Milk-walk is the slang for begging-district.) "Music" (benevolence of the public) "in tune to-day, Cully?" "What's the price of gold?" "Organ-grinding lively?" "Earned house and lot to-day?" and a dozen inquiries of similar import were made and responded to in the same strain.

I cannot say that our company was what theatrical managers would call "well dressed." None of them came wearing a wedding-garment. The ladies boasted but one bonnet among them, and, as its proprietress had, the night before, been engaged in deadly strife, with brickbats for weapons, with a rival in the Five Points, it was not much to boast of. The lady in ques-

tion, "Mary the Crow," *alias* "The Pride of Blackwell's Island," apologized gracefully to me for its battered condition and also for the appearance of her "mug," as she called her face, which bore terrible evidences of the handiwork of the brickbats.

"But," she explained, "them sargints sends you on the island for ten days if yer only goes to the station-house for a bit of plaster; and too much country air ain't good for me."

One old gentleman, known as "Cully the Codger," wore an old brown overcoat which must certainly, at some time or another in its career, have seen many years' hard service as a scarecrow in a cornfield. It was so old that it was rapidly turning gray, and had already become a sort of roan-color. In spite of the increasing heat of the room, nothing would tempt "the Codger" to remove it or the yards upon yards of woolen comforter which enveloped his throat and ears.

"They'd be sure to steal 'em, sir," was his invariable reply.

A like feeling of distrust of his next-door neighbor seemed to pervade all the men. Each one, as the only sure way of guarding his personal property, sat on his hat, if it were a soft one, or wore it all the evening if its brim were so stiff as to render it an undesirable cushion to Mr. Noble's wooden benches. There might, too, have been a little vanity in "the Codger's" persistence in wearing his overcoat, for it was the only one in the room. Moreover, he is a very old man. He

spent a lifetime of beggar-life in the city of Carlisle, in England; and, having exhausted the lacteal ducts of charity there, came to this country eighteen years ago. How, he says he don't know; most probably as a stowaway. With the exception of three or four long, thin, grizzly hairs on the scalp, his head is as smooth as a new-born baby's. But this venerable aspect procures for him the respect of his fellow-beggars, who regard him as a sort of patriarch among them. "The Codger" is fearfully afflicted by that most tormenting habit which Tom Hood described as—

> "Washing his hands with invisible soap,
> In imperceptible water."

But the oddity and singularity of my ragged guests was nothing compared to their names. Not one of them is known by an ordinarily civilized cognomen, and they all have any number of *aliases*. The police don't know their real names, and, what is more, the police tell me that they believe that, in many instances, years of nightly intoxication have brought about a maundering oblivion of their original names and of the social position in which they were born. That many of them have sunk from a decent standing in society is certain, from the evidences of education which they every now and then evince in conversation.

The following is a complete list of the fashion of beggardom who graciously honored Mr. Noble's saloon with their presence at my invitation:

"Cock-eyed Sarah," *alias* "Limping Sal." Sarah sometimes stands on Broadway, with "Please Pity the Blind" placarded on her maidenly bosom, and sometimes does the Castle Garden district on a crutch. She is a shining light in the profession. Then there was "Dublin Mag," a tall, scraggy-looking woman, with a great gash, still unhealed, on her right cheek; "Mary the Crow," *alias* the "Pride of Blackwell's Island;" "The Pullet," not at all a bad-looking woman, who sings and dances in Water Street at night; Mary, *alias* "Piggy" Sullivan; Mary Rogers, *alias* "String-o'-Beans." Mary is a great, gaunt woman, nearly six feet high, who only begs of very young ladies, and frightens them into a charitable disposition. "Big-headed Ida;" Annie Robertson, *alias* "the Black Hen;" Alice Dunn, *alias* "the Pincher;" "Scottie, the Horse;" and "Shanghai Kate," who is also nearly six feet high. So much for the fair sex.

Among the men were "Luny Ted," a half-witted fellow, who has been portrayed in an illustrated newspaper; "Cockney Reddy," "Burkey," Patsy Lawler, *alias* "Bold Jack Donohue;" "Cully the Codger," "Monkey Jimmie," Patrick Donohue, *alias* "Mickey the Fish;" "Axe-handle Jim," "Lifty," a well-known beggar sneak-thief; "Chang the Giant," "Straight-backed Bill," "Wooden-legged Jerry," "The Dutchman," *alias* "One-armed Nelson;" "Charcoal," "Blind Scottie," "Sore Eyes," "One-eyed Welch," and "Eng-

lish Bill," *alias* "The Chinner." To these must be added a police-officer in citizen's dress, who was well known to all present, and who kept merriment within bounds, another gentleman, and myself.

I had amused myself by placing several copies of the bill of fare on the table, and it was laughable to listen to the various comments on it. Some insisted that it was German, some that it was French, while "the Codger" sententiously declared that it was Latin, and that he could have translated it for the benefit of the company "if he hadn't left his spectacles at home." As "the Codger" has no home and is well known to always carry his spectacles in his pocket, this cool assertion provoked a laugh at his expense. But he surveyed the scoffers with supreme indifference and contented himself with hoisting the greasy collar of his brown overcoat still higher over his ears.

The following was our bill of fare:

HÔTEL NOBLE.

Menu du Dîner.

Potage aux légumes.
Filets de bœuf aux ognons.
Pommes-de-terre au naturel—choux.
Pain—beurre—fromage.
Whisky.

As soon as the soup had been placed upon the table, Mr. Noble came to the front and rapped for silence with the handle of a very old and rusty oyster-knife. When all was still, Mr. Noble pursed and

twisted his mouth till he thought it had reached a really religious expression, turned up the whites of his eyes as though he were going off in an epileptic fit, and then said, in pious accents: "Ladies and gentlemen all—Amen!" Profound silence reigned; for asking a blessing before dinner is a form which most of those present have long ignored, if not entirely forgotten. Mr. Noble's action was unexpected on my part, and its effect on the company was so startling that it was as much as I could do to maintain my gravity. But even that marvelously brief grace seemed too long for the hungry stomachs of some of my guests, and, the moment it was over, they fell on the soup-tureens as Mr. Barnum's lions and tigers fall on their daily allowance of shin-bones and scrag. There was no play about it. Business was strictly attended to. As soon as the fire of the hot soup had cooled off a little, nearly all the men discarded their spoons, raised their soup-plates to their mouths ("the Chinner" remarking, "Here's wishing you good-health, boss"), and, as soon as they were empty, held them out for more. There was no doubt about it, they were as hungry as so many Oliver Twists. When the steak and vegetables were brought on, some of the men made mouthfuls of what would have been sufficient for the dinner of a child of ten years of age; and, although Mr. Noble provided forty pounds of steak and twelve large loaves of bread, besides unlimited potatoes and cabbage, every thing went the way of the soup and was soon "lost to sight," though per-

haps "to memory dear" for many a day to come, except the bones. Each and all had "a good square meal" with a vengeance for once; and, when they had finished, as they stretched out their legs and caressed their well-filled paunches, "Fate cannot hurt me, I have dined to-day," beamed in their eyes.

While dinner was in progress, scarce a sound was heard save the clatter of knives and forks, interspersed with "More soup," "More steak," "Another tater, please," or "Pass the bread along;" but, when the dishes were carried away empty, the conversation at once became general and lively. And, when Mr. Noble appeared with a huge demijohn of whisky under his arm, a buzz of "Ah!" went round the room.

But, while Mr. Noble and his assistants were pouring out the first round, "Burkey" was evidently getting very uneasy. At last he could stand it no longer, and, springing up, he called out:

"Boss, I'm bustin' to make a speech. Somebody run for a wooden chair for me to stand on. I can speak Daniel O'Connell style any day; and, if I don't speak soon, my manly bosom will be torn to shreds."

By this time the glasses were all charged, and "Burkey" took the stand to propose the first toast of the evening, reversing the general order of things by giving the toast first and making the speech afterward. But then, the delicious smell of the liquor probably overpowered his self-control. "Burkey" replied to "Bold Jack Donohue's" comments on this unusual proceed-

ing by remarking that he followed the example of the man who attended to business before pleasure, by ordering his coffin before taking the Paris-green.

"Ladies and gentlemen," shouted "Burkey" at the top of his voice, "here's to the glorious and everlasting Constitution of America!" The toast was responded to uproariously, and every glass was set down empty with a bang in honor of the Constitution. "Burkey" resumed:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I came here to-night to address this vast audience this evening. Mind, I do not ask any man or woman to vote for me. Don't do it, even if you can't help it." (Laughter.) "I don't want no office, and I don't much think that any office wants me. But I here lay down the by-laws of the United States under the wing of the glorious eagle, and I always mean to vote and stand by our glorious Constitution." (Cheers.) "We turned out in 1812 with fiery banners. We fought for our country and freedom." (Loud cheers.) "Who fought against us? Wasn't it the bold Britons, as they called themselves?" (Cries of "It was," "It was.") Well, those bold Britons tracked this great country in blood. But we fought them only with our glorious Constitution." ("That's horitory; damn me if that ain't horitory!" from "the Codger.") "Ladies and gentlemen, I've fought for my country! I've bled for my country! I got punched in the nose down there in Centre Street at the last elections." (Cries of "Order!" "Order!" and

much laughter.) "Where was the grand old Constitution then? I wasn't fit to be seen for three days afterward. But we were fighting for liberty and the Constitution and for—money. Not under the banner of the immortal George Washington, but under the flying colors of 'Boss' Tweed." (Cheers.) "I won't forget him the next time I visit Sing Sing." (Laughter.) "Ladies and gentlemen, excuse me for calling you out of your proper names." (Laughter, and cries of "Proceed.")

Here "Mary the Crow" exclaimed, "Burkey, you'll be the death of me."

To which "Burkey," evidently much gratified, replied, "I shall be proud of the honor, Mary." He continued once more:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am a citizen of the United States, though I don't attend Henry Ward Beecher's church. My grandmother's aunt's cat's-tail never believed in Beecher! No more do I. But, to return to politics. Ladies and gentlemen, for God's sake don't make me a Senator of the United States! It wouldn't do. I'll go to the gallows with a pig's foot first. What's the use of giving a man twenty shillings a day if he won't work for it? Me and Congress has got nothing to do with one another. I met Jim Fisk one day, and he didn't make me a director of Erie. But he asked me to take a drink. I refused. I never drink below me. I met Mayor Hall one day. He asked me if I would run for alderman of the Fourth Ward. Says I.

What do you take me for? Honesty's the best policy, your honor; but I'll take the price of a night's lodging, if you please.' Ben Butler's tried many a man. What's that got to do with Stokes? They're puttin' up the Brooklyn Bridge. What's that got to do with the rebuilding of Chicago? No, ladies and gentlemen; don't none of yer send me to Congress, unless you want me to live in clover, and you in tyranny and degradation. I prefer to remain in the Fourth Ward, and support its great and glorious constitution."

At this point, Burkey's eloquence was exhausted, and he took his seat amid prolonged cheers and spent the next five minutes in wiping the perspiration from his face with the sleeve and tail, alternately, of his coat. Of course he had the call, and he requested Patsy Lawler to favor the company with his well-known song of "Bold Jack Donohue," from which song Patsy takes his *sobriquet*. Mr. Lawler threw himself into a sentimental attitude and started in a strong and not unmusical voice:

"O Erin! my country, I love thy green bowers,
No music to me like thy murmuring rills;
Thy shamrock to me is the fairest of flowers,
And naught is more dear than thy daisy-clad hills."

The remaining verses were all similar in character, and, as "Bold Jack Donohue" continued to apostrophize his native land, the tears or Mr. Noble's whisky bedewed his eyelashes.

"The Dutchman," *alias* "One-armed Nelson," was

called upon to respond to the next toast. He returned thanks for the one-armed men, but he spoke so rapidly in Dutch-English, that I could not catch the meaning of one-half he said. In the course of his speech he spoke of his missing member having been left "covered with glory on the field of battle," and expressed his great indignation that an ungrateful country should allow him to earn his living by begging. (Here "One-Eyed Welch" burst out in a torrent of sympathetic groans.) Nelson is in the barrel-organ branch of the business; but there are those who maintain that his arm was amputated at Bellevue Hospital, in consequence of its having been badly crushed when its proprietor was knocked headlong down a cellar in a Water-Street fight, about three years ago. He, however, makes good use of his remaining arm, for at dinner he ate just as much and just as fast as the others did, by entirely discarding the use of a knife and fork. "One-armed Nelson" wound up by saying that he would not have two arms to-morrow if he could get them. One arm, he said, was a first-rate business capital for a man who could hire an organ. It only took one arm to grind the organ, and a cap placed on the top of the organ was far more effective in drawing the pennies than a second hand would be. Not being a Leland, I have not attempted to give a *verbatim* report of "One-armed Nelson's" speech.

"The Pullet," who seems to be a general favorite with everybody in the profession and is looked upon as a sort of *prima donna* in the singing line, was then

loudly called upon for a song; and, after many simpering "ask-me-again" refusals, she smiled a condescending acquiescence and poured forth the well-known but sadly hackneyed strains of "Love Not;" and then, as an *encore*, plaintively requested some absent unknown to "Take Back the Heart which Thou Gavest." This last effort was listened to with solemn wonder and without interruption of any sort by the men, but brought tears into the eyes of "Cock-eyed Sarah" and "String-o'-Beans," the latter assuring me that it was "real lovely and touching."

As soon as the rapping on the table had subsided, fresh chews of tobacco had been handed round, and "The Codger" had given the collar of his overcoat another hoist, "Dublin Mag" ascended the rostrum (a three-legged chair, with the back broken off, the wall taking the part of the fourth leg), to respond to the toast of "Woman's Rights." Mag took her stand without hesitation, steadied herself against the corner of the bar, glanced unflinchingly at her audience for a moment, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: A woman's a woman; and, as long as a woman's a woman, she ought to have woman's rights. ("Right you are, old Dublin," from "Mary the Crow.") "Mary!" exclaimed Mag, tossing her head disdainfully, "who's bossing this speech—you or me? Ladies and gentlemen, as I said before 'the Crow' stopped me with her insulting tongue—I'll be even with her 'fore morning" (here 'the Crow' toyed with a pecul-

iar and meaning playfulness with the heavy glass tumbler before her)—" a woman's a woman ; and as long as a woman's a woman she ought to have woman's rights. Now, my idea of woman's rights is just this : We've a right to drink what we please. We've a right to do just as we please, go where we please, and come when we please. We've a right to get all we can, and a right to all we can get." ("How about the wotin', Mary ? " from " Burkey-") " Oh, damn the voting ! I beg your pardon, boss ; I really didn't mean it. No, I don't want no vote. But a woman's got no rights up at the station-house or the Tombs. They send us up on the island as though we ain't no better than nothing ! " (" Hear ! hear ! " from " the Codger.") " They do ! That ain't woman's rights ! No, sir-ree ! " (General applause.) " I never refuse a glass of liquor, and I know when I've had enough. But them cops sometimes thinks I've had enough 'fore I have. They always thinks they knows better than anybody else. That ain't woman's rights ! (Prolonged applause.) " Then it's ' If you don't git, I'll take you in,' if you only just ask a gentleman for the price of a night's lodging or a drink. That ain't woman's rights ! Is it ? " (Loud cries of " No ! no ! ") " No, ladies and gentlemen," cried Dublin Mag, warming to her subject, and bringing down her foot in a way which threatened still further to decrease the number of legs of the chair on which she stood ; " no, and as long as there's any of them cops around we sha'n't have no woman's rights. Nor you men neither."

This last very much mixed-up expression brought down the house, and Dublin Mag resumed her seat amid a perfect storm of applause. She at once proceeded to drown her bitterness against the "cops" in a whole tumbler of whisky, sighing as she replaced the empty tumbler on the table and wiping her mouth on the sleeve of her dress with an air of much complacency.

For some minutes afterward, "One-legged Jerry," his face beaming with smiles of approval, continued to pat Mag on the back and exclaim: "Bravo, Mag, fine gal," etc., and only desisted when Mag said rather sharply, "Drop that, old 'un, or you'll give me the hiccups, damn you!"

Mag called upon "Cockney Reddy" for a song. This worthy derives his name from the fact that the English metropolis is his birthplace and that his hair is the brightest shade of carrot-color. He announced his intention of singing a song about an old gray mare—"Not my wife; I hain't got one; but a regular hold gray mare:"

"Has my hold gray mare and hi
The 'ouses go rattlin' by,
The little ones peer, the hold ones stare
And hopen their heyes in great surprise
At Joe and 'is rattlin' mare."

The remainder of the song was nothing but a new version of "Johnny Gilpin."

"English Bill," *alias* "The Chinner," then responded to a call, and sang the old ballad of the highwayman who boasted, "I never robbed a poor man upon the

king's highway." At the end of every verse the company sang with great gusto the refrain:

"Brennan on the moor!
Brennan on the moor!
Bold and undaunted stood
Young Brennan on the moor."

"The Chinner" was warmly applauded, but resolutely declined an *encore* on the ground that he was "very 'oarse."

The next toast in order was the health of the one-legged men. I coupled with it the name of "Wooden-legged Jerry," and called upon him to return thanks. Jerry is one of the most accomplished artists in the metropolis. He follows two branches of the profession—the half-inaudible whine, and the intimidating of young girls by persistent following. If an officer comes in sight he disappears, in spite of his wooden leg, almost as quickly as if he had gone through a trap-door in the pavement. Jerry, besides being lame, is a little blind, and possesses a hissing, husky voice, which sounds very much like chronic catarrh, even if not like consumption. It is, however, the effect of years of whisky-drinking. Jerry's throat is what the French call *pavé*. He can drink a whole tumbler of fusel-oil whisky without so much as blinking an eye. Jerry is a marvelous combination of character. He is a sort of mixture of *chiaro-scuro*, *sotto-voce*, *piano-piano*, *braggadocio*, and *Bombastes Furioso*. He may be described as all tongue and wooden leg. The name of the celebrated old London

hostelry—the Magpie and Stump—would not be at all inapplicable to him as a *sobriquet*. But Heaven forbid that I should say a word that might detract one iota from Jerry's acknowledged merits and social position as a beggar. He is beggarly aristocratic to the backbone. His blood is blue as that of the purest Andalusian, and he is always indignant if any insulting scoffer attributes it to the combined effects of cold snaps and blue-ruin.

Having steadied himself on his wooden and fleshly legs, Jerry spoke as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen: It's a great pleasure to me to find myself among this here honorable company, and I'm very much obliged to the honorable boss for the very honorable way in which he proposed his honorable toast. But, with the honorable boss's permission, I will say he forgot one thing in proposing his honorable toast. He didn't order 'a round' first." (General cries of "Hear! hear!" and much rattling of glasses.) "Perhaps, fore I go on, the honorable boss will order Tom to make that straight."

Mr. Thomas Noble and his assistants immediately went round and supplied the deficiency, after which Jerry resumed his speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen, our honorable boss is an out-and-out real gentleman, who knows how to take a hint when it's given him. I sha'n't forget him next time I meet him when I'm out on business in Broadway." (Shouts of laughter, but Jerry as grave as a master-undertaker at a funeral.) I forgot to say that Jerry occa-

sionally hires a soldier's overcoat and barrel-organ. Jerry continued: "Well, ladies and gentlemen, as I said afore, the honorable boss is an out-and-out real gentleman, and I beg to propose his very good health." (Loud and prolonged cheering.) "And I say, from the bottom of my heart, that if ever the honorable boss loses a leg and wants to go into the business, let him come to 'Wooden-legged Jerry,' and he'll show him the inside tracks free gratis and for nothing. Ladies and gentlemen, the honorable boss's very good health." (Aside to Mr. Noble: "Bumpers, if you please, Tom!")

Mr. Noble, of course, quickly responded to the call, and, after my health had been uproariously drunk, Jerry, who had managed to lift himself on to the table, unscrewed his wooden leg, and, using it as a conductor's *bâton* to beat time to the music, led off "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," in which all most inharmoniously joined. I never heard such a chorus. Nor do I think I shall soon forget Jerry seated on the table, keeping time with his wooden leg, with all the gravity of a Julien or a Thomas.

I returned thanks in a few words, and then called on "Cully the Codger" for a song. "The Codger" immediately began to rinse his hands frantically, and asked whether I would like a sentimental or a comic song. I suggested one with a chorus. After at least two minutes wasted in preliminary rinsing of his hands, in spite of repeated cries of "Hurry up, Cully," "the Codger" at last got under way with an English song:

"I'm a broken-hearted milkman, in grief I'm arrayed,
Through keepin' the comp'ny of a young servin'-maid,
Who lived on board wages, the house to keep clean,
In a gentleman's fam'ly on Paddington Green.
She was beautiful as a butterfly, and as proud as a queen
Was pretty little Polly Perkins of Paddington Green."

The last two lines were uproariously sung in chorus. The remainder of the song went on to describe how the youthful affections of the milkman had been forever lacerated and blasted by the levanting of the fickle Polly "with the bow-legged conductor of a tuppenny 'bus."

"The Codger" then sang a regular old-fashioned pious curb-stone ballad, the concluding line of which was, "I'll beg my way to heaven's gate yet."

"Say, Cully," cried "Burkey," "there ain't above two or three gray hairs between you and heaven already," alluding to "the Codger's" bald pate.

"The Codger" took no further notice of "Burkey's" impudence than by giving his over-coat collar another hoist.

"One-eyed Welch" rose nimbly to his feet, amid cries of "Stand at ease," "Dress to the right," "Shoulder arms," etc., to return thanks for those members of the profession who are *minus* an optic; all efforts at persuasion having failed to get "Sore Eyes" to return thanks for the blind.

Mr. Welch presents a pitiable spectacle, one well calculated to work on the sympathies of the tender-hearted. And Mr. Welch works. At the battle of

Fair Oaks he was struck on the right side of the face by a spent piece of shell, which carried away the right eye and eyebrow and part of the cheek, fractured his skull, and stripped the eye and frontal bones for a space of about two inches square. He was left for dead on the field of battle, and it seems a miracle that he ever recovered from such a frightful wound. By the aid of a little making-up, a bandage of dirty linen wound round and round the uninjured part of his head, so as to convey the impression that the worst is unseen, a long, tattered coat, a thick stick, and a well-assumed lameness, he contrives to drain about a dollar and a half a day from the pockets of the charitable.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said One-eyed Welch, "I return my humble thanks for the handsome way in which you've drunk to the health of the one-eyed men. I'm no speaker, but I can say this, that some one-eyes sees better than two. I can see a likely old lady or gent with half an eye, and keep the other half for the cop round the corner. What's the use of more, when you've got enough to strike the flats with?" ("That's horitory! Damn me if that ain't horitory!" from "the Codger.") After giving utterance to this piece of profound wisdom, "One-eyed Welch" resumed his seat, amid general manifestations of approval.

"The Pullet" once more responded to a call for a song, when she favored the company with "The Song of Blackwell's Island." After reciting how she got to the island, and became so ill that her recovery was

doubtful, the heroine of Blackwell's Island is supposed to sing from her sick-bed:

> "If the great God spare me, I'll lead a different life;
> And to my loving husband I'll prove a constant wife:
> If bad company tempts me, I will shun them all,
> And think of my resolutions in the Charity Hospital."

At this solemn conclusion to "the Pullet's" song, all the women began to snivel, and the men to look very grave. But it was a mere passing spasm, quickly removed by Mr. Noble dispensing another round from the flowing bowl. The next moment the ball was rolling again, and fun and laughter resounded on every side—none changing "from grave to gay" with such apparent want of effort as the ladies, whose shawls and sleeves had a moment before been so busily occupied.

But by this time it was growing late, and, as my guests had all had quite as much to drink as I chose to give them, and I was desirous that none of them should sleep in the station-house, I rose to propose the last toast, the health of the ladies—a toast which was received with a round of applause. Contrary to custom, I had asked one of the ladies themselves to respond to the toast, and she had readily assented to the proposal; Mr. Noble prompting me to call on "Cock-eyed Sarah."

But, before commencing her speech, "Cock-eyed Sarah," *alias* "Limping Sal," went through a variety of preliminaries. After standing up, she first bent her head and quietly dropping an enormous chew of tobac-

co into the palm of her hand, transferred it, for economy's sake, to the pocket of her tattered dress. Then she turned her head gracefully on one side, and ejected a perfect cataract of tobacco-juice. Then she hitched her dress, first at one hip and then at the other, and ended her preparations by squinting fearfully for about half a minute at her audience.

Τὸν δόν' ταρβήσας προσέφη κρατερὸς, "Cock-eyed Sarah."

"Ahem! Shakespeare. Ladies and gentlemen, unaccustomed as I am to speaking in public—except when I say: 'Kind gentleman, won't yer give a poor old widow-woman what's starvin' the price of a supper and a night's lodging?" This sally of Sal's produced roars of laughter, for she acted the whining tone and cringing attitude of the professional beggar-woman to perfection. When order was restored, Sal resumed her speech:

"Ladies and gentlemen—" ("That's right, Sal, always speak well of your betters," from "Straight-backed Bill.") "Young man," furiously exclaimed Sal, her eyes flashing like those of an angry tigress, and her bosom heaving, like a dozen volcanoes, from indignation, "your mother didn't learn you manners. If you don't close that tater-trap of yourn I shall just take one step over this table, one step to where you're sittin', and shall be under the painful necessity, on this festive occasion, of dislocating your spinal cord." (Roars of laughter.)

But Mr. Tom Noble was equal to the emergency.

He sprang to the bar, giving "Straight-backed Bill" a terrific cuff on the side of the head by the way, and the next moment a tremendous horn of pacifying whisky was rushing down Sal's throat. The medicine acted immediately, and, having blown her nose on the corner of her shawl, Sal proceeded once more to address the company :

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am as much a lady as any man or woman here, exceptin' the boss." (Laughter, in which Sal herself joined.) "If anybody says I ain't a lady, let 'em come outside and I'll show 'em, man or woman." ("That's horitory! Damn me if that ain't horitory!" from "the Codger.")

"The Codger" is a great friend of "Limping Sal's." There is no relationship whatever between them. But "the Codger" has for years past displayed a platonic affection for Sal, somewhat similar to that which Horace Walpole felt for Charlotte Berry and her sister. If Sal wants a drink, a supper, or a night's lodging, she can always get it from 'the Codger" if he has an extra stamp in his pocket.

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued Sal, "I rose at the boss's request to return thanks for the ladies, and I should have been through long ago if it hadn't been for that 'Straight-backed Bill.' Ladies is invallible at a party. You can't no more get on without them than you can without men." ("That's horitory! Damn me if that ain't horitory!" from "the Codger.") "Ladies is ladies, and always will be ladies as long as the

world lasts. That's so, boss; ain't it? The boss knows that, or he wouldn't have asked so many ladies to be present at this splendid entertainment. The boss drank to the health of the ladies" ("That you did, boss. God bless yer!" from "Mary the Crow"); "and I am proud to be one of this honorable company. Boss, on behalf of the ladies, I return you our grateful thanks; and, if you've got a lady at home, I say 'God bless her.'"

This was more than "the Codger" could stand. "That's horitory! Damn me if that ain't horitory!" he exclaimed enthusiastically; and, rising slowly to his feet, he placed his arm round Sal's waist and kissed her before the company, remarking, as he did so, "Sal, old gal, I'm proud o' yer!"

This was a climax which enabled me to break up our party. I spoke a few words of counsel to them all, and asked them, if they felt any gratitude to me for the entertainment that I had given them, to show it by all going quietly home immediately. To this request they replied aye by acclamation, and they kept their words. On inquiring next day of the police-officer who was present with us on the occasion, he told me that not one of them had caused the slightest trouble in the ward that night, and that he believed every one of them had gone home straight to bed on leaving Noble's saloon.

As in nature nothing is all good, so in nature nothing is all bad; and if one will only take the trouble he

can find out something good even among the professional beggars and bummers of New York. Let him follow my example, by way of a trial, and treat them to a Beggars' Banquet.

"A. P."

"BEEN TO THE MINES, SIR?"

I HAD inscribed my name on the register of the Sun Hotel at Bethlehem, one of those very uncomfortable monuments of the simplicity of the last century (the Sun Hotel was built A. D. 1758), and was fervently praying that the stove would soon radiate a little of its heat into my thoroughly-chilled body, when I was startled by being addressed by the only other occupant of the room; the clerk having gone to order some supper for me, of which I stood much in need, after my long, cold ride in the cars. I had thought the gentleman to be soundly asleep, as he was loudly snoring in a bass key.

"Been to the mines, sir?" remarked "the sleeper awakened," in an interrogative tone of voice.

I made a hasty survey of my personal appearance, and, seeing nothing of the miner about me, came to the conclusion that the gentleman was talking in his sleep.

"Been to the mines, sir?" he repeated.

"Sir?" I exclaimed, with a peculiar emphasis on the word, which was intended to convey to him that I did not understand the purport of his question.

THE ZINC-MINER.

(From a photograph by Gurney.)

He looked at me and I looked at him. He was a short, stout, pursy little man, with a red face, and an old-fashioned black-satin stock, at least four inches too deep for his apoplectically-shaped throat—if throat it might be called, for it was more like a thick seam, where his head and shoulders had been welded together. The color on his face deepened till it almost approached a bright purple (I was half afraid that he was going to have a fit on the spot), as he again repeated his inquiry, with a meaning pause between each word:

"I—asked—you—sir—if—you—have—been—to—the—mines?"

"To what mines do you refer, sir?" I inquired, rather testily.

"Why *the* mines, of course," he replied. "Ain't you from these parts?"

"I hail from New York," I told him, as curtly as I could.

"Then why didn't you say so before?" he petulantly exclaimed; and, turning himself round in his chair, he closed his eyes and straightway proceeded to resume his nap.

"Supper ready, sir," said the clerk, putting his head in at the door. "This way, sir."

"Been to the mines, sir?" asked the clerk, as we ascended the flight of stairs leading to the dining-room.

"No!" I replied, snappishly.

I took my seat at table. A bland-looking young man, with washed-out eyes and hair and an incipient

moustache of microscopical dimensions, sat opposite to me. Scarcely had I had time to unfold my dinner-napkin, when he stuttered out:

"B-b-been t-to the m-mi-ines, sir?"

I would have killed that young man with a glance if it had been possible to do so. As it was, I fired off "No, sir!" after such a bombshell fashion, that he blushed crimson and immediately began to study the very intricate pattern of the red-and-white table-cover.

I ate my supper in high dudgeon. Those cursed mines almost took away my appetite. I felt as perplexed as the countryman when he saw, for the first time, the bright orange and purple-colored *œufs du Pâque* which one sees in the German grocery-stores at Eastertide, and who exclaimed, as he scratched his head in his bewilderment:

"What the blazes could 'a' been the color o' them cocks and hens?"

"There are no coal-mines in this part of Pennsylvania," I mentally exclaimed; "why the deuce, then, does everybody ask me if I have 'been to the mines?'"

Having appeased my hunger, I returned to the apartment which did duty for office and public sitting-room, and, lighting a cigar, ensconced myself, newspaper in hand, in an arm-chair before the fire.

"Mighty cold, sir," remarked a gentleman who sat near me.

"Indeed it is," I replied, quickly, feeling deeply

grateful to him for not having asked me if I had "been to the mines."

"Very bad traveling," he rejoined.

"Very bad over these mountain-roads," I replied.

What on earth possessed me to talk about mountain-roads I don't know; I had not traversed any since the snow fell. The words were fatal to me. They were hardly out of my mouth before I saw my error. I read my doom in my neighbor's eyes. It was totally unnecessary for him to pronounce sentence on me. But he did so. Quick as lightning came the hateful words from his lips:

"Been to the mines, sir?"

My heart sank within me. "Is Bethlehem suffering from an epidemic of mines on the brain?" I mentally exclaimed. "If so, I will clear out by the first train to-morrow morning and relinquish the business which has brought me to the place," was my immediately-formed resolution.

"I have not, sir!" I thundered at my questioner, in so rude a way that he almost sprang from his seat.

"I ask your pardon, stranger. No offense, I hope," he meekly remonstrated.

Stung almost to madness, I neither accepted nor declined his apology, but glared furiously at him, as though I would eat him alive. I believe he thought I was an escaped lunatic, for he nervously edged his chair away to a safe distance, and then began to whistle—I suppose, by way of keeping his courage up. As my

anger cooled down, I began to feel ashamed of myself; and, as a peace-offering, I asked him if he would like to look at the *Times*, at the same time handing it to him. He had seen it, and therefore politely returned it to me. He, however, ventured on some general remark, by way of rejoinder, and we soon got into conversation on the topics of the day. The evening was thus fast wearing away, and I had almost forgotten my *bête noire*, when the landlord seated himself by my side and joined in the conversation. Presently there came a lull—a dangerous lull—in the conversation. In an instant the landlord was there; and, like some gibing, mocking fiend, he asked, as he turned to me:

"Been to the mines, sir?"

I shivered with disgust, and then trembled with indignation. After a painful effort I succeeded in controlling myself.

"Say, landlord," I asked, in despairing accents, "what time does the sun rise in these parts?"

"About half-past seven, sir," he replied.

"Where are these mines?" I rejoined, doggedly.

"At Friedensville."

"How far from here is Friedensville?"

"About four miles."

"Then, for Heaven's sake, have a sleigh at the door for me at sunrise!" I exclaimed in my anguish. "I see that I shall have no peace till I have visited these cursed mines!—What mines are they?"

"Zinc!" replied the landlord, astonished into la-

conicism by the contemptuous tone in which I spoke of Bethlehem's pride.

"Zinc!" I mused; "well, I have never been in a zinc-mine." And then, fearful that if I remained there any longer I should again have that hateful inquiry addressed to me, I gave orders that I should be called at six o'clock and requested to be shown to my room.

What a night I passed! In my dreams I saw imps of darkness sitting cross-legged on the bottom of the bed and heard them hiss through their red-hot teeth, as they glared at me with their eyes of fire:

"Been to the mines, sir?"

At one time I was buried alive in a zinc-mine; at another I was being boiled in a caldron of seething zinc; and, again, I was converted into zinc, and was being rolled out into sheets of zinc for house-tops. It was awful. Every now and then I awoke with a start, and shivered till the bed shook as I fancied I saw written in letters of sulphurous fire on the walls:

"Beware of the mines!"

Toward morning I at last fell into a sound sleep, and, when I got up in answer to the porter's summons, I felt as flat and stale as a bottle of badly-corked soda-water.

After partaking of a hasty breakfast, I jumped into my sleigh, and was soon on my way to what in the night I had come to regard as "the place of the damned"—the Lehigh zinc-mines.

> "Jack Frost is ne'er at home; for, without doubt,
> When he is anywhere—he's always out."

Jack Frost was out with a vengeance as I drove over the mountain to Friedensville; and, by the time we pulled up at the door of the office of the Lehigh Zinc Company, I had considerable doubts as to whether I had a nose to blow, and whether I had one ear or two ears, or none. I might have dropped them on the road without being aware of it, for all I knew—I might say, cared; for I was utterly reckless from the amount of desperation which had accumulated in my system with all the insidiousness which physicians tell us is characteristic of arsenic. I am not certain that I would have cared much whether it were desperation or arsenic at the moment that I turned the handle of that office-door.

But, what did I see? A cheery-looking, jovial, bluff and hearty, middle-aged man, smoking his Havana in the most affectionate manner, while he toasted his feet before a right royal good fire.

"How do you do, sir?" he said, rising from his chair as I entered, and offering first his hand and then a vacant chair. "Come over to see the mines, eh?"

Somehow or other his allusion to the mines did not seem to jar on my nerves in the electric-shock fashion which had nearly driven me mad at the hotel; and his "Take a fresh cigar, sir," and the *soupçon* of practical charity which he very feelingly pressed upon me in a liquid form, soon produced a general reaction, both mental and physical, which afterward enabled me to perform acrobatic feats worthy of Blondin and to come

out of those fatal mines without being carried out on a stretcher, or so much as breaking a limb or dislocating one of my stiffened joints.

That man was my good Samaritan, and the captain of the mines.

The recuperating effects of the cognac, the delicate fragrance of my cigar, the warmth of the cheerful, bright fire, and a chat with my very genial new acquaintance, thoroughly restored me to myself in the course of half an hour, and I proposed that we should start on our tour of exploration.

"Certainly," said the captain; "but we'll have to rig you out before going into the mine. It's very wet and dirty, and you'll ruin your clothes if you go as you are. We keep a regular wardrobe here, of all sorts and sizes, for the use of visitors."

So saying, he led the way across the yard to a substantial building, which we entered.

"Heavens alive! Captain, what's this?" I exclaimed, as he closed the door.

"Pumping-engine," he replied; "far the largest in the world."

I stood lost in awe and amazement as I contemplated that mammoth engine; the captain jerking out the following commentary on its wonderful powers:

"Engine, three thousand horse-power—pumps seven thousand gallons of water a minute—can pump fifteen or twenty thousand—hundred and ten-inch cylinder—ten-foot stroke—weighs seven hundred tons—cost three

hundred and fifty thousand dollars — pumping-rods, hundred and fifty feet long—will be three hundred when shaft is finished—mighty big thing in engines!"

"Mighty big" was no adequately descriptive expression for such gigantic machinery. I doubt if Webster's dictionary furnishes adjectives competent to give a realistic impression of its size and enormous capacity.

While I stood lost in wonder, and watching those ponderous twenty-four-ton walking-beams, the captain was busy selecting a suit for me from his clothing-store. He brought down one or two, but they were too small, and I accompanied him up-stairs to pick out one for myself. He pointed out the wardrobe, a long cupboard, in which some twenty-five or thirty suits were hanging from pegs, a hat over each suit. It looked more like a morgue property-room than any thing else: one of those dismal chambers where the clothes of the unrecognized unfortunates, whose last resting-place is the potter's-field, are preserved for possible future identification. I gauged one suit after another with a critical eye, without coming across one that I thought would fit me; but at last the captain's search was crowned with success.

"Here you are," he exclaimed, unhooking a suit from its peg; "I guess this'll do you."

> "Then, smiling, to the dame quoth he,
> 'Here's one will fit you to a T.'"

He had selected the largest suit he could find, and,

doffing my overcoat, I proceeded to array myself in as grotesque and unbecoming a costume as I ever put on in my life. Buttoning up my jacket, I donned a pair of unbleached canvas overalls, which came up well over the ribs, then a jacket of the same material, and tied them both firmly round the waist with a piece of stout cord. I looked like a diver, *minus* his helmet. A soft felt hat, which looked as though it had done good service to several generations of bricklayers or lime-burners, crowned the whole and completed my costume. I was ready with a vengeance for mud and water in unlimited quantities—say ∞, *plus* infinity.

"Like to go down the pumping-shaft?" asked the captain.

"Oh, yes; I want to see every thing," I replied, little knowing what I was undertaking.

Providing himself with a small oil-lamp, such as are used by coal-miners, and attaching it to his hat, the captain led the way to a small aperture, which looked like the entrance to a dark cellar. He began to descend and I followed, our means of descent being a series of ordinary ladders, springing from small landing-platforms and forming a very steep and somewhat dangerous staircase. I got down the first flight, by dint of great care, with tolerable ease. The rungs of the ladder were incrusted with ice and, in addition to being very dangerous footing, soon froze all the blood out of my fingers; however, the light from the opening above was sufficient for me to see where to put my feet. But,

after we had descended two or three flights, we were in utter darkness—darkness that might be almost felt, for the captain's lamp shed no rays for more than a foot or two around his head. The upper atmosphere, too, had no influence over the temperature at that depth below the surface, and the rungs of the ladder, instead of being crusted with a frozen surface, were covered with a still more slippery wet slime. The situation was embarrassing and distressing. I felt as though I were really going "down among the dead men" into some horrible subterranean vault—perhaps the abode of the cursed awaiting the final judgment-day. "Groping blindly in the darkness," I had the greatest difficulty in holding on to the ladder. Coming from the glare of the bright sun playing on the expanse of snow above, my eyes refused to accustom themselves to the darkness. I saw imaginary shapes and forms, platforms where there were no platforms—rungs of ladders which were not. Two or three times I clutched at a rung, as I thought, and my hand closed on nothing, thereby nearly causing me to lose my hold. I shuddered, made a more successful grab, and held on like grim death for a few seconds till I had recovered myself. And all this while there was the unearthly noise of the plungers of the pumps and the rush of water overhead, as they discharged their eight hundred gallons at every stroke, dinning in my ears till they sang devil's music, as from Satan's private full band. I could hear the grinding of the massive pump-rods as they went up and down.

I could hear what seemed to be a roaring, seething cataract of water above me, and which might overwhelm me in its flood at any moment; but I could see absolutely nothing—no more than if I had been born blind. It was like some horrible nightmare. And then, suddenly, without a moment's warning, I was dangling on the ladder, with the sensation that my arms were being torn from the shoulder-sockets, and that the muscles of my shoulders were giving way under the sudden, jarring strain caused by the whole weight of my falling body being instantaneously thrown upon their sustaining power. My foot had slipped, and, had I not had a pretty firm hold with both hands, nothing would have saved the taxpayers of the county from being put to the totally unnecessary expense of a coroner's inquest. I hung there for at least two or three seconds, paralyzed and almost helpless; but the natural instinct of self-preservation at last led me to put out my foot in search of a rung, and I stood safe, but with trembling knees and palpitating heart, once more on the treacherous ladder. Fortunately, it was the last one, and a few steps brought me to the bottom of the shaft, a depth of one hundred and seventy feet.

The captain lit a couple of candles, and I began to look about. We were in a perpendicular tunnel, as it were, some thirty or forty feet square, boarded round with planking a foot thick. Every thing was, of course, dripping wet. And there were the gigantic pumps, working up and down with elphantine solemnity and

draining the bowels of the earth with a coolness worthy of a pig-sticker in a Chicago pork-packing establishment. The enormous pumping-rods, one hundred and fifty feet long, surprised me most, I think. They were each formed of twelve solid trunks of timber, each trunk one foot square, and the whole bound together with enormous bands of iron. Night and day, Sunday and work-a-day, these mammoth pumps are always going. Ten million gallons of water a day are discharged by them into the adjacent creek; a loss of water about which, I should think, the neighboring farmers might have something to say. But the mines would soon be flooded if the pumping were even lessened for a few days.

The ascent to the surface I found very much easier than the descent; and, though I shall retain an intense admiration and respect for those wonderful pumps for the remainder of my life, I trust it may never fall to my lot to see them again. I could have almost kissed the ground on which I stood when I found myself once more, and safe and sound too, on *terra firma*. Not once did I look back at the tomb-like entrance to that pumping-shaft as we strode away to the mouth of the mine; not that I was afraid of being converted, like Lot's wife, into a pillar of salt, or into a pump-rod, or a plunger, or some other devilish invention of pumping genius, but simply because my painful experiences were too recent, as yet, to allow of retrospection.

Two or three minutes' walk brought us to the brink

of the Big Mine, as it is called, the largest of the several mines which the Lehigh Zinc Company own. Seldom have I seen any thing more curious, more thoroughly unique in its way. The mine lies on the last shelf of the mountain-side—one of those geological upheavals which have brought about such a bitter antagonism between science and religion. The original formation has been turned up on end, the giant limestone-rocks, between which the veins of zinc run, and in the crevices of which zinc-ore is plentifully "pocketed," having a perpendicular instead of an horizontal position. Zinc having been found on or immediately below the surface, every thing but the limestone-rocks has been removed. And there, grim and gaunt, they stand, like so many huge pinnacles and towers, giving one the impression that they are the ruins of some ancient city, which has sunk down some hundred and fifty or two hundred feet in an earthquake, leaving the tops of the towers and church-spires just level with the surface. Thirty years' working of this mine have transformed a picturesquely-wooded mountain-side into what might pass for a bleak, desolate, and very dirty glacier.

Into this cluster of giant, bared rocks we struck, and began to descend a series of ladders similar to those in the pumping-shaft. But there was this advantage: any amount of daylight guided us in our descent as we went down from platform to platform or traversed broad chasms, the only bridge being a plank which almost made me feel sea-sick with its springing move-

ment as we crossed it. There is no ethereal mildness about the spring of these planks. If you are not careful, they'll spring you off into the rocky abyss below. Nor is an eleven-inch board so desirable a *venue* for a promenade as a good ten-foot sidewalk. But we got safely down to the working-parts of the mine without incident or accident; and, providing ourselves with a couple of tallow-candles, we started into the nearest gangway, through alternate pools of water and holes full of mud and slush, utterly regardless of the hundred-and-one shower-baths which poured ruthlessly down upon us from the rocks above.

My friendly captain at once began to explain the geological mysteries of sulphurate, carbonate, and silicate of zinc, I listening in solemn silence. The last two have a strong resemblance to Stilton cheese, when it has arrived at the epicure's standard of gastronomic excellence—dirty white, with brick-dust colored and red veins running through it. Metal of any sort is the last thing I should have expected to form one of its component parts. But it "is rich, devilish rich;" at least, so I was assured. The sulphurate of zinc, or "blend," as it is technically termed by the miners, on the contrary, looks to be all pure metal. The particles of zinc in it shone and sparkled like diamonds, shedding a lustre which fairly put our humble tallow-candles to shame. I think it was Samuel Butler who wrote—

"As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals that give them light."

So it is with blend, of which I should like to have a few thousand tons lying at some handy wharf, "subject to order," as commercial men say.

I was just indulging in the contemplation of this very pleasing little air-castle, when we suddenly emerged once more into the light of day. Walking out to the extreme end of another of those disagreeably elastic planks, the captain pointed to the mass of rock under which we had just passed and called my attention to it.

"That rock," said he, "fell in from above. You see it is supported by shoring timbers. It weighs about four thousand tons."

The malicious pleasure with which he gave me this horrifying information was depicted in every line in his face; and, noticing my look of dismay, he added, with a diabolical chuckle:

"It'll fall again some day!"

I started, recovered myself, frowned on him, and said nothing. My revenge was confined to the pious wish that he may be below it when it does fall. It is awful to think how recklessly these mining-men disregard danger and ignore the value of human life. Why, if that rock had happened to fall while I was passing under it, my children would have been fatherless and my wife a widow before I should have had time to awake to the fact that I was in another world.

Again I performed that spring-board trick, and in a way, too, that would have brought me unlimited applause from the village patrons of a traveling circus. On we dived, through a chink here and a cranny there, till I began to be fearful lest we should be lost in a maze of windings and turnings and find ourselves at last warming our hands and drying our clothes before the interior fires of the earth, of which Humboldt tells us in the "Cosmos." Presently we came to the end of what one might call a "blind alley," as the police of the Five Points precinct designate an alley which is walled up at the end.

"It's pretty rough beyond here," remarked the captain. "I'll show the way if you've a mind to follow."

"Well, but I don't see where we are to go to unless we turn back," I argued.

"Oh, yes," rejoined the captain, as he raised his candle above his head; "don't you see that hole? We can crawl through that, and get into the workings over there, and see the old pumping arrangements."

I did see the hole. It very much resembled a chimney-stack which had been blown down in a gale of wind without breaking up.

"Can we get through there?" I asked.

"I can," replied the captain.

"Go ahead, sir; I'll follow where you lead," I exclaimed, assuming all the air of an old soldier responding to the call of the leader of a forlorn hope.

The captain began to climb; and, when he had

raised himself about six or seven feet from the ground, gradually disappeared. How I longed that he might stick fast in that hole! It would have been such a sweet revenge on him to have to pull him out by his boots! But "Come on!" reached my ears like the sound from a muffled drum, and, with a courage born of desperation, I clambered up the rock into that hole. It just fitted me. On I crawled, rasping myself against the rock, scratching my hands and breaking my finger-nails, and winding up by nearly swallowing my candle and altogether putting it out. I was in as desperate a plight as Jonah must have found himself when he was inside the whale's belly.

"Come on!" I heard the captain shout. He had got to the end of our gas-pipe journey.

Come on! Yes. But how? I was forcing myself slowly through, an inch at every struggle, and the passage seemed to fit tighter every moment. I heard the captain's heavy tread splashing through the water as he continued his way.

"Good Heaven!" I exclaimed, as I recalled the warning of my previous night's dream—"Beware of the mines!"—"that man has trapped me here to my doom. He is going to leave me to perish—to be buried alive!"

Despair gave unnatural power to my elbows, knees, and toes. I gave a few terrific wrenches, "all together," as the boating-men say, and the next moment I was—nowhere.

"Why, how did you manage that?" asked the captain, as he helped me to my feet and wiped some of the slushy mud from my face with his pocket-handkerchief.

"How, sir!" I exclaimed, indignantly. "You told me to climb up to that infernal hole; but you didn't tell me that it suddenly came to an end—and with a five-feet drop, too!"

He offered a thousand apologies; said he'd have given a thousand dollars rather than have had such a thing occur. I got rid of as much of the mud out of my eyes, nose, mouth, and ears, as I could, and we started again, the captain in the most sorrowful and I in the surliest of moods. We traversed a long, low gangway, so low that we had to bend our backs considerably, reached the spot where the miners were at work, and finally came to the old pumping apparatus. But I had lost all heart for mine-exploring, and the captain's explanations of the pumps might as well have been made to a deaf man as to me. He saw this and suggested our return.

"Return!" I cried. "Have we got to go back through that hole again?"

"There's no other way?" came like a death-knell on my ear.

With the fortitude of one of the early Christian martyrs, I followed the captain back to that devil's passage, much as a man would follow his jailer from his prison-cell to the foot of the gallows. How I got

through it again, I don't know. I only know that I got through, for I am here to tell the tale. But how I did chuckle to myself when I found that the captain had burned his cheek with his candle during his passage! It quite put me in spirits again. Yes, there it was, a bright, burning-red spot, when we got back to the daylight again; and, as we wended our way up the ladders, I was so elated over his mishap that I actually chaffed him about not knowing how to get about his own mines without spoiling his beauty.

We had a hearty laugh over our jaunt as we played ducks and drakes with a couple of pails of warm water on our return to the engine-house.

"Why, sir," exclaimed the captain, "there ain't one visitor in a hundred that comes here who will go down in that pumping-shaft; and not one in a thousand who would squeeze through that hole."

"I should think not," I quietly remarked, as I shuddered at the reminiscence.

Another *soupçon* of the cognac, another cigar, and a hearty shake of the hand and good-by, started me on my way back to Bethlehem rejoicing; and, forty-five minutes afterward, I walked into the Sun Hotel.

My friendly reader, the first words that greeted me, as I strode up to the stove, before which two or three gentlemen were seated, were:

"Been to the mines, sir?"

"Thank Heaven! I have, sir!" I almost shrieked in the most spiteful tone I could command; "and I am

off to New York by the first train to-morrow morning, sir.. And if ever I put foot in Bethlehem again, sir, you may write me down an ass, sir; for I'll never again, in such a case, sign myself

'A. P.'"

THE PEEP-SHOW MAN.

I was hurrying from the Brooklyn ferry in the direction of the City Hall, the other day, when I almost ran into the arms of a guardian of the law who had often given me his willing assistance when I had been planning and arranging one of my very impertinent, but, I hope, pertinent investigations as to how the world—our world—makes a living.

"Why, how d'you do, sir?" he exclaimed, with a cheeriness which was quite encouraging, considering that I had been wading through slush and mud and any thing but blessing the drizzling rain all the morning.

"I've been wanting to see you," he added. "I went to the office the other day; but they told me you was out of town—been away for some weeks."

"What is it?" I inquired, knowing well that there must be something in the wind.

"Why, it's jest this," replied my blue-coated friend: "There's been two chaps from Can*a*dy around lately, with one o' them peep-shows, and I somehow thought—if you could get a hold of 'em—as you might make one o' them stories of yours. One of 'em 's a reg'lar cur'us cuss—quite a char*ac*ter."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, pricking up my ears, like an

old charger at the sound of the bugle-call; "that bids fair for an idea. Where do these fellows hang out? Let us go for them at once."

"Can't to-day," said the officer; "I'm on post. Come down to the station-house at a quarter-past one to-morrow. I'll find out where they live, to-night, and make an appointment with 'em to meet to-morrow afternoon. I tell you that's a right smart chap, one of 'em. He's Irish and Canady, too; but he's cussed smart and queer."

"A quarter-past one to-morrow, then," I rejoined.

And, knowing that officers are only apt to get into trouble if seen in conversation when on post, I hurried away.

On the following day I wended my way down to the Station-house at the time agreed upon and found that the officer's inquiries had resulted satisfactorily. So much so that we were soon on our way to Baxter Street (who does not know Baxter Street?), and, turning down that thoroughfare of mixed nationalities, we came on the Peep-Show and its two proprietors. The officer at once introduced me to the "boss"—one Gallagher by name—who, in turn, introduced me to his junior partner—Mr. Timothy Grael. Both gentlemen eyed me with considerable curiosity, if not suspicion; Mr. Grael biting viciously at a straw as he, evidently, took a mental inventory of me. Mr. Gallagher inquired very tenderly as to the state of my health, said he was under the weather himself, having "only just come down

from Can*a*dy," where, he added, they had both left their "missusses."

He told me that they always wintered in Montreal and "trampsed the States" in the summer-time, and he assured me that one afternoon in an American village, or in New York, Philadelphia, or Chicago, was "worth a week in Can*a*dy, or England, or Australy."

From his own statements, Mr. Gallagher appears to have been in every civilized country in the world, always changing the pictures in his peep-show to suit the proclivities of the natives of the land in which he might happen to be traveling. He assured me that his stock of pictures "would make a perfect art-gallery," an assertion which Mr. Timothy Grael backed up by exclaiming, "I should think so, by God!" and by offering to exhibit them to me any time I might be at leisure. His offer drew down on him a swift rebuke from his partner for what he evidently thought was an exhibition of undue confidence in me, and Mr. Grael "cheesed it," as requested.

Mr. Gallagher, however, graciously condescended to allow me to examine the peep-show. It was something like a barrel-organ in shape, and was drawn about on a small four-wheeled truck. There were eight openings through which to peep; the exhibition at the time consisting of the following pictures:

"The three great Presidents of the United States—Washington, Lincoln, and Grant," in a group; "The Battle of Gettysburg," "The Capitol at Washington,"

"Sheridan's Ride," "The Falls of Niagara," "The Hudson River by Moonlight," the "Central Park," and "New-York Bay."

This was a collection of beauties which Mr. Gallagher thought it was "worth walking ten miles to see," though I must confess they did not come up to my ideas of "high art."

I informed Mr. Gallagher that I was anxious to hire his peep-show for the afternoon and offered to place any deposit, in moderation, in the hands of the officer as security for its safe return. But he absolutely refused to listen to "the voice of the charmer" or to loan me the peep-show on any terms whatever. He, however, said that if I would wait till he had been to call on a friend up the street he would graciously allow me to accompany him in his afternoon peregrinations. As he would not accept my terms, I was forced to accept his, and it was agreed that Mr. Grael and I should remain in charge of the peep-show while Mr. Gallagher went to make his five minutes' call.

Mr. Gallagher was evidently one of those dilatory individuals who mean half an hour when they say five minutes. Mr. Timothy Grael and I, however, remained stanch at our post by the side of the peep-show; and I confess I was much interested in studying my fellow-watchman's way of passing the time. After having exhausted, apparently, every form of mental occupation within his compass, such as ogling the young women in the neighboring attic-windows, coughing at stout,

elderly females, with bundles under their arms, and looking supremely innocent as they managed slowly to revolve on their axes and look back, inscribing his name in the largest and most oddly-shaped capital letters on a newly-painted door-way — an effort of art which took him at least fifteen minutes and much sucking of the point of his little bit of pencil to accomplish —Mr. Timothy Grael let himself out on an Italian organ-grinder, of whom he sarcastically inquired:

"How much do yer charge for playin' all them toones at onst," and "Hope that ain't the orgin yer plays o' Sundays?"

Not succeeding in drawing out the organ-grinder, who probably did not understand English, Mr. Grael suddenly bethought himself of the unspeakable enjoyments of his childhood and invested in two cents' worth of pea-nuts, which he proceeded to crack and eat in leisurely but artistic style. The pea-nuts, however, disappeared without any signs of Gallagher's reappearance, and Mr. Grael was under the necessity of a second and even a third investment in those very indigestible but popular edibles.

While he was thus busy in trying to kill time, a fine specimen of the genus policeman, who had passed us two or three times as he paraded his beat (which seemed a very short one) and had twice eyed us suspiciously in consequence of some of the pea-nut shells dropping in his rear, walked straight across the street to where we stood, and sharply demanded:

"What are you doing here?"

"Why, how are you, cap? I hope I see you well," replied Mr. Grael, not in the least abashed.

"Come, now, young man, no nonsense," rejoined the officer, in a surly tone. "That's no answer to my question."

"What was yer pleased to obsarve, thin?" asked Mr. Grael, in a bantering way.

"I asked you what you're doing down here," reiterated the officer with all the dignity and serenity of manner he could assume.

"Well, if yer must know, I'm down here to buy a moole. If you're for sale cheap, you'll do a'most as well as any other jackass. You'll have lots o' hay—oats o' Sunday—an' not too much of the stick," replied the imperturbable Grael, amid the laughter of the crowd of by-standers who always assemble in a moment when they hear a discussion between a citizen and an officer.

"Hulloah, cop! yer bought that," exclaimed a hatless and shoeless urchin.

"If you don't answer my question, I'll take you in," said the now angry officer.

Mr. Grael apparently began to consider. He probably thought of the "boss," of me, of the peep-show, and, maybe, of himself. At all events, he thought discretion the better part of valor, for he at once showed the white feather.

"Well, reely, now," he said, in a bantering tone, "as I'm not in a persishin to accept your invite to pass

the arternoon with yer:—I'm a waitin' for the boss, who's makin' a call up the alley, an if you'll jist step up to number seven, an' say as he's been gone a preshis long time, I'll thank yer."

"Endade, an' that's thrue, Misther Peleeceman," broke in a rum-soddened-looking Irish woman; "fur didn't I sthan' here and heere his boss till him, wid my wery own ears, to sthop here till he come back? Endade I did."

"An' so did I," came from a chorus of a dozen voices.

"It's all right, officer," I put in, meekly.

The testimony was apparently too strong for the officer, for he at once strode away without saying another word.

For two or three minutes the crowd stood stolidly gazing at Mr. Grael, a few loudly expressing their sympathy with him and their hatred of "cops" in general and this one in particular. They, however, gradually melted away, leaving him to finish his peanuts in peace.

But the showman was evidently growing impatient at the protracted absence of his "boss," for his third investment was rapidly running out. As he stood cracking his last nut, he suddenly looked up from the heap of shells which lay at his feet and, addressing two small boys, who had been for some minutes staring at him with eyes and mouth wide open, said:

"Now, then, my young poppy-coppies, one good turn deserves another. You've had a half-hour's lessin in the art of crackin' an' eatin' peanuts, an' you've

nothin' to pay. S'pose yer jist go an inquire the time o' day for me. An' take a little exercise over it, will yer? It'll give yer an appetite for yer dinner the next time yer gits one. Now, then," he continued, seeing that the boys did not stir, "I ain't a young 'ooman, nor a white illiphant, neither. What d'yer stan' a starin' like that for? Come, off with yer! I'll give yer a cint's worth o' peanuts if yer make haste, when yer comes back."

The boys immediately started off on a run for the nearest rum-saloon (only a few doors off) to inquire the time. I consulted my watch and told Mr. Grael that it was just three o'clock.

"Three!" cried Mr. Grael. "Why, blow me tight if the boss ain't been gone nigh on to half an hour. An' here have I been a convertin' myself into a stuffed squerrel; an' like as not they've got him nicely buried in the back-yard, or stowed away in a cellar, or an ash-barrel, or somethin', an' all washed up an' tidy agin by this time."

The eyes and mouths of the two boys, who had retured to claim their promised nuts in time to hear this awful possibility propounded, expanded to an extent which might have seriously alarmed their mothers, if they had any. They listened, with horror-stricken looks, to Mr. Grael's awful self-reproaches, and seemed to think that murder had really been already committed, and, what was of greater importance to them, in *their own* alley, too.

"Now, then, can't yer shet them mouths o' yourn?" exclaimed Mr. Grael, angrily. "There won't be a blessed fly left in these parts soon, if yer don't."

And then, giving both of the boys a cuff on the head instead of their promised peanuts, he darted up the alley in search of the "boss."

Somewhat to my surprise, Mr. Grael reappeared almost immediately—not bringing Mr. Gallagher with him, for that worthy appeared to be only in too great a hurry to come, inasmuch as he gesticulated furiously as they came down the alley together and loudly remonstrated with Mr. Grael on the extremity of his folly in leaving me alone with the show. He, however, quickly subsided on seeing that I had not levanted with his property, and hurriedly apologized for detaining me so long, giving as an excuse that his business had kept him longer than he expected. To judge from the odor of bad gin which exhaled from Mr. Gallagher, I should say that his business must have been in the sampling line. He at once ordered his partner to "collar the truck," and we made our way to Chatham Square, where a suitable position was taken up, the oil-cloth cover which concealed the peep-holes was thrown over the top of the case, and the exhibition was open to the public, at charges varying from one to five cents, according to the amount of peeping they wanted to do.

A crowd of ragged little children quickly collected, but they soon dispersed, or rather took up a position at a more respectful distance, at the bidding of a small

switch which Mr. Gallagher carried in his hand. But more profitable patrons were at hand, in the shape of two young women, apparently servant-girls out for a day's holiday. They determined to go in for the whole show and put up their ten cents as readily as though they had one hundred dollars in their pockets. After much giggling and repeated instructions as to how they were to accommodate their eyes to the peep-holes, they began the inspection, everywhile exclaiming, "My! ain't that pretty!" "Ain't that real lovely!" etc. One of the girls, however, was disappointed with Sheridan's Ride, which, to my profound astonishment, she said she "seen." On inquiry, however, it turned out that she had seen a rider in a country circus enact the part.

Soon after the girls had taken their departure, a grandmotherly-looking old lady, accompanied by two little girls and a small boy, came along. Mr. Gallagher at once requested the old lady's attention to the show and, in a grave tone of voice, told her that she would commit a sin, which she would regret for the remainder of her days, if she passed on without allowing the children to have a peep. The poor woman was so taken aback at this terrifying announcement that she at once inquired what the charge was, and, after much bargaining, it was agreed that the three children should see half the show for five cents. I am sorry to say that Mr. Gallagher, in consequence of this reduction of his terms, "put them through" so

rapidly that the children had barely a glance at each picture.

He was, perhaps, influenced in this course of action by the arrival of several school-boys, who were impatiently waiting their turn. The first boy, by far the best dressed of the whole party, handed in his five cents like a man and straightway proceeded to study the pictures. As he came to the last he was unwise enough to mutter something which sounded very much like the words "first-class fraud." Mr. Grael, whose ready ear had caught the sounds, was fully equal to the emergency. With a caressing air he seized the right ear of the boy, who was still looking at that last picture, and, twisting it and pinching it in a way that, though decidedly artistic, must have been very painful, playfully remarked:

"An' ain't that a mighty foine pape-show?"

The boy had the good sense to accept the situation, and, saying aloud, "Yes, splendid! Best I ever saw," he made way for the next comer.

The other boys were all what Mr. Gallagher calls "one and two centers." So, of course, they said nothing, but quietly walked off.

Our next patron was the policeman on the beat, who, I suppose, in consideration of his not ordering Mr. Gallagher to move on, was allowed to inspect the whole show for nothing.

More children were succeeded by more children, and the two showmen were doing a thriving business.

I was on the point of bidding them good-day, when a sailor, who had evidently passed the whole morning in a rum-hole, slammed down a twenty-five cent stamp on the top of the show with a force which almost upset him and requested Mr. Gallagher to set it "a-goin'." With some little trouble, and by bracing his knees with his hands, he managed to assume a stooping position with a fair amount of steadiness. He looked first at one picture and then at another, with a half-stupid air, until he came to the "Hudson by Moonlight," when he suddenly raised himself and hiccoughed out:

"Say, boss, I guess the moon's a good deal out of her reckonin'. She's haulin' close into the sun, and, if she don't haul off sharp into her right course, there'll be a 'tarnal smash in heaven soon."

I dare say it was not the first time that the sailor had seen two moons. After a hearty laugh, in which he himself joined, he exclaimed, "S'long," and swayed away up the street.

I too, shortly afterward, bade the showmen "good-evening," but not before Mr. Gallagher had informed me that, at country fairs, the peep-show often brings him in fifteen or twenty dollars a day, many of the local natives coming three and four times in the day to see it. I must confess myself that I think the show, as an exhibition, was very dear at five cents.

"A. P."

ON MONT BLANC.

(Portrait from a photograph by Gurney.)

UP AND DOWN MONT BLANC.

"Ah! very fine! magnificent! glorious! But where's Mont Blanc?" is the innocent exclamation of many when they arrive at Chamounix on their first Alpine tour. They cannot believe that that smooth, round, snow-capped summit, at which they are so eagerly gazing, is really the world-wide-known Mont Blanc, for their imagination has always pictured it to be so very much higher. But after a few days' residence at Chamounix, an excursion to the Mer de Glace, or a toilsome ascent of the Brevent, which faces Mont Blanc on the other side of the valley and from the top of which the summit of Mont Blanc appears to be far higher above than it does from the valley many thousand feet below, they soon begin to feel more respect and loyalty for the Great King of the Alps.

I was lounging with a friend one beautiful August evening, some years ago, on the balcony of our hotel at Chamounix, when the snowy crests of Mont Blanc, the Bosse du Dromedaire, and the Dôme du Gouté became gradually illuminated by the setting sun with that exquisitely delicate carmine tint which only snow will

receive and seemed to come forward in the atmosphere to meet us. At that moment I felt that, for the first time, I properly appreciated the grandeur of Mont Blanc; for, though an old traveler, I had never been able entirely to shake off the feeling of disappointment which I had experienced at its apparent want of size and height when I first saw it. The same idea had evidently impressed my companion, for, turning to me, he said:

"Yes. There's no doubt about it. That's a grand, magnificent old fellow." And then he added in a meaning tone, "What do you say?"

I instantly divined the bent of his question, and, seized with a sudden enthusiasm, I replied:

"Say! That I am with you!"

"Come along, then," he rejoined; and the next moment we were hurrying on our way to the *Bureau des Guides* to make preparations for starting the following morning on that perilous ascent of Mont Blanc, which, for many years, has been the object of the European mountain-traveler's highest ambition.

Quietly informing the ladies of our party that we were going for an excursion on the following day, we went to bed and were soon forgetful of Mont Blanc, snow-fields, glaciers, and crevasses, and all the paraphernalia for making the ascent, which we had carefully inspected (a faulty rope means death to the whole party), till a loud rap and "*Monsieur, c'est jusque cinq heures*," made me spring out of bed; for

Jean Philippe Coutet is a thorough despot as the leader of a mountain expedition, and he had given strict orders that we should be ready to start at six o'clock at the latest.

Hurrying down-stairs, we found Coutet and Joseph Tissay, our two glacier-guides, busily engaged in superintending the completion of our preparations; Coutet giving his orders with all the air of a general officer preparing for a campaign. He had insisted the night before that we should obey all his instructions with military precision; declaring that he would not take charge of the expedition unless we agreed to regard him as our commanding officer, and even going so far as to say that he would order our breakfast himself.

"For," said he, "I want you to eat that which will put most vigor into you, for your endurance will be taxed to the utmost before you reach the summit."

All was at last ready for the start, and precisely at six o'clock, amid a few faint cheers from the hotel-waiters and those of the guests who were already up, we marched out of the court-yard of the hotel.

Our staff consisted of Coutet and Tissay, both provided with light but strong Alpine poles with an ice-axe attached to the upper end; four porters, carrying lanterns, blankets, provisions, fire-wood, and other articles likely to be useful, and each of whom had several feet of rope wound round his body; and last, though not least—as will be found out hereafter—Tissay's dog, Bouquet, a white French poodle of remarkable intelligence.

No more propitious day could have been chosen for our expedition. The sky was cloudless, the air balmy and soft. There was fortunately a total absence of wind (for a slight breeze in the valley blows a gale of wind above the snow-line), and, what was of the utmost importance to us, the barometer was rising. The excitement naturally arising from the adventure we had started on and the splendid summer morning produced in us an exhilaration of spirits which Coutet had some difficulty in keeping within bounds; and, as we made our way along the bridle-path which leads to the little village of Les Pelerins, whence the ascent of Mont Blanc commences, he would constantly exclaim, "*Doucement! messieurs, doucement!*" as we jumped over some obstacle or fence instead of climbing or stepping over it. He knew, only too well, that every spark of vital force expended then would have to be bitterly atoned for afterward. The early part of the ascent was comparatively uninteresting. The narrow path lay, for two hours, through a growth of wild shrubs and stunted pines and, though very steep and rough, was free from all impediments and difficulties. On our left we skirted the ravine through which rushes the mountain-torrent which feeds the Cascades des Pelerins; on our right lay the great Glacier des Bossons, looking, as we caught glimpses of it through the trees, like the crystallized ruins of some great city. Pursuing the zigzag mountain-path we arrived at the little Chalet de la Para, where we may be said to have left the human world be-

hind us. From this point our route became more wild and rugged and the shrubs and pines more and more stunted and scattered, till at last we lost sight of them altogether. Pushing steadily on, we reached the Pierre Pontue, a huge bowlder of rock, forming an outwork, as it were, to one of the great bastions thrown out at the base of Mont Blanc, and here we found ourselves face to face with our first difficulty. It is impossible to traverse the Pierre Pontue; it is necessary, therefore, to pass round it. And yet the narrow ledge, scarcely a foot wide, which skirts the perpendicular mass of rock towering high above, hangs directly over the moraine of the glacier, at an elevation of several hundred feet. One false step, one fascinated look into the abyss below, is certain death; while the extreme narrowness of the ledge often causes the shoulder to rub against the rock itself. However, we were undismayed, the spirit of adventure was thoroughly aroused in us, and we started unflinchingly on the narrow track and passed safely round. Slightly descending, as we left the Pierre Pontue, we made our way through a mass of loose rubble and *débris* to the Pierre l'Echelle, from which a short walk brought us to the edge of the Glacier des Bossons.

The glacier is here nine hundred feet wide, and is computed to be about five hundred feet in depth. Its annual downward movement is about five hundred and fifty feet, but the movement is much more rapid in the centre, as is the mid-stream of a river. Forty or fifty

years would probably elapse before a body falling into a crevasse in the upper part of the glacier would make its appearance in the valley below. Some years ago a friend of mine, while crossing the St. Theodule Pass, picked up some arm-bones, particles of clothing, a watch-case, and other things, which were supposed to have belonged to a party lost on the glacier above eight-and-thirty years before.

We stopped at this spot (the edge of the glacier) for nearly half an hour for the purpose of preparing ourselves for crossing the glacier; for, in crossing, it is indispensable to take every precaution against cold and the glare of the sun.

Our make-up was highly conducive to comfort, but far from ornamental. A large woolen comforter placed on the top of the head underneath the hat, the ends covering the ears, crossing under the chin, and tied at the back of the neck; a pair of heavy green spectacles; a thick green veil; some pieces of stout rough flannel wound round and round the calves of the legs, to prevent them from being cut by the sharp, jagged edges of the ice; a thick woolen bandage enveloping the waist; and a pair of coarse woolen mittens, without fingers and lined with flannel, such as babies wear in winter-time, combined to give us an appearance highly laughable and grotesque.

Thus attired, we stepped boldly on to the glacier; Coutet keeping me well within reach of his powerful grasp and watching my every step with eager anxiety;

Tissay exercising a like watchfulness over my companion.

At first the ease with which, by the help of our iron-shod poles, we jumped from one block of ice to another or sprang lightly across a narrow chasm, led us to suppose that we had greatly overrated the dangers and difficulties of the glacier; for some glaciers are very easy to traverse — the Mer de Glace, for instance, on which many of my lady readers have doubtless walked. However, a crevasse, ten or twelve feet wide, which we soon after encountered directly in our path, quickly dispelled this pleasing illusion. The guides threw a light ladder, which they had brought with them from Pierre l'Echelle, across it, and we crawled over on our hands and knees, not at all enjoying the contemplation of the deep-blue crystal sides of the yawning chasm through the rungs of the ladder.

The glacier soon became much more wild and broken and, in places, presented objects of surpassing beauty. Broad and bridgeless chasms, whose depth we endeavored vainly to ascertain; towering masses of clear blue ice, in forms that, from their strangeness, seemed almost unreal, and with a sparkling-crystallized surface; arches, grottoes, spires, pinnacles, towers, all perfect, palaces of snowy whiteness and azure crystal, often with festoons of icicles hanging like silver fringes from their ledges; and here and there great caverns, dark, solemn, and gloomy, whose frowning entrances were

guarded by mammoth stalactites of ice, frequently eighteen inches or two feet in thickness, and fifteen to twenty feet long.

In some places the glacier was rent almost from side to side, enormous masses of ice and *débris* being lodged half in, half out of the ruts, and forming the only bridges by which we could cross them. Consequently, we soon came to one which necessitated a little consultation, and Coutet ordered a halt. A moment's deliberation and Coutet would exclaim "*tout droit*" to Tissay, and then, turning to us, would say: "*Allons, messieurs. Mais plantez bien vos talons.*" Or, as an Anglo-Saxon would put it, "Stick your heels well in."

We had scarcely started again when a puff of wind met us, and away went Tissay's soft felt-hat, rolling over the ice in search of the nearest crevasse. Tissay was in despair, for without a hat the heat of the sun and the cold of the higher regions would be unendurable. Fortunately, however, one of the porters, who was a little behind and close to the crevasse into which the hat had fallen, called out that he could see it lying on a ledge about twenty feet down. A coil of rope was instantly unwound and securely attached to the unhappy porter's body, and, all of us bearing a hand, we lowered him into the crevasse, which was not more than two or three feet wide. In a minute the porter shouted and we drew him up again, when he appeared with blanched face, blue lips, and chattering teeth, but happily with Tissay's hat in his hand. Such is the intense

cold of these narrow crevasses into which the warm upper air cannot penetrate!

While waiting here, Coutet and Tissay held a short consultation, at which they agreed that the time had come for us to be roped together. A good strong rope, quite new, and which we had thoroughly tested before leaving Chamounix, was accordingly firmly secured round the body of the stoutest of our porters and, at intervals of ten or fifteen feet, was passed round each of us, and knotted before and behind; two porters occupying the middle position between my friend and myself. Coutet and Tissay, of course, were not attached to the rope, as it was often necessary for them to go on ahead a little to use their ice-axes.

Once more we started; Tissay's dog Bouquet leading the way, with an important, jaunty air, through this marvelous frozen scene. The vast expanse of ice all around us, the almost majestic forms the enormous masses sometimes assumed, the sun flashing brilliantly on the sapphire-colored interiors of the crevasses, the never-ending plains of pure snow stretching in all directions above the glacier, the great Aiguille de Midi frowning gloomily down on us, the summit of Mont Blanc, the crests of the Bosse du Dromedaire and the Dôme du Gouté towering high above in all their snowy whiteness, composed a scene of inexpressible grandeur; while the almost oppressive stillness, save when some great avalanche came thundering and crashing down, filled us with awe.

But our progress soon began to be painfully slow. Again and again we had to cut steps in the ice, in order to climb over some great mass which we could not get round. Sometimes we were obliged to pass a considerable distance along the margin of a wide crevasse to find some point sufficiently narrow to admit of our springing across. Occasionally we were compelled to lower ourselves down into a crevasse to some ledge where its sides approached, and then to cut our way up on the other side.

When this was necessary and we were all safely huddled down on the little ledge, Coutet would cut a few steps in the wall of ice, raise himself a foot or two, and then, clinging with one hand and his toes, cut more steps; repeating the operation till he reached the top. Tissay would follow him, and, having secured a rope round his body, would make himself fast in the snow and ice. Coutet would then pass the rope round his body and lower the end down to us; and, when we had attached it to ourselves, would haul us up one after another, using Tissay as an anchorage. The sensation of swinging mid-air over a yawning crevasse, with only a slight rope between yourself and eternity, is most unpleasant; nor can I say that the position is, by any means, a dignified one.

At one time we came to a crevasse at least forty feet wide and of unknown depth, and, for the first time, Coutet's face wore a puzzled, anxious expression, for he feared we should have to go back and try some

other route. But, on walking a hundred yards along the edge of the crevasse, we found that, when it had formed, a portion of the mass had split off, one end adhering to the upper and the other to the lower side of the main body of ice, forming a narrow connecting ridge in an oblique direction. To our horror and amazement, our guides declared their intention of crossing this narrow ridge of ice, which thinned toward the middle and for twenty feet or more was a simple edge. Coutet was obliged to creep along this edge, chipping the top off with his axe, in order to make it wide enough for us to walk on. This we did by placing the feet at right angles to the body, and letting the ridge fit into the hollow of the foot. And thus, with Coutet and Tissay walking, the one in front, and the other behind us, and supporting one of their poles between them, to which we clung like a balustrade in order to steady ourselves, we crept breathlessly over, rejoicing greatly to find ourselves safe on the other side.

Occasionally we traversed places where the crevasses and interstices were entirely filled in with drifted snow, and, in crossing one of these traps, I suddenly felt the snow give way under me and I sank through, my legs dangling helplessly in the empty space of the crevasse. Such a position is a little alarming at first but is really not one of any danger. The rope and my outstretched arms prevented me sinking further than my arm-pits, and, after heartily laughing at me and

passing one or two jokes at my expense, Coutet and Tissay came and helped me out.

But, by this time, we were fast approaching our resting-place—the half-way house between Chamounix and the summit of Mont Blanc.

The frequenters of the grand and lovely valley of Chamounix are familiar with the cluster of lofty-pointed rocks or small *aiguilles* which rise black, gaunt, and bare, from the Swiss side of Mont Blanc, just under the *Petit Plateau*, at the junction of the Glaciers des Bossons and Tacconaz. So great is the contrast of their dark shade against the vast expanse of ice and snow which surrounds them that, though they are ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, they can be easily seen from Chamounix without the aid of a telescope. They are the half-way house, the resting-place, for those who have sufficient strength and nerve to dare the toilsome and dangerous ascent of the giant of the Alps, and are, consequently, a point of great interest to the hotel loungers in the valley below, when it is known that a party of hardy and venturesome mountaineers are bearding the monarch of ice and snow in his den and are preparing themselves for the almost life-and-death struggle of the morrow—the tussle between will and exhausted nature, which must be bravely fought out before, ay! even the strongest man can stand on the summit of Mont Blanc.

To me, as we cut our way up piles of clear, blue, glittering ice, jumped the yawning crevasses, or crawled

over the treacherous snow-bridges, while crossing the great glacier, they seemed like the port which the storm-tossed mariner knows that his gallant ship is nearing. When we got on to the soft snow, on the same level with them, I became as impatient as the camel of the desert when his instinct tells him that he is approaching water; and yet it almost seemed that we should never reach them, although they appeared to be within a stone's throw. Such is the brilliant clearness of the atmosphere in those elevated regions, so startlingly do objects stand out in relief, that for nearly two hours before reaching the Grands Mulets I had thought we were within a quarter of an hour's walk of them. Their size, not the distinctness with which we saw them, increased as we gradually neared them; till, at last, they looked three times as large as they did when I had first thought that we were close to them.

For three-quarters of an hour before reaching the base of our rocky resting-place we had to labor through soft, fresh snow, sinking every step to the knees and often to the waist. The strain on the muscles of the shoulders and the back, from this constant sinking in the snow, was excessively painful and exhausting, as the foot on which the weight of the body was thrown would not penetrate the thin crust of hardened snow till just as the body was bent forward preparatory to planting the other foot for another step. Moreover, our clothing was fast becoming saturated from sinking so often in the snow, and the cold was beginning to tell

on our legs and to strike upward and inward. And yet the heat of the sun, as its rays poured fiercely down on us, was terrific—so great that we had to pile cakes of snow on our hats; and the glare from the diamond-sparkling, frosted surface of the snow was dazzling, even through the green spectacles and veils which we wore. Indeed, had we not provided ourselves with these spectacles and veils we should have been utterly blinded and would have lost all the skin from our faces. As it was, we were tolerably disfigured for a week afterward and spent a small fortune in kalydor and glycerine.

But, in spite of the sinking snow, we trudged perseveringly on, and at last found ourselves at the foot of the Grands Mulets. On the top of one of these towering needle-shaped rocks—like an eagle's eyrie—the Chamounix guides have erected a small wooden shanty, wherein mountaineers ascending Mont Blanc may pass the night, secure from all danger from avalanches. Every one of the guides carried up a single plank or a post, on which his name is burnt in, by way of commemorating his share in the construction of the shanty. Our glacier-guides, Coutet and Tissay, pointed out their names with pride to us, while our four porters stood looking on with an envious expression on their ordinarily stolid faces, knowing that there was no further opportunity for them to distinguish themselves in like manner.

On reaching the Grands Mulets, we had thought

that our difficulties were over for that day, but we found the ascent of the needle-pointed rock, on which the shanty stands, not only trying but dangerous. Portions of the micaceous strata, of which it is composed, were loosely scattered all over its nearly perpendicular face. They often gave way with the slightest touch of the foot and were dangerous to those coming up behind. The physical strain, too, was great and continuous, for, apart from the unnatural tension of the muscles of the legs in toiling up so steep an ascent, we slipped at least one step back for two forward amid the loose *débris*. But, just as we were half way up, the faint boom of a gun from the valley caught our ear.

"*Courage, messieurs!*" cried Coutet; "*tout Chamounix nous regarde.*"

Perhaps half a hundred telescopes were fixed upon us at that moment. That gun was the announcement of our safe arrival at the Grands Mulets. Coutet's *tout Chamounix nous regarde* was a spur to which no man's pride could fail to respond. All feeling of fatigue vanished in an instant, and we quickly found ourselves standing on the little platform on the top of the *aiguille*, as though we had been magically transported there, and waving our hats to the valley below, trusting that those who had telescopes would notice our action.

Hastily unpacking one of the porter's knapsacks, Tissay struck the neck off a bottle and, with mock ceremony, handed my companion and me a bumper each of the very welcome *vin du pays*. We waited just long

enough to toast a young *paysanne*, to whom Coutet was engaged to be married, and asked for more, like a pair of overgrown Oliver Twists. Our greediness afforded poor Coutet a chance of concealing his tell-tale blushes by running in search of another bottle, and Tissay quietly gave us a "leg up" on to the roof of the shanty, where we were to lie and dry our clothes in the hot sun. The model laundries of New York, Paris, or London, are fools to that Nature's drying-room—the roof of the Grands Mulets cabin. For about half an hour we lay, stretched out at full length, on that cabin-roof, with one light shawl thrown over our two heads to keep off the glare; our wet clothing throwing off volumes of steam worthy of a dye-house, as we every now and then turned over, so as to get roasted on both sides. In half an hour our clothes were thoroughly dry, and our dinner, an honestly *al fresco* collation, was laid out. Coutet, who could easily have touched us from where he stood, amused himself by giving a good, rollicking Swiss *jodel*, which, in the stillness of that silent region, I have no doubt might have been heard a mile away, as it went echoing and reëchoing along the mountain-sides.

Hungry as I was, I found dinner no easy matter. My friend and fellow-mountaineer was in the same box. A mouthful of cold chicken, washed down (literally) with a couple of glasses of red wine, was all we could manage. They were quickly stowed away, and we stepped outside the cabin to look about us.

Drenched to the skin from the waist downward, hungry and exhausted as we were from our toilsome ascent, when we had first reached our pinnacled position, we had paid absolutely no attention to the marvelous prospect which now met our astonished gaze on all sides, but once rested and refreshed, we were lost in wonder at the unspeakable grandeur of the scenery amid which we found ourselves. Far away, ten thousand feet below us, lay the busy, sunshiny little village of Chamounix; its churches, hotels, its tourists, gossips, flirts, guides, loungers, river, and bridges, all lost and mingled in one little white speck in the narrow-looking green valley. Other and smaller villages looked like smaller specks, cast off from Chamounix in the world's revolution. Could that mound on the opposite side of the valley possibly be the great Brevent? I asked myself. Yes, there was the grand old Jura range rising solemnly as a background behind it, but looking far more lofty and solemn than they did from the Brevent itself. At our feet lay the frozen mighty rivers—the Glaciers des Bossons and Du Tacconaz—which drain the northern side of Mont Blanc. Stretching away above us were the Grand and Petit Plateaux, those vast, prairie-like snow-fields which we knew would prove so trying to our endurance on the morrow. On our left, rising up from the Glacier des Bossons, stood the grim, wild-looking Aiguille du Midi, contrasting strangely with the silvery whiteness of its neighbors. And then, in succession, came Mont Blanc

de Tacul, the Aiguille sans Nom, Mont Blanc, looking like a snowy pyramid which had had its point and edges rounded off by time, the Bosse du Dromedaire and the Dôme du Gouté, with a covering of pure white snow, which would have made a throne for Chastity herself; a congregation of Nature's wonders, which reversed the general order of things and preached the sermon to the parson, which told of the marvels of creation in language which Moses himself could not command, and made me forget for the moment God's most glorious creation—the man, whom he created in his own image. It was a marvelously harmonious combination of every thing that is grand in Nature; peaks, summits, ice-walls, snow-fields, all, apparently, of immeasurable size and height—magnificent from their very vastness, and splendid in their rugged and snowy beauty.

What with basking in the sun, enjoying the marvelous panorama, alternately listening to the songs and shuddering at the recital of the adventures of our guides, and smoking the calumet of rest and peace after our hard day's work, the afternoon flew rapidly by and sunset was upon us long, before we wished for, or expected it. Some time before the sunset approached our horizon, the valley below was bathed in a golden light, and, as the massive evening clouds drifted slowly and leisurely along its windings, they caused the rays of the fast-sinking sun to clothe the valley and lower mountain-ridges with richly-variegated colors—changing continually from yellow and deep green to purple and

orange, to crimson and brown, and then back again to bright golden and sea-green tints, save when the streaming light passed over some torrent's gorge, leaving a broad, black streak. From minute to minute, almost from second to second, did these rich and mellow colors come and go, changing and varying with all the brilliant effects of the kaleidoscope, softened and toned down by the delicate touch of Nature. It seemed almost as if the fairy scene of some delicious summer-evening dream were passing in review before us. And then, gradually, as the evening mists slowly collected, all was lost in a sea of delicate luminous blue, shading off into a very pale aqua-marine, such as one might picture to one's self would be the effect of the evening mists when gathering over the waters of Paradise. It was a scene of marvelous and unique beauty; one which I felt I should never have the good fortune again to behold, while comforting myself with the reflection that I could never forget it.

Gradually a heavy gloom settled over the valley. In fact, it was dusk there while the sun yet threw his last rays on our elevated lodging-place. And now the action of this gorgeous play of Nature included us. One by one, the peaks immediately below us were caught in the soft though brilliant light and were tinged with rose or purple. Then we ourselves were dazzled and almost mystified by the ethereal glow which surrounded us and by the glorious brilliancy of the prismatic colors which flashed from the arches, the

grottoes, the spires and pillars of crystal ice on the glacier. One huge grotto, immediately at our feet, was especially beautiful. Its exterior was suffused with every tint, from the brightest sapphire to the richest opal; its interior almost appeared to be lined with glossy satin of the most delicate rose-hue. It was a perfect palace—fit for the Princess of Light herself. And, lastly, the snowy plains and summits above us were suffused with a carmine tint, as though their virgin snows had been suddenly stained with blood. The illumination of Mont Blanc and the Dôme du Gouté brought them nearer to us. They seemed to come forward in the atmosphere and approach us, floating in a sea of liquid fire. It was an entrancing spectacle. The brush of no Claude, no Poussin, no Turner, no Bierstadt, could do justice to it. The great painter of Nature had realized the ideal and had fashioned and colored it so that it was impossible of imitation. It was then, for the first time, that I felt that I fully appreciated the giant King of the Alps.

Luxuriating in the glories so lavishly scattered around us, we were suddenly recalled to the more worldly realities of our position by a puff of chilled air which passed over us—gentle, yet producing an unmistakable shiver, and, though Mont Blanc and the Dôme du Gouté were still ablaze with glory, the sun had set for us and night was rapidly approaching. For a few minutes we lingered in rapt, silent contemplation of the surpassing loveliness of Mont Blanc, but no

sooner had the sun disappeared below our horizon than the thermometer fell rapidly—nearly ten degrees in as many minutes, I should judge—and we were only too glad to seek the shelter of the little cabin and snatch a few hours' repose in order to prepare ourselves for the great struggle of the next day.

Within an hour we were all crowding and cuddling together, like pigs in a farm-yard, on the heap of straw which formed our bed; only too glad to lie side by side and back to back, that we might keep one another warm. Our guides and porters blessed themselves, muttered a *pater-noster* and an *ora pro nobis* or two, and were soon all soundly asleep. Not so my companion and myself. The strangeness of our situation, the natural excitement of adventure under which we were laboring, over-fatigue, and the intense cold, kept us wide awake, and, in low whispers, we discussed the events of the day and the prospects of the morrow.

Three hours and a half had thus passed wearily away when, suddenly, a crash, as of a thousand pieces of artillery discharged at the same moment, followed by a roaring, hissing, rushing noise, such as almost appalls one when standing under the Falls of Niagara—that glory of Nature's works in the New World—caused all to spring to their feet; and, amid the oaths and imprecations and prayers to the Madonna of our guides, we rushed to the little platform outside the cabin.

Of all the scenes which I have ever witnessed, few have impressed me so greatly as the one which we then beheld. From the great overhanging ridge at the side of the Aiguille du Midi, which was only separated from us by the Glacier, what seemed to me to be one-half of the mountain came thundering down, tearing and hurrying along the valley of the glacier. The roar and noise of the falling of this avalanche, so close to us, was deafening and terrible; and, as the thousands of tons of huge masses of rocks and ice came crashing down the mountain-side, as though they would tear creation itself to pieces, they split into thousands of fragments wherever they struck, causing myriads of sparks of fire to fly in all directions with all the vividness and brilliancy of a pyrotechnical display. And then the roar and rumbling gradually ceased, and in less time than it has taken me to describe the scene it was at an end, and, after a few parting echoes in the distance, stillness that was oppressive once more prevailed.

But, as it was now eleven o'clock, and we were to start soon after midnight, no one made any further attempt to go to sleep. One of the guides lit a bit of fire, and on a couple of sticks he grilled a cold chicken for my companion and me, the guides making a hearty supper of cold beef. It was a weird, unearthly scene as we sat on the bare boards, using our fingers in the place of knives and forks, by the dim light of one solitary tallow-candle. One could almost fancy us a party

of smugglers taking their supper in a cave, after having safely disposed of their cargo.

Presently Coutet, who had been down on to the slopes to try the snow and had insisted on our removing all our wraps, approached us with a box of mutton-fat, with which very unpleasing unguent he carefully anointed our faces, necks, hands, arms, and legs, as a protection against the extreme cold. And then, once more donning our wraps and fortifying ourselves with a small glass of cognac, we seized our alpenstocks and carefully picked our way down the rock on to the snow, all roped together at distances of about fifteen feet apart and looking like a file of eight midnight ghosts.

I doubt if one man in a hundred has sufficient physical strength and power of endurance to carry him to the summit of Mont Blanc. I doubt if one in a thousand would attempt it, if the danger and suffering which must be encountered in getting there could be thoroughly known and appreciated before determining on making the effort. Candor compels me to place myself among the ignominious nine hundred and ninety-nine. I have stood on the top of Mont Blanc; but it was sheer vanity that compelled my faltering limbs to drag my weary body to the journey's end—the dread of being laughed at if I turned back. Could I have retraced my steps without the risk of derision, I should certainly have done so long before we got near the summit; but that devil, false pride, urged me on, and somehow or other I managed to complete the ascent.

Could I have foreseen what we should have to go through, no inducements would have persuaded me to make the attempt. Rothschild himself could not draw a check large enough to induce me to repeat it.

I knew, from what I had heard and read, that the latter part of the ascent was no child's play, no ordinary mountain ramble; but, as we buckled on our armor in the shape of wraps, veils, and leggings, I felt like a general who feels confident that he can plant his flag on the fortress he is about to storm, while acknowledging to himself that there will be some hard and severe fighting to be done first. I had no notion that the battle would be so bloody a one and that my own forces would be so terribly cut up and crippled, as they eventually were, in the fight.

The first part of the ascent from the Grands Mulets to the summit of Mont Blanc consists in climbing enormous terraces of ice and traveling across great plateaus of snow, which rise one above the other. On leaving the Grands Mulets rocks, we struck a diagonal course for the base of the Dôme du Gouté, at the extreme right of the Mont Blanc group. Slowly and patiently we ploughed our way through the soft snow, often sinking up to the waist, now making a *détour* in order to avoid some impassable crevasse, and then laboriously cutting our way with ice-axes up some solid wall of ice to the terrace above. Every thing was business-like to a degree. Our steps were slowly and regularly taken, and always in the foot-marks of our head guides, Coutet and

Tissay, who led the way, as being more likely to be safe and firm footing. Even Tissay's poodle-dog Bouquet was quiet for the first time since we left the valley the morning before. He trotted along staidly and solemnly, as though he fully comprehended the situation and knew the necessity of reserving all his strength.

The full moon shone out bright and clear, illuminating the Dôme du Gouté, under whose great snow-cliff we were carefully picking our way, but giving an unearthly, ghastly appearance to every thing around, and making us look like a file of midnight ghosts, so bright was the moonlight. And so powerful was the light reflected from the white snow that it was difficult to believe that it was actually night.

For nearly three hours we silently crept up these lower terraces of ice and slopes of snow before we reached the uppermost one, known as the Grand Plateau—a wide expanse of snow, stretching away like some great prairie and, I should judge, at least three miles across. So far our work had not been excessively laborious; nor was it at all dangerous, save when we had to cut zigzag steps in some cliff of ice, or to crawl along the extreme edge of a crevasse, fearful to look into in its semi-obscurity, but whose yawning chasm we should have quitted for still greater danger.

But, once on the Grand Plateau, our position became more perilous. I certainly think the Grand Plateau is one of the most trying portions of the ascent—

not on the body, but on the mind. The tension on the brain from anxiety while we were crossing it was something terrific. Avalanches of ice, rock, snow, and *débris*, weighing thousands of tons, fall here, day and night, and stream over the path of the unlucky mountaineer. Here it was that Dr. Hamel's party were overwhelmed. Here it was that poor Balmât, Carrier, and Tairraz, the best and bravest of the Chamounix guides, perished. Here it was that Captain Williams and his two guides were lost. Here it was that, only two years ago, a party of eleven human beings, including two Americans, were suddenly swept into eternity by an avalanche. Here it is that a puff of wind, the falling of a small piece of rock, or a distant thunderclap, may, at any moment, loosen one of these overhanging cornices of ice and snow and send it thundering over the Plateau like an overwhelming torrent suddenly let loose. So great is the weight of these masses and so slight is the connection between them and the ridges to which they cling, that Coutet absolutely forbade any one to call out, for fear that even that slight sound might produce a reverberating echo and start one.

In crossing the Grand Plateau, its nearly level surface is certainly an immense relief to the strained sinews and muscles of the body, but I doubt whether the relief compensates for the ever-present thought of its fearful dangers. Nerve, a steady head, and a strong pair of legs, will carry a man round narrow, overhanging ledges of ice, or up and down the steps of a crevasse;

but this running the gauntlet of these constantly-falling avalanches is really a race with death for the two long, mortal hours which are spent in crossing the Plateau. Both Coutet and Tissay continually cast quick, nervous, anxious glances at the overhanging ridges above us. We had had to make one *détour* to avoid the *débris* of an avalanche which had streamed over our path; and we could, every now and then, hear the ice cornices give a sharp, ringing crack, which sounded ominously in our ears, causing us all to give an involuntary start and hurry wildly forward for a few steps.

We were about three-quarters of the way across the Plateau when, though as wide awake as ever I was in my life and thoroughly aware of our danger, I suddenly became conscious of the fact that I had been walking for some minutes with my eyes closed. I mentioned this to Coutet, who replied that the rarefaction of the atmosphere was beginning to tell a little on my system.

"As soon as we reach those rocks," he said, pointing to a group of rocks a little ahead, "I will call a halt for two or three minutes and give you a glass of wine each, provided you promise me not to lie down."

All this while the day had been gradually breaking, and it was most strange to mark the conflict between the light of the moon and that of the dawning day and to see large peaks and *aiguilles* looming up, like giant spectres, in all directions. The atmosphere, too, grew much colder toward sunrise; so much so that one of my fingers suffered for many months afterward.

By the time we had got over the Plateau, however, and had reached the Promised Land—the group of rocks—the sun had asserted its power, and many a joke as to "Who's afraid?" passed around as we drank our very welcome glass of wine. But, Coutet only allowed us two or three minutes' rest before he again gave the word "*Allons!*" and all our nerve and pluck were soon called into requisition to enable us to pass round an immense sloping wall of ice, which, at an angle of fifty or sixty degrees, hung like a flying buttress over a frightful precipice. Anxiously and with beating hearts we watched Coutet slowly make his way along this fearful declivity, cutting steps for us as he went. Every now and then he would stop, and, turning round and looking coolly over the vast space which lay thousands of feet below him, he would call our attention to the Jardin, the Mer de Glace, and other points of interest in the distance. It was indeed a sickening sight, the the more so as I knew in a few minutes I should be standing on that very spot. Coutet returned after a while, stepping slowly and with great care. But his cautious movements told us nothing new. It did not require a second glance at that ice-buttress to inform ourselves of the danger and difficulty of passing round it. On his return Coutet looked at the ropes, examined the knots, said a few encouraging words to us and the porters, and then, with a cheery, confident "*Allons! mais plantez bien vos talons,*" he led the way on to the treacherous ice-slope.

But it is just at such moments that the brain makes its supremest efforts and exerts its utmost power in the control and management of the body. I am inclined to think that, had there been less danger, there would have been more chance of accident. Slowly we crept out to the elbow and then round this overhanging mountain of ice, not a word spoken, our feet giving scarce a sound, so cautiously were they planted, and when at last we reached a place of safety we agreed that the very terrors of the situation had given us unnatural steadiness of head and limbs. And yet, so marvelous is the atmospheric influence at that altitude, that, within three minutes after undergoing this severe mental strain, it cost me an effort to shake off the feeling of drowsiness.

From this point, I may fairly say that the remainder of the ascent was one continuous series of tussles with exhausted nature; will and pluck defying fatigue and controlling our fast-failing bodies. We struggled as bravely as we could through the snow; but our steps were more than lagging, our movements were almost mechanical.

But, in spite of our weariness, it was impossible to escape the contagion of the excitement of Coutet and Tissay. Every moment their splendid qualities as guides forced themselves on our notice. Exhibiting, as they did, unmistakable signs of the work they had done—a broad purple line under each eye, their pupils intensely dilated, and a decided quiver

of the nostrils now and again ineffectually concealed—they would, nevertheless, at times, exclaim, "*Courage, messieurs!*" "*Voyons donc!*" And then they would start off with a bound and run for several yards on the snow, till a soft patch would give with them and they would sink in up to their waists, laughing and joking in spite of their panting breath and beating hearts and berating themselves for their awkwardness when we came up with them; Tissay declaring that if he lived to be a thousand years old he should never be any good over soft snow.

But they were fresh as larks compared to us. A horrible feeling of recklessness as to consequences had been gradually stealing over me, attended with a most uncomfortable feeling of pressure in the head, spitting of blood, bleeding at the nose, and an increase of the palpitation of the heart. More than once did my companion beg Tissay to let him lie down and go to sleep, "if only for five minutes," he said. I felt, in the hands of Coutet, very much like some unhappy little child who has been abducted by an ugly old gypsy, and who feels that it must do exactly what the ugly old gypsy tells it to do. In such a sorry plight we reached the base of an apparently perpendicular wall of ice, four hundred or five hundred feet high and with no way of getting round it.

An American who ascended Mont Blanc, five or six years ago, taking with him a few scientific instruments, tells me that he found the inclination of this

wall of ice to be just that of the spire of Trinity Church in New York.

Coutet called a halt, and we threw ourselves on the snow as he and Tissay went forward to reconnoitre.

A minute later my companion was sound asleep. I suppose I immediately followed suit, for I was aroused by being roughly shaken by Coutet, who rated us soundly for going to sleep the moment his back was turned and said he was ready to start.

"But," he added, "before we tackle the Mur de la Côte, I think you had both better have a little cognac."

"Is that the Mur de la Côte?" I cried, casting a sickened, almost terrified glance, at the towering, frowning ice cliff before us, as I sprang to my feet.

I think I at once gave myself up for lost, not so much from lack of courage, but because I distrusted my exhausted system and trembling knees. I have an indistinct recollection of giving detailed instructions to Coutet as to how he should break the news of my death to my wife and of making him promise to recover my body, if possible, and see that it was sent home for burial. He, of course, readily gave his word, though he laughed heartily at my fears, and I was once more quiescent. I cannot tell why it was so, but, convinced as I was that certain death was lurking for me on that ice-wall, it never occurred to me to insist on going back.

But Coutet carefully measured out for each of us about a quarter of a wine-glass of cognac, and its effect

on me was magical. Coutet had very wisely kept this as a reserve, having previously refused to give us any more stimulant than that one glass of *vin ordinaire* at the rocks. For the next twenty minutes or so I really felt like a giant refreshed with wine. My steps were firmer and surer than they had been for two hours past. In fact, Coutet seemed to have given me the *elixir vitæ* just in the nick of time. Not so, however, with my companion. His system was so disorganized from constant retching—for he had long ceased to vomit—that he could not retain the brandy, and he suffered more during the three-quarters of an hour that we spent in ascending the Mur de la Côte than he did in the final struggle. Nearly all of us suffered more or less from vomiting. Even Coutet himself gave way once.

Every step we took up the icy Mur had to be cut with the ice-axe, our course being a regular zigzag of ten or fifteen steps in either direction. The rope by which we were all tied together was worse than useless on so steep an ascent; for if one of us had slipped the others could not possibly have had sufficiently firm footing on the glittering ice to sustain the weight of his falling body. All must inevitably have been dashed to pieces together. I pointed this out to Coutet before we began the ascent and suggested that we should be cut loose, so that the lives of all might not be imperilled in consequence of the false step of one. He, however, refused to listen to any such proposal, remarking that the rope would give such a feeling of confidence to all as would,

he trusted, prevent any accident. I saw at once the soundness of his reasoning, and we started without further demur. Step by step we crawled up that wall of ice, clinging like flies to its shining surface, stopping every now and then for a moment's rest or when some more than ordinarily difficult step had to be taken, and wondering, when we at last reached the top, how on earth we ever managed to get there.

Down we dropped at once, my heart thumping against my ribs as though it were training itself for a drummer-boy. But, though the terrible Mur was surmounted, there was still the Calotte—the actual summit of Mont Blanc—before us; and, after allowing us to lie on the snow for a minute or two, Coutet again gave the word to go on. We were both now in a pitiable state of exhaustion, and two of our guides, who were making the ascent for the first time, were in very little better condition.

Again Coutet and Tissay plied their ice-axes. Again and again, for several seconds together, I entirely lost my senses, only recovering them to find Coutet dabbing brandy on my lips, nostrils, and eyelids with his pocket-handkerchief. Every dozen steps we begged piteously for a minute's rest, in order to recover a little from the painful sensations in brain, lungs, and heart, which were bearing us down. About thirty seconds at a time was all Coutet would allow us. Often, in the succeeding quarter of an hour, I could feel Coutet's iron grasp, as he nearly tore lumps of flesh from my back and

arms in order to rouse me. And all this while those merciless words: "*Courage, Messieurs! Plantez bien vos talons*," rang in our ears like the cry of some Spanish mule-driver goading on his unfortunate team. And then I can still remember Coutet's hissing ejaculation as he grasped me round the body: "*Mon Dieu! si vous chancelez de cette manière nous allons tous être perdus.*" I gathered myself together in an instant, made two or three more desperate struggles, and fell senseless on the snow.

How long I remained unconscious I do not know, but, when I recovered a little, I found Coutet kneeling by my side pouring brandy down my throat. I thought I had been asleep again, and expected a terrible wigging from him. But, to my astonishment, he said nothing. He did not shake us violently, as he had previously done, nor did he even chide us with angry gesticulations for our recklessness in lying so long upon the snow when there was still so much hard work to be done. Half unconscious, not knowing where we were or what was going on, little dreaming of the accomplishment of our perilous journey, we lay as lifeless as the ice and snow which surrounded us, too much exhausted as yet to recognize the fact that we were at last on the top of Mont Blanc!

I can hardly conceive two more miserable-looking and miserable-feeling specimens of humanity than we were for the first ten minutes of our sojourn on the summit; but, as the beating of our hearts against our

ribs gradually died away and we were able to sit up and drink the best part of a tumbler of wine apiece, we found that excitement had by no means died out—that it was still smouldering and ready to burst out again as soon as exhausted nature should give it a chance. My friend was the first to make a move, and the Anglo-Saxon spirit was not likely to let me be long in following his example. At first, when I stood up, I staggered a little and experienced all the sensations of having been mercilessly beaten. But a second glass of wine soon pulled me together, and, ere long, I was quietly lighting a pipe, while Tissay pointed out to me the different ranges of mountains which surrounded us.

In one respect the view from the summit of Mont Blanc is unsurpassed—the extensive tract of country over which the eye ranges. But there is this great drawback—that the elevation is so great that the details of the lower elevation of the panorama are lost to a considerable extent. Still, it is an extraordinary prospect. The summit of Mont Blanc commands a view comprised in a circle of some twelve hundred miles. The actual range of sight, though interrupted by the different mountain-ranges, embraces nearly all Sardinia, the western half of Switzerland, one-third of Lombardy, and a small corner of France. To the northeast rise the Bernese Alps, with the snowy peaks of the Eiger, the Monk, the Jungfrau, the Finster-Aarhorn, and the Silberhorn. In front, the valley of Chamounix lying peacefully under the Brevent. On either side, in the

distance, the chains of the Jura and the Bernese Alps. To the east, the gaunt Matterhorn, looking like the solitary remaining pinnacle of some ruined mammoth cathedral; and fifty or sixty miles distant, in the same direction, lies Monte Rosa, the rival of Mont Blanc. To the south, the Little St. Bernard, the Cenis Pass, and the Maritime Alps; and to the southeast, one hundred and fifty miles away, the range of the Apennines, stretching down sunny Italy. I have myself seen Mont Blanc with the naked eye from the roof of Milan Cathedral, which, if I recollect rightly, is distant one hundred and seventy-five miles. But, in spite of this extraordinary extent of view, I am constrained to say that I think the view from the Grands Mulets is finer, for the reason I have already given, that it is more detailed.

While studying with Tissay this wonderful scene, Coutet called out that dinner was ready. One of the porters had carried up a couple of cold chickens and some rolls, but to our demoralized systems an invitation to eat was a perfect insult. Nor did the guides themselves seem to be much inclined for dinner, for none of them touched a piece of bread; and, although there were only two chickens among eight of us, I think we must have left nearly a whole one behind. Even the dog Bouquet seemed to have no appetite. The acidity of the *vin ordinaire*, however, was particularly refreshing and acceptable and appeared to have no more effect upon us than so much water. All soon voted dinner a bore, and no sooner was that resolution

proposed and carried unanimously than eight pipes were busy blowing clouds of tobacco into what seemed to us to be the very Heavens themselves. We had carried the great giant's stronghold and were disposed to enjoy our victory after our own fashion. Unless they allow smoking in Paradise, I shall never again smoke the calumet of peace on so elevated a spot, for I have certainly done with storming the summit of Mont Blanc.[1]

But it was high time for us to think of getting down, if we wished to reach Chamounix that night. So, after filling a parting glass of wine and drinking to the honor of our country and amusing ourselves by

[1] A late number of the *Journal of Applied Chemistry* gives the following as the latest results of the experiments of Bert on the effect of barometric pressure on the phenomena of life:

1. When the pressure is diminished, the quantity of gas in the blood also becomes less. Hence, where a person ascends in a balloon, or climbs a mountain, he has always less oxygen to keep up his bodily strength and warmth. This explains why a person ascending a mountain must frequently stop, and why he cannot go above a certain height without being threatened with asphyxia.

2. The diminution of the percentage of oxygen when the pressure is reduced eight inches, becomes perceptible, i. e., under conditions which nearly aproach those under which millions of people live, especially those inhabiting the Mexican plateau of Anahuac. These people are continually subject to a condition of insufficient oxygenation, to which may be traced their poverty of blood. They are, to use Jourdanet's expression, deoxidized.

3. In most cases the oxygen in the blood diminishes more rapidly than the carbonic acid; but here there are variations in different animals, which is probably also the case with men. This explains why some men can endure removal of pressure almost without inconvenience, while others get sick and incapable of doing any work. For example, the loss of oxygen corresponding to a pressure of thirty-six centimetres, which, according to Boussingault, is the extreme limit for mountain-climbers, is thirty-six, thirty-eight, forty-two, to fifty-six per cent. The carbonic acid shows still greater variation.

sending the empty bottle flying like lightning down the steep slope of frozen snow, we knocked the ashes out of our pipes and were soon carefully wending our way down the Calotte to the Mur de la Côte.

If crawling up ice-walls is a dangerous, acrobatic feat, crawling down them, when knees are trembling and one has to *face* the giddy precipice, is a matter of infinitely greater difficulty and danger. As we descended the precipitous side of the Mur, I expected every minute to go dashing headlong after the pieces of the unfortunate wine-bottle; a fate from which Coutet's strong arm and an extraordinary mental effort alone saved me.

And we began to suffer, too, in another and most strange way. Although the air was at times piercingly cold, so much so that I got a touch of frost-bite in my right knee, the rays of the sun poured down upon us with an intensity which was most painful, and, when we reached the soft snow at the bottom of the Mur, we were glad to pile cakes of it on our hats in order to keep off the rays of the sun; while at the same time we rubbed our hands and wrists with snow to instil a little warmth into them.

Hurrying on again, we made our way, as rapidly as we could, back to the Grand Plateau; for the power of the sun rendered the falling of avalanches a matter of certainty later in the day.

It was while coming down a slope of ice on to the Plateau that one-half of our party met with an accident

which well-nigh proved fatal. This slope was in shape very much like a quarter of an orange, and the steps which we had cut in it being only large enough to take the heel of the boot, the danger of slipping was, of course, very great. We were at the moment roped in two parties; mine being some distance in advance. Our party got down safely, but my fellow-mountaineer slipped when about three parts of the way down the slope and shot in a moment on to the guide in front of him, knocking him off his legs and dragging the guide behind also off his feet. With the speed of lightning they flew over the icy surface into a narrow crevasse at the bottom of the slope. But, fortunately, they all three fell in a heap into the snow which lay in its mouth, and, getting all jumbled up together in the snow, the leading guide and my friend managed to scramble out, just as the snow fell through into the crevasse with the remaining guide. But the rope was good and true and held him up when he had sunk five or six feet, and he was quickly hauled up uninjured. Had the slip occurred at the upper instead of the lower end of the slope, they must all have inevitably perished, for they would have had time to separate again, and so would have gone down singly into the crevasse. On looking down into the crevasse, when they were all safe, they found that, though less than three feet wide at the top, it opened out beneath the surface, and, as far as their eye could reach, was bottomless. It was not until we arrived at the other end of the Grand Plateau that I heard any thing of this

mishap; for it was all over in a few moments, and they all appear to have been so paralyzed with horror, while rushing as they thought to immediate death, that none of them cried out. Had they done so, we must have heard them, as we were not more than two hundred or three hundred feet in advance. But we had plenty to do to look after ourselves, and perhaps did not look back quite so often as we should have done. We were once more in the spot where the avalanches deal such fearful havoc, and we knew from the condition of the surface of the snow we were traversing that we might expect one down upon us at any moment. Coutet and Tissay were both momentarily growing more uneasy and incessantly cast quick, nervous, anxious glances at the overhanging ridges above us. We had had to make one *détour* to avoid the *débris* of an avalanche which had streamed over the path we had taken in the early morning, and we could every now and then hear these enormous ice cornices give a sharp, ringing crack which sounded ominously in our ears, causing us all to give an involuntary start, and hurry wildly on for a few steps. Moreover, Tissay's pocket-barometer had suddenly taken a sharp downward turn, an atmospheric variation which rendered it more than probable that we should have a change of weather before we could traverse the glacier; at all events, a variation which boded us no good. We, therefore, pushed along as fast as was consistent with safety; and, as the air became less rarefied and our respiration correspondingly improved every few hun-

dred feet we descended, we were soon enabled to make much more way. To our inexpressible relief, we reached the other end of the Plateau, under the shadow of the *Dôme du Gouté*, without accident, though we could hear the sound of many a falling avalanche, and the faces of our party quickly brightened, not only because we were more or less out of reach of avalanches but at the prospect of enjoying the fun of glissading down the slopes of snow which lie between the great ice-walls of the Plateau. I have never found any rapid motion so exciting as sliding down these slopes of snow, but to our weary limbs it was particularly agreeable. In the course of a minute or two we made, in this way, short cuts down these snow-slopes over an extent of ground which had taken us half an hour's toilsome zigzagging in the morning.

Sitting down, one behind the other, like a train of cars, on the ridge of a slope, we gradually edged ourselves over and went flying, like Puck—"faster than arrow from the Tartar's bow," to the ridge below; steering ourselves in and out the little crevasses with our poles and stopping ourselves by the same means when we neared a large one. On the slopes where there were no crevasses visible, we had a regular rough-and-tumble frolic, tipping one another head over heels with our poles and each one often feeling that he had got the worst of it as he shook the snow out of his eyes, ears, mouth, and nose, just like a Newfoundland dog shakes himself when he comes out of the water. The

guides are wonderfully clever at glissading and can easily slide down on their feet in a standing position, steadying and guiding themselves with their poles.

The mental and bodily reaction which had set in on our leaving the Grand Plateau and the fun we had had in coming down the snow-slopes made us as wild as a pack of school-boys. But we were recalled to a more proper appreciation of our situation by Tissay's losing his pole through a thin snow-bridge which covered a hidden crevasse. With a bound he leaped from the treacherous arch. Had he remained on it for one instant, he would have followed his pole. The rest of us got over by lying at full length on our chests and crawling over, so as to divide the weight of our bodies as much as possible.

This *escapade* of Tissay's sobered us in a moment, and the remainder of our descent to the Grands Mulets was orderly and business-like. The ascent of the broken surface of rock up to the little hut on the top seemed mere child's-play after cutting our way up that dreadful Mur de la Côte, and we were soon heartily enjoying the softness of its pine-boarded floor. One of the guides quickly laid out the remainder of our stock of provisions which we had left behind us the previous night, but we were not yet in a condition to be able to swallow food. The guides themselves exhibited a daintiness of appetite after their severe exertions which was not a little surprising in these hardy mountaineers, considering that they had not eaten any food to speak of for fifteen hours ; and

even poor Bouquet, the dog, left two-thirds of the food that was given to him. The guides would pick a chicken-bone for a minute or two, and then, declaring it was tough, would throw it away. Roasted beef and cold ham, delicacies which would ordinarily make their mouths water, did not even receive a casual glance. Before long they, one and all, followed our example and stretched themselves out for an hour's rest.

But Coutet and Tissay grudged us even that short interval of repose, and they soon called us out on to the platform. We were naturally loath to quit so glorious a scene and continue our descent, and again and again we pleaded for a few minutes' more rest, as an excuse for a few minutes' more enjoyment of a unique delight which I, for one, felt I should never again experience. But Coutet continually looked at his watch and reminded us that his pocket-barometer had taken a downward turn while we were coming along the Grand Plateau. As he sat there, Tissay lolling at his feet and our four porters lying around, our little party of eight made a picturesque groupe, in spite of the grotesqueness of our costumes: Coutet with his massive frame and strength, and Tissay of slighter but wonderfully wiry build (he had that day made his seventeenth ascent of Mont Blanc), one toying with his ice-axe, the other playing with his poodle-dog, Bouquet, looking the very perfection of hardy mountaineers. Again Coutet looked at his watch. Again he consulted his pocket-barometer; and, as he did so, he uttered a cry

which caused us all to spring to our feet. It was falling rapidly, a sure sign, in spite of the glorious sunshine and cloudless sky, of a rapidly-approaching storm. It was a warning we dared not neglect for a moment, and we were soon picking our way down the Grands Mulets rocks on to the glacier.

For half an hour or so, the stiffness, which had supervened from lying down to rest ourselves after our arduous and difficult journey, was most painful. Every muscle in our bodies seemed to be suddenly cramped and the joints of our limbs almost grated in their sockets. But the necessity of springing across small crevasses, cutting our way down one side and up the other of some of the larger ones, and climbing over huge bowlders and masses of ice, gradually wore off the stiffness and we were comparatively fresh again. But the ice was nothing like so hard and steel-like as it had been when we crossed the glacier the day before and, consequently, did not offer so firm a footing. After a while it became greasy, a fact which made Coutet scan the horizon from time to time and indulge in expressions which would have horrified a pilgrim father and of which he doubtless made full confession to the village *curé* on the following Friday. The farther we got on to the glacier the worse it became, till in many places our track of the day before was entirely obliterated and we were in danger of losing our way. Our progress was, therefore, very slow, as we were obliged to move cautiously, not wishing to have to retrace our

steps. My companion and I were roped in between the four porters; but Coutet and Tissay were free, in order to allow them to go forward and prospect, and cut steps in the ice. Coutet, who had charge of the expedition, here showed what a splendid guide he was. He was ever busy with his eye, and all the time encouraging us with his cheery, sonorous voice. Occasionally calling a halt, he would spring, sure-footed as a chamois, from mass to mass of ice, or walk unconcerned along narrow, slippery ledges, or cling like a cat to rough bowlders while he cut a few steps to enable him to reach some elevated spot from which he thought he might be able to obtain a better view of the route most advisable for us to take. And then he would come back to us, his eye glistening with triumph at finding that his sagacity was not at fault; and, calling out, "*Allons, messieurs; mais plantez bien vos talons*," he would again lead the way on our increasingly dangerous march. But it was terrible work. The ice had by this time become absolutely wet and sloppy. In many places, too, snow-bridges and blocks of ice had fallen into the crevasses which they would have enabled us to pass over in safety. All these difficulties compelled us to make considerable *détours* to get into the right track again, and involved a serious loss of time, as we could easily tell by the many *sacrés* Coutet gave vent to whenever his barometer came out of his pocket. It was still falling rapidly and was evidently causing both Coutet and Tissay the gravest anxiety.

The only one of the party who seemed at all at his ease was the dog Bouquet. He jogged along as unconcernedly as possible, ever wagging his stumpy tail and barking joyously when he jumped the crevasses.

But these trials and troubles were trifling compared with what awaited us farther on. We began to slip and be a little unsteady on our legs from the great strain on the muscles and tendons. Again I heard Coutet's hissing whisper in my ear as he clutched me round the body while crossing a narrow edge of ice: "*Mon Dieu! Si vous chancelez de cette manière, nous allons tous être perdus!*" And then he laughed a great hearty laugh, and crying out: "*Courage, messieurs!—un peu plus de courage*," hurried us on.

But suddenly we all came to a dead stop. Every face was blanched. There, coming round a high wall of ice, we saw, to our horror and amazement, a thin, vapory cloud scudding across the glacier toward us and covering our route. With a cry of despair, Coutet called a halt, and we at once held one of the most anxious councils in which it has ever been my lot to take a part. Should we push on, or should we try to get back to the Grands Mulets? It was a question upon which we had to decide quickly. The storm could not be far behind the cloud; and to be caught in a storm on a glacier like the Bossons meant death to the whole party. The first gust of the hurricane would blow us like straws into the nearest crevasse. We decided that we must be at least half-way across the glacier; that if we turned back the

storm would catch us before we could gain shelter, and that it was a mere choice of dangers. My companion and I deliberated for a moment and then told Coutet and Tissay that we had determined to go on. They cordially approved our resolution, though all the porters were for going back. They were, of course, overruled.

And then I witnessed one of those marvelous instances of canine sagacity, of which we so often read and which we so seldom believe.

One of the reasons which Tissay had assigned for agreeing with us as to the desirability of going on was that he felt convinced that his dog Bouquet could find his way through the clouds to the edge of the glacier, and that wherever the dog could go we could follow. I was incredulous, as there could be no scent on the ice, especially as more than four-and-twenty hours had elapsed since we had crossed it the day before, and there was no probability of our taking the same track to a nicety. Tissay, however, seemed confident and asked if either of us had any letters in our pockets. We immediately produced some half a dozen. Selecting the one which had the stoutest envelope, Tissay fastened it securely to the wooden stem of his pipe, and, placing it in the dog's mouth, he addressed Bouquet in the demonstrative manner peculiar to his countrymen when talking to animals, and then, patting him affectionately on the head, he cried: "*Allez, Bouquet! Allez chez Marie!*"

Uttering a long, low whine, the dog sprang eagerly forward, Tissay following close upon him, Coutet re-

maining with and taking care of us. Five minutes after we started, the thin vapor had given place to heavy clouds, cold, wet, and most embarrassing, and often so dense that we could not see ten feet ahead. All we could do was to follow the sound of Tissay's voice as he encouraged the dog or every now and then shouted to us to know if we were following all right. Bouquet seemed to know by instinct that he was in charge of some very important business. Whenever we happened to catch a glimpse of him as the cloud varied in density, he was bounding from mass to mass, or running wildly up and down the edge of some crevasse to find a spot where he could jump across it; Tissay all the while cheering him on with cries of "*Bravo! Beau chien! Allez!*"

Again the cloud would grow thicker, wetting us to the skin with the drenching rain, shutting out Tissay and the dog from our view, and making the ice fearfully dangerous.

Coutet, all this while, urged us on with passionate cries: "*Courage, messieurs! Un peu plus vite. Pour la bonne Marie, un peu plus vite! Mais plantez bien vos talons.*" And then he would exclaim, "*Prenez-garde! prenez-garde!*" as he caught one or the other of us by the arm when we slipped; for our porters were so frightened that they were utterly unable to render him any assistance in the emergency.

Every moment he became more and more excited, more anxious, and more pressing in his entreaties that

we should hurry. On we went, striving our very utmost to obey his behests, knowing well our danger and that the only chance for our lives was to get off the glacier before the storm burst; for we had on more than one occasion experienced the fury of the first blast of an Alpine thunder-storm.

For several minutes we had not seen Tissay, when a loud cheer from him brought us all to a stand-still. He shouted out triumphantly that we were on the right track and within ten minutes of the sheltering rocks. He had found the light ladder which we had left behind the previous day, having concluded, after carrying it a short distance, that we would not burden ourselves with it.

Coutet muttered through his teeth: "*Mon Dieu! Juste à temps; et rien de plus!*"

Again with urgent cries he spurred us on to increased exertion, using all his giant strength to help us and the frightened, fast-failing porters over the worst places; sometimes putting out his foot for us to step on, thinking that the leather of his boot would be firmer footing for us than the greasy, sloppy ice. At times he would be almost furious and would urge us on with passionate cries. His face would assume an aspect of terrific determination—determination not only to save his own life, but ours. Poor fellow! He was to be married in the autumn. I could hear him grinding his teeth from the excitement raging in his bosom. His gripe became vise-like, as, seizing my arm, he almost

hurled me from a lower to higher ledge and then turned round to do the same for the others. And yet, not for one moment did that noble fellow's arm tremble or his nerve falter; and when we were all up he would cry "*Allons!*" and stride on to the next bad place.

And then, suddenly, we came upon Tissay and his dog, the one sitting and the other lying down.

The thought flashed through my brain, "All is over, he has utterly lost the track; we must perish."

The next instant Coutet bounded from my side, and, seizing his hat and waving it in the air, cried out: "*Grace à Dieu! Nous sommes sauvés, malgré tout!*"

Yes, we were at last safe on the solid rock; and, without a moment's loss of time, we made a rush over the loose rubble and *débris* lying about and were soon out of danger, crouching for protection against the storm under a high, overhanging ridge of rock.

We had not been five minutes in our place of refuge when the storm burst all around us with terrific fury. The lightning played and danced around us with appalling vividness, the thunder went crashing and echoing round the mountain-sides as though it would tear creation itself to pieces, the rain came down like a cataract, and, blown in upon us by the eddies of the gale, poured down us in small rivulets. And then came one fearful clap of thunder, which seemed to shake even the solid bed of rock on which we stood, and down came the avalanche with its rumbling, roaring, seething waves of snow, ice, rock, and *débris*, tearing along like pent-up

waters suddenly released and part of it streaming over the path we had so lately traversed.

Our porters told their beads and muttered prayers to the Holy Virgin and their patron saints. Coutet stood sternly contemplating the storm, as though he would defy it. Tissay told me, with tears in his eyes, that, though he had been a guide from his boyhood and had been in many a situation of peril, he had never before had so narrow an escape from death. He was convinced, he said, that we must have perished but for the dog Bouquet. I thought so, too, and when I got to Geneva I purchased the most expensive brass collar I could find, had Bouquet's name and achievement engraved upon it, and forwarded it to his master.

For nearly an hour we cowered under our rocky shelter, till, at last, with a parting burst of fury, the storm passed away. I need not tell how eagerly we pushed on to the Pierre Pontue and round its narrow, overhanging ledge, seven hundred feet above the glacier below, scarce wide enough for the mountain-goats, to the little Châlet de la Para.

And what a sorrowful sight awaited us when we got there! The inhabitants of the valley had seen the storm gathering long before we had and had also been watching us through telescopes, as is their custom. They had seen us leave the Grands Mulets and had made sure that we must be caught in the storm. Several guides and porters had at once hurried up the mountain with ropes, ice-axes, ladders, and blankets,

and a large bottle of cognac-brandy. They had thought it almost impossible that we could get off the glacier without accident, even if with our lives, and they had intended to make stretchers of the blankets and ladders for the dead and injured. They had just reached the châlet when we arrived. Among them were the mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, of our guides and porters, all sobbing bitterly and giving vent to the most passionate exclamations of grief and despair.

When we suddenly appeared, they seemed struck dumb with amazement for a moment, and then there was a scene of joy which I will not attempt to describe.

The remaining portion of our descent through the pine-woods, into the valley of Chamounix, was like a triumphal procession. The women chatted, laughed, and cried alternately, frequently kissing the guides and porters who were related to them and often patting us approvingly on the shoulder and saying, "*Bravo! bravo!*" By the time we got down to the bridge, there must have been three or four hundred persons walking in procession behind us, cheering and shouting themselves hoarse. And, as our little cavalcade marched, somewhat proudly, into the court-yard of the hotel, the visitors flocked out to congratulate us on our marvelous escape.

"A. P."

THE END.

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